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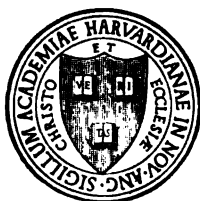
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THE
IRISH MONTHLY

A Magazine of General Literature

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

THIRTY-THIRD YEARLY VOLUME

1905

Dublin

M. H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL-STREET
LONDON: BURNS & OATES; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

P 334.2

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THE IRISH MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1905

A WORD IN FRONT

THE IRISH MONTHLY begins its thirty-third year with deep thankfulness, with great hopefulness, and with a new Serial. A serial story as good as new—"aye, and better," as our countryman said to the levelling Socialist who asked, "Is not one man as good as another?" Nay, we are sure that the interest of the judicious reader will not be lessened but increased by the warning which we consider it necessary to give him, that the story which to-day begins its course in our pages is not the latest but the very earliest of Lady Gilbert's published volumes. The latest of her stories we introduced to the reader in the first of our book-notes in December. In the brief interval since its appearance *A Girl's Ideal* has received many very favourable criticisms, some of which will be quoted in this month's "Notes on New Books."

The first of the brilliant series, of which *A Girl's Ideal* is for the present the last, dates back to the author's own girlhood. It was preceded only by a few magazine stories, but *Dunmara* was the first book that bore the name of Rosa Mulholland on the title-page. Yet no—not her name; for on that first title-page she hid herself still under the name of an imaginary Ruth Murray, keeping indeed to her true initials, as the three Brontë sisters did when they became Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell. After *Dunmara* came *Hester's History* and *The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil*, for which Charles

Dickens was sponsor ; and then *The Wild Birds of Killeevy*, *Marcella Grace*, *A Fair Emigrant*, *The Late Miss Hollingford*, *The Girls of Banshee Castle*, *Nanno*, *Onora*, *Hetty Gray*, *Giannetta*, *Cynthia's Bonnet Shop*, *The Squire's Grand-daughters*, *The Tragedy of Chris*, and scores of bright or pathetic short stories, many of which have been gathered into independent volumes. This long list is not exhaustive. Still less can we attempt a full enumeration of her stories for younger readers, such as *The Little Flower Seekers*, *Puck and Blossom*, *Four Little Mischiefs*, *Five Little Farmers*, *The Walking Trees*, *Terry*, etc.

Dunmara has long been out of print, and the Magazine, which first gave to the world *Marcella Grace* and *The Wild Birds of Killeevy*, has obtained the privilege of reproducing it.

A STORMY DAY'S SUNSHINE

THOUGH wild the storm, and clouds the heavens cover,

Yet, in thy home, the day dawns bright for thee.

True was old Chaucer's line, for mother as for lover :

" *Up rose the sun, and up rose Emelie !* "

Sweet little face, in calm contentment brooding .

Over frail toys, thy daily, dear delight !

Never, upon thy peace, comes anxious care intruding ;

Mother is near thee, and all else is right.

Would that our faith were thus our life's true lever !

Filled are our hearts with fears that drive us wild ;

Yet spake our Lord : " Fear not ! I am with you ever."

God grant to us thy simple trust, dear child !

S. L. EMERY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER I

THE "BONITA"

ONE autumn evening the *Bonita*, a pretty, rakish little fruit-schooner from Malaga, was moving slowly over the sea on her way to Liverpool with a cargo of oranges and pomegranates. Her passage was almost accomplished. She had skimmed the blue Mediterranean, and left Gibraltar's grim rock frowning far behind her. The bold black brow of Cape Finisterre had appeared and vanished; Biscay's rolling waves had split themselves on her speeding prow, and to-night at sunset land had been descried like a streak of cloud on the horizon.

Now the long, hot day was over, the sea was calm, the slow breeze lagged in the sails, and those of the crew who had not gone to their berths at the sound of four bells lounged smoking about the deck, enjoying the universal rest. Darkness was fast closing in, the horizon was already lost, heavy shadows began to muffle the gliding ship, and the foaming track that she left behind was changing fast from purest snow to phosphorescent silver.

Down in the cabin, close by the small stern window, two women were sitting in the shadows. They were the only passengers on board the *Bonita*, and were going to Liverpool, like the oranges and pomegranates. When they spoke it was in the Spanish tongue, and the elder, dark-eyed and brown-skinned, was a true type of the Granadian woman; but in the fresh pure tints of the young face beside her, there was little trace of southern blood. Ellen was about seventeen, Monica about sixty. Neither had ever as yet seen England, though they had fixed upon it for their future home. To-night, the nearness of its new shores made a fever of expectancy in the thoughts of at least one of the emigrants.

They were two lonely people, all in all to each other, though no tie of kindred existed between them. Of different races and

different classes, yet, had they been parted, the world to each must have become a blank. On one side there was a great protecting love, like that of a mother for her own. On the other there was, perhaps, as strong an affection, born of gratitude and perfect trust. Providence had thrown them together, and together they clung.

Like the resting crew and the lazy sails overhead, these two had also yielded to the idle spell of the twilight. Monica sat very still, with folded hands and thoughtful face, and Ellen had at last thrown away the sketch-book, over which she had bent while there was a ray of light. Each mused in her own fashion. Monica was looking back upon the past, Ellen forward to the future.

“ You look sad, *madre mia*,” said the girl, at last ; “ I know what you see with those sorrowful eyes. The courtyard at home, the fountain playing, the sun shining, and our dear *patron* working at his easel in the shade. Am I not right ? ”

“ It is true that I thought of home,” replied the Spanish woman ; and a tear stole down her brown cheek.

“ Then let us talk about it ! ” rejoined Ellen, quickly. “ We have left it because our friend is dead. We have grieved for him, but he is happier than we. He was a great artist, but he is now something greater. He knows that you, his faithful servant, and I, the poor orphan who owe everything to his charity, will love and be grateful to his memory as long as we live. But he would not wish us to weep always.”

“ *Querida mia* ! I deserve your reproof ; but I do not mourn for the dead,” returned Monica. “ I obey the will of Providence. It is the approach of this new strange land that chills me. Oh ! why could we not have rested in our own Spain ? ”

Ellen turned away disappointed.

“ You loved to obey your master while he lived,” she said, “ and was it not he who willed this change for us ? Was it not he who gave me this letter which I bear to his friend in London ? Do you forget that I am to be an artist ? ” she added, brightly, “ to earn gold and make you a rich woman ? The future is before us full of hope. To me it looks like a new life opening, active and glorious ; a woman’s life—an artist’s life ! ”

Monica sighed.

“ I fear, I fear ! ” she answered, sadly. “ Your fancy flies

too fast. How shall I teach you to look reality soberly in the face? The world is a hard place; an artist must fight with the world. You are not fitted to fight with the world, *Helenita!*”

“Am I not?” smiled Ellen. “Ah! you shall see how bravely I will do battle, with my pencil for a sword and my palette for a shield. Besides, the world is in Spain as well as in England; that dreadful world! One must fight somewhere. And then England is near to Ireland. The captain espied Irish land this evening. May I not find friends in this new country?”

“Child!” interrupted Monica, “I know that this whim of yours has been the means of bringing us to England. The *patron* knew of it when he thought of writing that letter. He had friends in Spain who could have helped you to be an artist. But you indulged in a false hope. You will meet with none of those you dream about so constantly.”

“It may not be likely,” urged Ellen, eagerly, “but you cannot say that it is impossible. In seventeen years can every one in his native land have forgotten my father? and my mother, had she not a friend in the country where she married and died? I cannot believe it. I must have relatives, though I may never meet them. And why always condemn the hope that I may? I could love other friends, though you, *amiga mia*, must always have the first place in my heart. Ah! I will find my mother’s friends and they shall be mine!”

“Helena!” said the Spaniard, resolutely, “look in my face, for I am going to speak to you earnestly. Listen to me. I have hinted often at what I am now going to tell you plainly. There are reasons, solemn and stern, why you should never meet, never love, never know anything whatever of those whom you call your mother’s friends.”

“Then they exist!” cried Ellen, suddenly. “Oh, Monica,” she broke out passionately, “why have you always kept me in this ignorance? Why do you conceal everything which a child must naturally wish to know of her parents? Why do you try to keep me from my native land, giving no reason? I cannot be satisfied all through my life to look back upon my birth and family as a mystery which I may not penetrate. I am no longer a child. If there is anything terrible, let me know it.”

Monica drew the girl towards her, and caressed her flushed cheek.

"I have kept silence," she replied, "in order to save you and myself from pain. Your mother's story is sad, and I thought you would be happier in ignorance of it. You have always seemed contented until lately."

"Yes, I have been happy," was the answer, "but you cannot think how often I have longed for courage to say that which I have just now said at last. How could I look every day on the lovely face in this locket which I wear and not pine to know all about my mother? But you will tell me everything now?"

"I will; but do not ask me to begin to-night, *Helenita*. I could not tell it in a few words, and it is getting late, and I am tired. To-morrow you shall hear all."

An hour afterwards Monica lay wakeful in her berth, her thoughts busied in reviving troubled recollections, and considering how she might best put them into words. Ellen remained in the cabin, kneeling with her face to the window.

As the minutes went past, the night grew hotter and darker. Sea and sky were wrapped in gloom. As the shadows intensified, and the stifling air thickened, so did the silvery track that followed the lazy ship grow more wondrously distinct and luminous, flashing its phosphorescent glory in at the little stern window, and flinging its glittering eddies abroad over the smooth black tide. Had the *Bonita* then been freighted with Brazilian diamonds from Bahia instead of with pomegranates from Granada, and was the reckless little schooner madly casting her priceless cargo overboard?

Ellen was one of those people who stop at every mile-stone on their journey and look back. When any important event came upon her, she liked to pause and count up the other important events of her life; much as one might reckon the hard-earned contents of a half-filled purse before adding another guinea to the hoard. Kneeling at the window to-night she realized that she had come to a crisis in her life, and indulged herself in a long retrospective preamble.

Hers was a simple story, so far as she herself knew it. A destitute orphan babe, she had been thrown upon the guardianship of Monica, who was an old and faithful servant of her dead

mother, and who at the time that Ellen was committed to her care, was gaining her own livelihood as housekeeper to an artist residing in Madrid. The true-hearted Monica had placed the little girl in the care of a woman whom she believed worthy of the trust, paying all that she could spare from her own small earnings for the child's education and support. This woman had proved cruel and dishonest, and Ellen's childhood had been miserable. Dwelling on these early days she shuddered; remembering the starvings and scoldings, the hard work and harder words she had endured for years, without daring to complain, lest Monica should be angered or distressed.

She turned from them to recall vividly the sudden happy change that had transported her from the hated scene of her childhood's miseries to the serene sunny house where Monica lived with her master, the artist. For that good master had himself led the child home by the hand, having discovered by accident the unworthiness of her persecutors. He had led her home, and decreed that henceforth she should dwell nowhere but under the safe shelter of his roof. And afterwards, discerning in her a love of art intense as that which accompanies genius, finding that many ideas made her eyes dreamy at times, and that the possession of a pencil was enough to make her supremely happy, the kind old man had conceived an interest in his housekeeper's pretty nursling which had strengthened every day up to the hour of his death. With the help of his advice and his library, she had educated herself; he had given her an easel in his studio, and promised to make her an artist. To linger over this part of her life was luxury to Ellen now. But her master had died before his promise had been made good, and Monica and she were adrift on the world, friendless, but secured by his bounty from want. Having glanced over her past (thus briefly sketched), Ellen's thoughts rushed back to the present and the future. To-morrow she would know the history of her parents; to-morrow, perhaps, she would be in England.

The night wore on, the motion of the ship lessened, almost ceased; the heat was becoming intolerable. Ellen still knelt at the window, too languid to rouse herself and follow Monica. She could hear the lapping of the lazy water against the ship's side, the creaking of the timbers, and the flapping of the idle

sails. There is something awful in the idea of a ship on the sea at night, no matter how secure—a small frail section of life floating in darkness between sea and sky, death and eternity. The consciousness of the possibility of danger only gives a grandeur to safety.

A long low moan of wind, that seemed to break slowly from the sleeping sea and to sigh all round the ship, roused Ellen and made her heart stand still with an indefinable feeling of dread. It broke the languid spell that had kept her kneeling there in the darkness alone, and she hurried away to her berth. An hour afterwards the calm was over ; the winds were awake and whistling through the rigging, the captain was shouting his orders, the sailors were silent and busy. But Ellen was sound asleep, with her sketch-book under her pillow, dreaming her artist-dreams. She stood again by her old master's side, in his studio where she had wrought and learned. She drank in the unworldly maxims of one whose grand simple nature had passed unspoiled through life, heart and soul devoted to the noble worship of his art. She saw his white head trembling with energy as he impressed his counsels upon her. His voice was in her ear. " Cherish truth in your inmost heart, that, being reflected from the depths of your soul, it may shine forth in your work ! " But the voice died away, and the venerated figure vanished ; for it was midnight, and a storm had come down.

Roused from sleep Ellen sat up in her berth, and listened to the ominous noises that smote her ears and made her senses dizzy ; the confused crash of wind and waters, the heavy trampling overhead, the hauling of ropes, and hoarse shouting of voices. It was awful to be wakened so. She called aloud, but Monica was not in the cabin. Sick with fear she crept to the floor and began to dress. A horrible hacking sound from above kept striking monotonously on her ear, as if a hachet were cleaving her brain. What could it be ? were they cutting the ship to pieces ?

There was an awful, lonely space of only three minutes that seemed filled with the dismal swinging of the cabin lamp, and the pitiless monotony of that steady hewing sound above as if all the trees in a forest were being felled at once from their roots. Then Monica appeared. She had ventured on deck to

learn the extent of the danger. The ship had sprung a leak, everything on deck had been flung overboard, and that hideous noise that kept beating overhead was the sound of many hatchets wielded by desperate hands. They were cutting away the masts. Monica was old and pious. She felt herself called to the other world, and would have remained there in the cabin to pray and wait for her death. But to Ellen the loneliness and uncertainty were maddening. The instincts of her young life rebelled against a sudden stilling of its pulses. Staying below was like going without a struggle into the grave. Even to gain the cabin stair, and hear the strong voices of the men, were some relief. Clinging together, they reached the lowest step, when a terrible lurch of the vessel brought them to the floor upon their knees. There was a long groaning strain, like the opening of all the timbers, a reel and shudder of the whole ship; a plunging, surging, noise, and the masts were overboard.

Next came a moment of breathless hope while the ship, thus eased, righted herself and rose more lightly on the waves, as if she would live down their wrath.

But it was only a moment. By the time Monica and Ellen had reached the top of the stair it was past, and a fearful signal flew from lip to lip. The leak was gaining, the water rising in the hold. A few minutes more and it must reach the deck.

A boat was lowered. The women were thought of and hurried into it. Then the sailors, one after another, dropped from the sinking hulk, and left the luckless vessel to founder.

Away shot the daring little boat, sliding down yawning caverns of water, and pitching on slippery heights. The crew muttered their prayers, or thought of home, while they watched the white crests of the waves leaping towards them across the darkness. The women clung together, and their last consciousness was of wandering through a howling wilderness, like Cain flying from the face of God.

They struggled on, and whither they were driving there was no need of compass to tell them. It was plain that those in the boat were making for eternity. A little crowd of shrinking souls was about to be landed on that unfailing shore. A breaker split itself above their heads, and the voyage of the *Bonita* was at an end.

CHAPTER II

DUNMARA

Dunmara House had been wrapped in sleep for some hours in spite of the tempest raging around it. The inmates of old houses standing on lonely sea coasts are accustomed to the music of a stormy lullaby. The tall clock in the hall had tolled four after midnight, and the trees without were beginning to groan less piteously, and to enjoy longer intervals between their fits of convulsion. Within, all was peace, blank darkness on the stairs, blank darkness in the passages, and only in the hall the loud laboured ticking of that clock, like a great frightened heart beating against the ribs of the silence.

The storm had raged itself to death, and the finger on the dial had warned the ghosts of yet another half-hour nearer dawn, when a loud knocking came suddenly upon a back-door, opening from the end of a long winding passage, at this moment an inky wilderness. After a time some one stirred within, bolts were drawn and keys turned in locks, and then there was quietness again ; though life had quickened in the house. A few minutes longer and a figure passed up the staircase with a winking light in hand, the figure of a spare-looking elderly woman in a cap and woollen shawl. She threaded the mazes of chambers and passages, with her light streaming here and there in draughts, and her swift feet passing noiselessly over the carpets. At last she stopped and knocked at a door. Being quickly answered from within, she opened the door an inch and spoke :—

“ A ship has been lost somewhere, sir ; parts of a wreck are below on the rocks, and they say there’s a body come in at the beach.”

“ Ah, indeed ! ” was replied from within the room. “ Has anything been done ? ”

“ No, sir. Two men came up this moment with the news, and I thought you’d like to know.”

“ Quite right. Rouse some of the servants and have fires lighted. Tell the men to wait ; I’ll be with them in five minutes.”

The woman retreated with her message, and fires and lamps were presently shining below in the library and housekeeper’s

room. Five minutes afterwards the master of Dunmara stood in the hall, where the woman in the shawl waited for his further orders. He was a man about thirty, looking old for his age. His head was nobly proportioned, and his features cast in a good mould. His brow looked wide enough to hold great thoughts, and his eye expressed a powerful intelligence.

"Where are the men?" he said, whilst buttoning up his tall figure in a weighty Inverness wrapper. "Tell them to come with me, and"—turning back as he unchained the great hall-door—"Mrs. Kirker, have some hot drink ready, and beds in order; they may be wanted."

The housekeeper went back to her room, and the messengers found the master of Dunmara waiting for them on the gravel sweep, with the newly risen moon glittering on his hat, and defining his broad shoulders with their massive drapery. Leaving the avenue, the three men hurried over a wide strip of such rugged moor as is rarely seen out of the west of Ireland. Having reached a certain point, the roar of angry surge became louder each moment, and they began rapidly to descend the rough headlands to the shore. The beach was surrounded by an amphitheatre of tall rocks, which looked now, in the sudden changeful moonlight, like the battlements of a mighty fortress.

Some fishermen were standing in a knot on a wide stretch of sand, bared by the ebbing tide. Portions of a wreck were scattered here and there. But the kindly-natured fishermen were shaking their heads over something which lay at their feet, and engrossed all their attention.

"Is it you, Mr. Aungier? Here's the body of a woman, sir, a slight bit of a crature, an' we can't tell whether she's young or old, gentle or simple, for the way that her hair's twisted over her face, an' we're loth to touch her."

Mr. Aungier hurried to the spot. "Is she dead?" he asked.

"Sure an' she is. The likes of her couldn't stand a dale; we'll not do much for her in this world!"

"Not by gossiping here at all events!" said Mr. Aungier with energy. "Come, the stoutest among you lift and carry her to the house. Stay, I believe I'm the strongest myself, and there's enough for us all to do; Tim, just you run away to Dr. Drummond, and tell him if he pleases to come up to

the house as soon as possible. And you, my good fellows, I think you had better stay about and pick up any waifs and strays that you can find. I'll come down here again in an hour or so."

Saying so, Mr. Aungier lifted his burden gently and lightly, as though it had been a child, and turned to retrace his steps homeward. The fishermen who were accustomed to his eccentricities, saw nothing strange in his assuming the most unpleasant task to himself, and simply proceeded to obey his orders. The strong figure scarcely swerved once as it wound up the rocks, emerging boldly from the shadow of the cliffs into the full moonlight, and traversing the hazy moor and the dim avenue with its canopy of black trees still gasping and shuddering after the convulsions of the storm.

While that old clock in the hall at Dunmara struck four, a light was burning in one of the most remote rooms of the house, where a lady of middle age sat at the fire. She wore a dressing-gown, and had a scared look on her face, as if she had been frightened out of her sleep. She stirred up the smouldering fire and shivered, and looked angrily into the kindling blaze.

"I am not in the habit of dreaming, and I am not superstitious" (so her thoughts ran), "but why that face should come so clearly before me to-night, after all these years, I can't conceive. I saw her as plainly as I see this table," and she caught it nervously; "she leaned over me, and then she walked across the room, and turned and smiled back at me, that triumphant smile which she used to give when I had her under my heel. Then she pointed out of the window, and I thought a crash of thunder broke over the house and rain flooded into the room, when I awoke in the storm. Why should I think of it?"

Thus recalling the dream which had broken her rest, she sat glancing nervously and sullenly about the room, with a fear on her face which was strangely at variance with its hard bold lines. The blaze flickered over her countenance, making hollow shadows and unlovely lights. Anyone entering the room must have drawn back instinctively, with an almost supernatural dislike of the woman sitting there.

A dull noise came suddenly from below, like the opening of the great front door. The lady sat erect and listened.

A louder noise followed as the door was shut. Miss Elswitha Aungier (that was the lady's name) left her seat and unclosed her door. Having listened on the threshold for some moments, she replaced her light in the room, and made her way softly and slowly downstairs in the dark. No doubt the mice shrank into their holes from her stealthy step.

She went into the library, where the lamp burned and a fire glowed. She glanced about the room with prying eyes, and peered into a book which lay on the table opposite the empty arm-chair. Having reviewed everything, she left the library and turned her steps to another room. Here she found Mrs. Kirker, the housekeeper, bending over the fire, engaged in brewing some spicy drink. The woman, turning, beheld her with evident dismay.

"Law! madam," she said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Kirker; I had a bad dream. The storm disturbed me. What are you doing over the fire at this hour? And who left the house by the front door ten minutes ago?"

"The master, madam. There's been a wreck on the rocks below. Some men came up with the news, and the master went down to see what could be done. There *might* happen to be some poor drowned creature washed in, and he told me to have something hot ready."

In speaking, Mrs. Kirker had turned and looked full at her mistress, as though she expected unpleasantness, and prepared to meet it face to face.

An expression of dark anger made Miss Aungier's face still more disagreeable than before.

"Do you mean," she said, "that your master intends turning Dunmara House into a hospital?"

"I think not, madam. I'm afraid there won't be any call. They'd have a poor chance that were in the waves a night like this."

Miss Aungier made no reply, but turned her face from the pleasant threshold of the housekeeper's room. She went into the library, and sat down in a stiff waiting attitude opposite to the fire, paying grim attention to every passing gust, and every smaller sound that rustled near the window. She sat indulging the sullen wrath of a nature accustomed to quarrel with the actions, and suspect the motives, of all around.

At last a knocking at the door brought her close upon Mrs. Kirker's steps to the hall. The housekeeper held up a light, and the strong figure of the master appeared with its burden. Mr. Aungier did not at first perceive his sister; he only saw the compassionate face of the quiet woman, from whom he expected assistance in his good work.

"I hope you have a bed ready," he said, his voice betraying the fatigue which his upright bearing denied. "Show me the way quickly. I have a hope that this poor creature may not be quite dead."

Mrs. Kirker turned quickly to obey, but Miss Aungier stepped forward and placed herself in the way.

"What do you mean," she began, stormily, "by turning Dunmara House into a hospital?"

Mr. Aungier started slightly, shook back the hair which the wind had blown over his face, and looked at the speaker. They made a picture there in the gloom of the old hall. Elswitha's defiant face and attitude starting out from the shadows, the long folds of her dressing-gown, with its pattern of sprawling red hieroglyphics, clinging ungracefully about her harsh form. And the other figure with its stern countenance, erect height, and massive drapery, and with its touching burden, borne so reverently, with a deep appreciation of the sacredness of the work undertaken.

"Elswitha," he said, "there was no need to disturb you, Mrs. Kirker can do all that is necessary. As for making the house a hospital, you need not be uneasy. There is no one to trouble us but this poor creature, and to try and save her life is a mere act of humanity."

Miss Aungier opened her lips to make a retort, but closed them again, as if her wrath had too mighty a volume to find vent in words. Perhaps, also, she felt an involuntary awe of the calm resolute nature which dealt with her. But in a few moments she found a voice, and as her brother again motioned the housekeeper towards the staircase, she said in a hard, ironical voice,—

"Yes; no doubt an act of humanity, truly a *Christian* act."

Whether from fatigue or anger, Mr. Aungier trembled suddenly and painfully. A flush, hardly visible in the dull candle-light, shot across his face. His arms relaxed their hold of his

burden, he laid it gently on the ground, and then drew himself up and passed his hand over his forehead, while a look of heavy trouble swept his face. But whatever feeling for self thus shook him, he did not suffer it long to divert him from his charitable purpose.

"Bring some wine here," he said to the housekeeper. "We have delayed too long already, and every moment may be fatal. Elswitha,"—in a tone of quiet determination—"be so good as to return to your room, and leave Mrs. Kirker and myself to arrange this matter."

Miss Aungier retired, perforce, into the shadows at a little distance, but her prying disposition forbade her to leave the spot. Mrs. Kirker had gone for the wine. Mr. Aungier placed the candle on the ground, and spread a rug on which he shifted the form that lay there so still. He laid the head on a soft mat, and drew the long tangled hair from the face, folding it back on the forehead with hands that did the work as tenderly as a woman's. The light fell on the face thus exposed, and Mr. Aungier's, bending over it, wore a strangely touched expression. Musingly he felt the cold hands, and straightened the drapery, when a sharp short cry broke the stillness of the hall.

"Take her away! take her away!" shrieked Elswitha Aungier. "Take the dead thing out of this!"

Mr. Aungier started to his feet and stared at his sister. She was frowning at the white face on the mat, in a terror which was hard to understand. Hard, indeed. Mr. Aungier beheld his sister's strange passion with wonder and a misgiving that she had gone suddenly mad. He knew all her strange, unlovable moods, her enmities and bitternesses, but such a frantic meaningless outburst as this, he did not recognize.

That she should thwart him in his undertakings, no matter of what nature, he was not surprised. To this he was accustomed. That she should display anger at his bringing a drowned stranger into the house he did not wonder. He had been prepared for unpleasantness. But this terror, this sudden fury! Mr. Aungier stared at his sister.

She was standing, still gazing at the pale face on the mat, with the light from below thrown up over her harsh frightened face and masculine figure. Her hands twitched nervously.

Mr. Aungier drew a long breath as the housekeeper stood at his side.

"Mrs. Kirker," he said, "attend quickly to this poor thing, I will return. Give me your light. Come, Elswitha," he said, taking her hand firmly, "it is not good for you to leave your bed at such an hour as this. Come, I will light you upstairs."

It was of no use to resist that determined grasp and calm eye. She was obliged to go. Left alone, Mrs. Kirker busied herself with her charge.

"Dear me!" she said, "it's a young creature, very young."

She chafed the hands and poured some hot wine between the lips. Happening to shift the candle, the light fell with a peculiar expression of gleam and shadow across the features.

"God bless me!" she ejaculated, suddenly.

She set down the glass.

"God bless me!" she repeated.

Then, with an effort, she got up from her knees, and called some of the servants to carry the drowned girl up to bed.

"In the white room," said the housekeeper, absently, giving the direction like one talking in a dream. "Take her to the white room."

Thither she followed them, freed the stranger of her clinging drapery, placed her warmly in bed, and administered more wine.

"God bless me!" she murmured again, as she stirred the fire and shaded the lamp, and stood listening on the hearth for the doctor's arrival.

CHAPTER III

A WAIF

ELLEN awoke in twilight from what seemed a long sleep, so long it might have lasted for a hundred years, or a thousand, or it might have been that she was called into existence only then, and opened her eyes on the world for the first time. She knew that her head rested on a pillow, and her limbs acknowledged the warmth of a bed. The fading day-light showed her, as she lay, a long silent room, with a shadowy door at the

distant end. She had not thought of what place it might be ; memory told her nothing, wonder put forth no questions.

She lay in still content, and watched the windows grow darker and the shadowy door more faint in outline. It seemed as if the perspective lines of the floor and ceiling shifted and ran zigzag as she watched them, and the door also glided about, now hiding itself in the shadows and now showing itself dark and plain.

She closed her eyes, and then she opened them once more ; and as they went to seek for the door again, it seemed really to open, and a dark figure passed through it into the room. She thought it all a play to amuse her, and smiled as the figure came through the shadows and passed near her bed. And then she heard a low voice saying,—

“ How is our patient, Mrs. Kirker ? ”

The voice, low as it was, broke the spell and awakened, Ellen's curiosity. She attempted to move and succeeded in turning round so as to see the speaker. She then saw a low fire burning quite near her, and a woman, who had risen from her chair beside a little table on which lay a book, some knitting, bottles, and a cup and spoon. She was a tall wiry-looking woman with a close mouth and a wide-awake eye. Both these features expressed now only vigilance and trust, but there was a softness on her wrinkled cheek, and a calm kindness on her brow. Ellen, lying there so helpless, did not fear her ; and then her eyes wandered to the new-comer. He was standing with his face from her, but she liked his fatherly substantial figure ; and then his voice captivated her at once, so hearty, so cheery, even its subdued tone ; so much thoughtfulness, charity, contagious sunshine in those few words,—“ How is our patient ? ”

“ Doing beautifully, doctor,” said the woman, laying down her spectacles. “ She's been sleeping just like that ever since early morning.”

“ Very good,” said he, who was called the doctor. “ Nothing better than sleep at present. Try and make her take a little food when she wakes. We must not let the strength down too far.”

And then he made some more inquiries, and gave some more directions, and was about to go away, but the brief conversation had impressed Ellen with the idea that this kind

man was taking care of her, saving her from something dreadful which had happened to her, which she could only recognise in its present form, weakness, a terrible weakness which tied her to that bed and sent shooting pains through her head whenever she tried to think and remember. She wanted to speak and thank him, so she raised her head a little and asked :—

“ What is the matter with me ; have I been sick ? ”

The question was asked in good English pronounced with a foreign accent. The kind man was beside her directly, speaking gently and touching her forehead with his cool hand. She felt his touch almost mesmeric, so tender, so light, like a woman's ; and yet it was neither soft nor womanish.

“ You have been very ill,” he said, “ but you are getting better, quite well again. Tell me how you feel.”

“ I do not feel anything,” she said, “ except in my thoughts. I see and hear, but I don't seem to have any bones or flesh.”

The doctor smiled. “ Very well,” he said, “ you shall feel them by and by. In the meantime try and forget that you have any brains to think with, and do not speak much. You had better make ready that gruel, Mrs. Kirker, and set her up to take it.”

And then the doctor went to the fire and Ellen watched how nicely he mended it, making it burn quite brilliantly. Mrs. Kirker raised her gently on the pillows, smoothed her hair and placed a warm shawl round her shoulders. She felt grateful for the change ; it brought relief, and Ellen began to know that she possessed a body. Mrs. Kirker then helped her to hold the basin in her trembling hands, and after the first spoonful had been tasted, she took its contents eagerly.

The doctor sat by and watched her with genuine interest.

“ So,” he said, when she had finished, “ very good indeed. We'll have her strong and well directly. But now lie down and sleep again. Mrs. Kirker will be with you all night, and I shall be here early to-morrow.”

They drew the curtains round her and she went to sleep like a baby, watching the red shine of the fire through the dimity.

When she wakened next morning, the sun was shining on her bed, and Mrs. Kirker was preparing something at the fire. A napkin and tray were spread upon the small table, and bread

and butter and a teapot set forth. Ellen pulled back her curtains and watched her nurse's movements for some time unobserved. She looked far out of the distant end window, over the swaying boughs of trees,—a rich arbutus and a copper beech,—which nodded and whispered mysteriously past the panes. Above their heads she saw the peaks of mountains, stern gray crags.

Mrs. Kirker turned presently and met her patient's open eyes. That pale face of Ellen's must have touched the quiet woman's heart very forcibly, for she looked on it anxiously, with a keen interested scrutiny, and withal fondly. Perhaps this was not wonderful. It was a face sure to strike a stranger in whose nature there lurked a spring of that poetry, romance, what you will, that dew of freshness which does exist here and there through life, lurking in all kinds of unexpected places and purifying the world with its healthful breath. For the face reflected a soul most true and earnest, a nature most generous and thoroughly sympathetic.

No doubt Mrs. Kirker felt that she had saved the young stranger from death ; she had looked on the face for many days with pity, had seen the mind gradually dawn upon it, and the shadow of the grave pass away, and now she felt a tender interest in her nursling.

The face was much less round than it had been when looking brightly from the deck of that Spanish vessel. The eyes looked very great and dark. The eager expression had given place to a look of childish dependence and trust. It was not the enthusiastic Ellen glorying in the prospect of being a "woman and an artist ;" but a simple girl, looking younger than she really was, looking peaceful and dreamily amused at the new scene, with its new images and expressions peopling swiftly the weak brain with unwonted fancies and associations which were disturbed by no faintest reflection from the past.

"How are you this morning ?" Mrs. Kirker said, and came to arrange Ellen's head.

"Very well," said the young patient, wearily. "Will you please tell me where I am ? What place is this ?"

"Never mind about that now. The doctor will be here presently and you can talk to him."

"Ah ! yes, the doctor. I forgot. He has a very kind face, and I like his hand."

“ He is a good gentleman ; but you'll take this gruel now, like a dear ? ”

“ Thank you ; I had rather you would give me a cup of your tea.”

The nurse yielded to her patient's fancy and poured out a cup.

Having swallowed the fragrant draught, Ellen petitioned to have her face bathed and her hair brushed out. This gently done, she lay wearily back on her pillows and fell into another dreaming reverie while Mrs. Kirker had her breakfast. The brain was growing clearer while the eyes roved about the strange room, and out among the whispering boughs of the trees, which, with their mysterious becks and murmurs, seemed telling the story of the place if Ellen could only have understood their meaning.

What place could it be ? These kind people spoke English, whereas Ellen had only known intimately one who could converse in that tongue,—her old friend and master. “ And he is dead,” she thought, “ and Monica, I wonder where is Monica.”

She felt too tired to ask the question which hovered on her tongue, and lay for an hour gazing wistfully over the trees to those gray peaks which looked sternly foreign in her eyes, while the housekeeper sat sewing by her side, a little hidden by the curtain.

Mrs. Kirker had her own grave thoughts, and her own great wonder which might not resolve itself into a question, and passing her lips be satisfied, a great wonder which had suddenly come upon her and troubled her quiet mind. Mrs. Kirker stitched and thought, and ever and again she laid down her work and gazed with keen and reflective eyes on the young tired face on the pillow. Once, when they rested there, Ellen's eyes met them with an imploring look, and the housekeeper could no longer resist the clasped hands and the voice which cried with a kind of weak passion,—

“ Oh ! why will you not tell me where I am ? ”

“ Surely I will tell you, my dear, since you wish it so very much. This is Dunmara, Dunmara House, and belongs to Mr. Aungier.”

“ Dunmara,” “ Mr. Aungier,” the words touched no chord

of memory—suggested nothing. There was a blank pause. Presently there came another question.

“Where is Monica?”

“Monica? who is Monica?”

“My nurse, and my only friend. Is she not here? Where is she, then?”

Mrs. Kirker noticed the frightened expression of her patient's face, and silenced for a time her eager questions by vague, soothing assurances.

But the restless inquiries were quickly renewed.

“Why do you not speak Spanish?”

Mrs. Kirker shook her head.

“Because, my dear, I do not know how.”

“Are you not then a Spanish person?”

“No. Are you?”

“Oh! no. I have lived in Spain since I was quite a little child, but I was born in Ireland. Do you know Ireland? Have you ever been there?”

Mrs. Kirker had listened to her patient's words with breathless interest. She now laid down her sewing and gazed sympathizingly on Ellen's face.

“My dear, this is Ireland. Dunmara is in the West of Ireland.”

“Ireland! I in Ireland?” Ellen sat up and rested her head on her hand and gazed adrift with a puzzled, troubled expression. “Yes, I remember: we meant to go to London. We went in a ship—and Monica promised to tell me—and there was a storm——”

She looked wildly in the woman's face for confirmation of the terrible truth which rushed upon her.

“The boat! the boat!” she gasped. “Did it sink? Oh, my God!”

She joined her hands in mute helplessness, and stared at the housekeeper, and then struck down by the sudden blow of memory, fell back on her pillow with a sharp cry which she did not seem to utter of her will, but which was wrung from her by the stress of intolerable pain. She buried her face in the pillow, crouching down under the clothes in the anguish of her forlornness. She wept till the unnatural energy of excitement had spent itself, and weakness came to the rescue, stilling

her passion of grief, and scarcely letting her think as she lay prostrated with the tears running in quiet rivers over her face. Kind Mrs. Kirker sat gazing on her with pain and true sympathy, keenly comprehending her outburst of sorrow.

Ellen turned her quivering face away, and tried to dry up those hot tears which would not stop, except by a strong effort of self-control, almost too much for her then. Once again, she put her head straight on the pillow, but the light smote her smarting eyes painfully, and she kept them closed. Afraid to speak, lest her tears and cries should break loose again, she struggled a few moments, and at last contrived to say,—

“ Was no one saved in all the ship but me ? ”

“ No one.”

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

E. O'C.

Oh, while Baby is with me, I'm as happy as can be,
And rain may fall or fog may come and cover up the earth—
Though winter's in the air, yet the world is very fair,
And my thoughts are ringing carols full of music and of mirth.

For the wind has never met such a darling little pet,
When it frolicked over Europe on a perfect August noon,
Nor has stopped to toss and curl the hair of such a girl
As this Peri out of Pera who has turned November June.

There is sunshine in her eye, and the roses never die
On the cheek so sweetly rounded from her forehead to her chin;
And the prattle of her words is the melody of birds
When the time of frost is over and the Spring is coming in.

Oh, God bless her—so I pray—till her life is sped away
And the gates of heaven admit her to a happiness untold;
God keep her such a dear as we know her now and here
When to meet her and to greet her makes an afternoon of gold.

J. W. A.

AMOR VINCIT

I.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.—Begone, Satan! This soul is mine, given to me from the dawn of life. I have watched by her cradle, guided her first footsteps, stood by her bed of sickness, shared her every joy and grief. I have taught her the things of God. I know her beauty. I know her anxious yearnings for good, her strong desire to serve. Thou knowest but her weakness, and thou wouldst take advantage of it. Begone, tempter! Thou shalt not have this soul, this precious, beautiful soul. Good shall triumph, good shall hurl thee back whence thou camest.

SATAN.—Does good always triumph? Is Lucifer so puny that its strength shall hurl him back? Nay, thou knowest, Angel though thou art, that the powers of darkness have forces that shall overwhelm thine own. 'Twere well thou'dst learn a lesson from my realms, if thou wouldst have this soul. 'Twere well thou'dst paint thy good in brilliant colours; 'twere well thou'dst put aside thy saddening robes, deck thee in garments of light, flaunt thee in glittering array—then wouldst thou have this soul. What offerest thou instead?

ANGEL.—Lucifer, thou knowest I offer the peace of God. Thou knowest her eternal reward.

SATAN.—I know her eternal doom. What has such as she to do with peace? What craves she?—The maddening joy that swells the veins, that sends the swift blood coursing through the frame, that lights the eye, that blooms upon the cheek—the fleet current of earthly joy that bears her down—to me.

ANGEL.—Hast thou forgotten the beauty of Heaven? Hast thou forgotten the peace thou didst once possess? Dost thou not know that the delusive joys thou offerest must end in death?

SATAN.—Ay, in death, when I shall claim my prey.

ANGEL.—Thou shalt not. Thou shalt not have this soul. 'Tis mine, to waft to glory. Good shall triumph yet.

SATAN.—Good is a laggard. Its feet are chained. Thou boastest of thy power. What shall it prove against mine ?

ANGEL.—*My* power ? Nay, not mine, but God's. Thou darest not match thy puny strength against His.

SATAN.—Thou ravest. Thou knowest this is *my* hour. Mine to use until the Judgment Day. Mine to wreak my will upon the puppet thou wouldst serve. 'Tis a fair battle. She has free will. She can choose 'twixt thee and me. Let her choose.

ANGEL.—Nay, thou fiend, 'tis not fair contest. Thou and all thy hellish crew against one poor human soul. But I will call the powers of Heaven against thee. Out, and tremble before them.

SATAN.—Prove thy words, O vaunting Spirit ! Prove thy strength against mine.

II.

GUARDIAN ANGEL (*before the Throne*).—Lord God of light and holiness, I adore Thee ! Lord, the soul Thou gavest me in charge is failing, drooping, dying. Lord, her courage sinks. Sustain her by one glance. The fount of her heart is dry ; hope and energy have left her. She drifts along down the stream of life like some dead thing, and poisonous weeds have caught her in their grasp. Lord, I, too, have borne the struggle. See how my wings are wet and drooping. Must I lose her, Lord ? must that deadly current bear her out of my arms away from Thee ? Pity, Lord, pity !

VOICE.—My grace is sufficient for her.

ANGEL.—Thy grace, O Lord, is sufficient. Yet the demon of hell will not let it reach her heart. Must he triumph ? And at the end—after the weary, weary struggle ? Forbid it, Lord—Listen to my pleadings.

VOICE.—Thy pleadings are powerful, O faithful angel. Yet must this child plead for herself. When she calls upon Me, I will be there.

ANGEL.—Lord, I thank Thee !

III.

SOUL.—I cannot resist. I cannot. I am tried beyond my strength.

ANGEL.—Strength is from God. Ask Him.

SATAN.—Enjoy life while you may.

SOUL.—Yes, after all, one is not always young. Age soon comes, and——

ANGEL.—And then—death.

SOUL.—Oh, if my conscience would only rest !

SATAN.—It is only force of habit.

ANGEL.—Time passes, and eternity follows.

SOUL.—O, I cannot help it. I cannot help it.

SATAN.—It is happiness.

ANGEL.—It is sin.

SATAN.—It is pleasure. Why throw it away ?

ANGEL.—It is a sin.

SOUL.—I must, I must—sin or not ! I cannot help myself.

ANGEL.—God will help you.

SATAN.—God has abandoned you—cast you off.

SOUL.—Abandoned me ? No, no !—And yet, why not ? I deserve it. But yet—O God, I love Thee. Turn not away from me.

SATAN.—He has abandoned you.

ANGEL.—Kneel.

SOUL.—O God ! O Lord !

SATAN.—Mockery !

ANGEL.—His mercy is infinite—only ask it.

SOUL.—O Lord God, I am so desolate—so weak. Have pity on me. O ! come to me once again.

VOICE.—I am here.

ANGEL.—Begone, tempter ! Love has conquered.

M. C. KEOGH,

NICODEMUS

GOING up to the Temple there I saw
 One whom the Pharisees call fool and cheat,
 And both my knees without my will did bend
 In awe and great amazement. What? *that* face?
 He the arch trickster, Satan's messenger!
 That brow of majesty, those kingly limbs,
 The eye of fire, the living God-like glance,
 That mouth of music from which words ring forth
 Alarum bells on the aroused ear!
 This, then, is Jesus whom they talk about,
 The Nazarite who leads the Jews astray!

He passed out with the crowd, and I went on
 Into the Temple to my place, to pray.
 O Father Abraham, can this be one
 They call seducer? Round His lifted head
 The sun made aureole. Was it then the sun,
 Or rather spirit fire amid His hair
 Illumed a shadowy spot and dimmed the gold
 Within the walls that crown Jerusalem?

I prayed, and prayed not, dreamed and sudden wept,
 Went home to eat, and fasted, and sat dumb,
 Was sick and fevered, haunted by a Face,
 Chid by a Voice, while hungered eyes and ears
 For more of that a chance had flung to them.
 So two amazed days and sleepless nights
 Went slowly past, while one thought in my brain
 Consumed all others. Writ upon the air
 And on the walls, and all along the sky,
 Where'er my eyes would turn, one name they read
 Was Jesus, Jesus whom they call the Christ!

At last, one night, when 'neath the sultry blue
 Jerusalem slept in darkness, and the walls,
 Odorous of incense, piled by Solomon,
 Frowned at the ecstatic eyes of watching stars

That gazed as though exulting in great joy
Uncomprehended by our earthliness,
I took my way beyond the city gates
Where brooding trees grow dark on Olivet,
And entering in the thicket, groped my way
Half-stumbling o'er a group of sleeping men,
His rough disciples, they who walk with Him.
One half awoke and murmured softly, "Lord!"
And sank again in slumber on the sod.
Then feeling *He* was near, I hurried on,
Faint-whispering to the sleeper's echo, "Lord!"

Where did I find Him? Where? I know not where.
All in a gloom of cedar trees I saw
Mysterious gleams of radiance, like nor sun
Nor moon nor star-shine, waxing bright
Enough to draw me to its centre. There
I found the Man I sought, and stood aloof
In fear of my own footsteps. Here, alone,
In this deep darkness sate He motionless
In meditation rapt, while quickening rays
Of that ethereal light 'tween tree and tree
Made visible unto my searching gaze
The lovely splendour of a regal Head
Amid the darkling boughs. My faltering step
He heard, and moving, turned on me
His eyes of God that drew me on, and on.

He seated me upon a fallen trunk
Beside Him, while on my enchanted ear
There stole sweet accents of encouragement
And tender invitation, while my heart,
Faint with a hate of its own cowardice,
Beat all unworthy of such welcome. Then
Some force arose within my soul to speak
The urgent thought that like a fiery wind
Had driven me from the city seeking Him.
O daring tongue that questioned! Word of power
That answered patiently, and luminous taught!
O night that sped away, like one short hour
In mystical discourse and converse high

Of God with His own creature ; one so vile
As to be silent while the slanderous lips
Of fellow-Pharisees were cursing Him !
O Sun of Life that shone in midnight gloom !

" Be born again in spirit. Breatheth He,
The Spirit, where He listeth : hear His voice."
So said my Lord. Then daring, questioned I—
" How can these things be done ? " " A master, thou,"
He said, " in Israel, and knowest not
The things that were foretold ! The Light hath come
Into the world, but wilful men have loved
The darkness rather than the Light because
The things they work are evil."

Until dawn
He bore with me, but quick before the sun
I hastened back to take my seat among
The rulers who abhorred Him, turned away
My head how many a time, lest I should see
Those eyes of God pursuing me, nor till
He lay upon the cross did my false heart
And tortured soul cast off their treacherous mask,
And cry aloud allegiance.

Thus He said—
" As Moses the brass serpent, even so
The Son of Man, He shall be lifted up,
And I, when I am lifted up will draw
All men unto Me ! " On the cross He hung.

O born again in Spirit ! Dying Lord !
Baptize me in Thy blood. Thy captive, late
I come to Thee in bonds. Ye cruel Jews,
Give me His Body ! " What is of the flesh
Is flesh," He said. His flesh will never see
Corruption of the grave. A spirit is
Our living God ; for Him there is no death,
See here is fragrance in fair linen strewn
To wrap His slumber till He wake and rise !

R. M. G.

HIC ET NUNC

IT is the present hour that matters. What you are doing at this moment is the really important thing. Life's nobility is showing itself in the deed done here and now. It is not merely that all service ranks the same with God, but that, rightly viewed, there is true dignity in the carrying of a parcel, the painting of a picture, the copying of a letter, the hammering of a nail, the drawing of a deed, the weeding of a garden, the writing of a book, the driving of a cart, the making of a scientific experiment, the sweeping of a floor, the taking of a degree, the washing of dishes, the making of a road, the casting of a statue, the milking of cows. To every one of these employments belong a dignity and a true nobility. The way in which they are done will count for much, but almost apart from that each has its inseparable and concomitant importance in the scheme of things.

Yet perhaps many workers are thinking, in some more or less undefined way, of the future, rather than of the present. The work of the moment is leading up to something : the worker is looking ahead—to the immediate, rather than to the remote, future : looking for to-morrow or, at the most, the week after next. If he is very young, he is thinking of the next holiday, of fair-time, of the coming Christmas. This need not, does not as a rule, detract from the nobility of the present. And if only we would look a little further ahead—not so much to the last moment of life as to the Home of Happiness, the Region of true stability, of real fixity of tenure, of that actual and most sweet Retirement which contains within it all that the restless spirit can desire, or the insatiable longing of man has ever hungered for, that veritable state of Content prepared for the soul that nothing tangible ever satisfies, nothing created ever will satisfy—I say, if this thought shapes our present, all is well.

Noble and dignified is the present moment just because it affects the future, touches and forms and moulds it : therefore our joy in it should be great. We must never belittle the course of the humblest life that is lived ; every life is, or may be, a lovely story—" noble music with a golden ending." We may

forgive the hard-worked novelist if now and then he gives us a story with a conclusion sad as that of *The Mill on the Floss* ; yet such a finale is rarely true to life. Man is made for happiness, and the end of his life's story ought to be, God wants it to be, the perfection of happiness. We smile as the curtain falls to the sound of wedding-bells ; yet this is one of the natural endings of all young life. Only we ought to anticipate our heavenly betrothal. Our Love must be loved in what we call life. We ought not to reach the end as a stranger to Him and to the wonderful wooing with which He has pursued us all the days of our years. Our " I love You," must not be deferred. The present moment is of beautiful importance just because I can lift my heart to Him and say, " My God, I love You above all things." My present duty, be it that of errand-boy or ploughman, shopkeeper or farmer, doctor or lawyer, legislator or priest, is full of dignity, of beauty, of nobility, just because it enables me to work out my salvation—with filial fear, but with a full heart joyously. Even if I only stand and wait, if I lie still and suffer, if I am merely a bearer of the Banner of Pain, the value of my service is no whit diminished. Nay, its worth is increased by its seeming inactivity, for being deprived of the satisfaction that comes to the heartily active it looks only to Heaven for its present, as well as its future, benediction. Sufferers sit on the upper forms of God's great School of Life. They are ever nearest to the Master. Upon them He glances with peculiar benignity. They are His favourite pupils. Their knowledge is superior to that of their fellows. They cling to His seat with singular fondness ; they hang upon His every word. They have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that in the Final Examination they are sure of Honours. Yet they seem to do so very little. Their comrades in the lower forms are apt to envy them their passivity and their favours, not knowing that the passive sufferer is in reality the most active of all workers, a dealer in pure gold and a collector of jewels of price.

" But it is the past that troubles me," says the man who finds it hard to believe that he may, and ought to be, happy, here and now. Is, then, the God-forgiven past to be permitted to paralyze the God-given present ? Was not the Father's pardon full and free and perfect ? A scar is always a scar, but it is the symbol of a wound that is healed.

Forgive me if I use a homely and a commonplace illustration. A schoolroom floor, newly washed and scrubbed, always preaches to me loudly. At first sight it seems doubtful if that thorough cleaning has improved its appearance. Before it was washed we knew that its ink-stains were many and big : they were not nearly so apparent as they are now. For, mark you, the floor has been scoured with hot water and cleansing soap, and the effect has been to throw out into a sort of relief every indelible splash of ink. By contrast with the clean white portions of the boards these little pools of red and blue and black immediately arrest the attention. Before the cleansing you scarcely noticed them : to-day they catch the eye and hold it. One never dreamt that so much ink had been spilled upon the floor, or that the use of soap and water would emphasise the fact and make these many catastrophes so entirely evident. Better, you think, to have left the floor unwashed.

Nay, nay ! this scrubbing is an enormous gain. The floor is *clean*. Incredible dirt was removed in the washing, dirt that a daily sweeping could not touch. The floor is stained, but it is clean. It is a picture of some souls. They lie before God clean, but not stainless. Past catastrophes have left their mark ; yes, but the *guilt* of sin has been removed, just as surely as the actual dirt has been washed from this schoolroom floor. Almost with reverence the boys tread upon these whitened boards : with actual reverence the angels are contemplating your Blood-washed soul.

Another lesson is taught by the washed floor. The faults of the good are often more apparent than the sins of the wicked. If you had seen this floor before the water touched it, you would have noticed a uniform griminess. Here and there the big black splashes of ink would reveal themselves—if you looked for them ; but since the prevailing hue was one of dirt, the darker stain was not immediately evident. Now, by contrast with the clean white boards, those gigantic blots of ink look very black indeed. The splashes of red actually seem to have been revived by the scouring and to have become redder.

The best wine makes the strongest vinegar, says the old proverb, and we are warned that where there is most light there will be most shade. We ought to ponder the law of contrasts. Freshly fallen snow will show the foot-print of the tiniest bird.

They that walk in white with Christ on earth will scarcely hope to escape the specks and motes with which the very air they breathe is charged. It is not only in London that the freshest and cleanest of rooms will show the mark of smuts. Earth is earth, and heaven is heaven. No stain will pass the Gates of God.

Some of us expect a little too much from ourselves ; all of us expect too much from others. In spite of the fact that in some point of perfection—in something perhaps much below perfection—we have been disappointed in ourselves a thousand times, we still go on looking for, nay demanding, perfection in others. Sometimes we are unwise enough to look for it in the young, in the newly-converted, in the sick, in the sorely tried, in the greatly tempted. We do not find it and we are angry, never dreaming that our impatience is so much fuel for the Purgatory we are nearing. Truly the poor souls who disappoint us have good reason to be disappointed in us ; yet they have shorter memories for our falls than have we ourselves.

Low they fall whose fall is from the sky.

We do not like to contemplate the possibility of a serious fall, any more than we care to think of the possibility of finding ourselves in hell. Yet, now and then, it is wise in us to dwell a little upon both these contingencies, if only to give force to the acts of humility which have, or ought to have, such a prominent place in our morning meditation and preparation for Holy Communion. To make mere possibilities the subject of frequent thought would of course be the highest folly. Many lives are made lastingly unhappy by the anticipation of catastrophes that never happen. Much of the world's misery arises from perverse and undisciplined imaginations. A million stupid things are just possible to us : in scarcely one of them shall we find the shadow of a probability.

Meanwhile, we have duties to perform and pleasures to enjoy. Here and now we fill a God-appointed corner of the universe. Without us the chorus of Creation is not complete. We have an office that, so far as its tangible duties are concerned, might be filled by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of better men and women than we are. But there is not a soul on earth that in God's great scheme of things could be to Him just pre-

cisely what we are. This may be true even of one who has mistaken his calling, the square man in the round hole ; but it is emphatically true of souls that are called by God, whether their work be in the cloister or in the world.

The good God deals with individuals. Each soul is a separate conception of the Most High. Between the Almighty and you there are relations of a personal, intimate, and unique kind. No other personality in creation can be to Him what you are. Your praise of Him in the universal chorus is, as it were, a solo. It may or may not harmonise with the anthem of innumerable parts that rises to Heaven day and night, but it is a melody that is all your own. You are God's individual creation, a complete and distinct thought of the Eternal. In a thousand ways your dealings with Him will not differ from those of other men ; yet in some one specific duty of praise or service your worship and your labour will be unique.

If that true poet, Robert Browning, had gone to better and brighter and purer sources for some of his themes, the large body of his work would not have suffered the neglect which it may, or may not, have merited. If he had emulated his great contemporary, Aubrey de Vere, in choosing for his subjects the fair and the fit, Browning's message would not only have been more intelligible, but more beautiful and of more lasting worth. Yet now and again the perfection of some noble legend mastered him, and he put into imperishable verse the splendour of an eternal truth. One of these poems is much to our purpose :—

Morning, evening, noon, and night,
 " Praise God," sang Theocrite.

In almost every succeeding couplet there is a finished picture. We see the boy-novice at his manual labour in the cloister :—

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell :
 But ever at each period,
 He stopped and sang, " Praise God."
 Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew.

The poet limns for us one of the commonplaces—not merely of the Religious state, but of the life of any devout soul in the world outside. Hard labour, sanctified by a good intention

and an occasional aspiration—that is all ; yet how much it is ! In the case of Theocrite it was so gracious that his master, “ Blase, the listening monk,” could not but commend the boy’s devotedness—not that of mere words, remember, but of the honest hard labour that went before and after the ascription and became an integral part of his service of praise.

Yet the mention of Rome, of Easter Day, and of the Pope singing High Mass in St. Peter’s, gave the boy an unspeakable longing to praise God “ that great way, and die.” Once to sing *Sursum Corda* ! Once to raise the chalice heavenward ! A natural aspiration in one who was young and dear to God. And being young and pure of heart, and honest in intention, the boy had the ear of the Almighty. His prayer was granted.

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

St. Gabriel himself, says the legend, had taken the young monk’s form and appearance :—

Entered in flesh the empty cell,
Lived there and played the craftsman well ;
And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

In all respects the great Archangel played the part of the boy-monk.

He did God’s will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.

He grew from boy to youth, from youth to man ; he fell into the season of decay. Surely the Most High was worthily praised and served by this angel in human form. He had seen God face to face. He, Gabriel, was one of the wonderful Seven who stand closest to the Throne. A high lord of the Heavenly Court was he, knowing much of the Secrets of the King, knowing well how the Almighty should be praised. What a privileged religious community was this ! Within one of its humblest cells lived a Prince of Paradise ; at its work-bench laboured one who was the intimate of the Eternal Father ; in the stalls of its choir sang the Angel of the Annunciation—he the first on earth to sing *Ave* to the Queen of Angels.

Yes, there was great and perfect praise in the ear of God,

a willing and most faithful service daily rendered. But—and this seems to me the chief point of the legend and of the poem—it was not the praise, it was not the service of Theocrite. The good God had led His child to the cloister and wanted from him—not the grand worship of St. Peter's and the exalted service of a Pope, but just the daily manual labour, just the hourly ascription of joyful praise. And though Gabriel himself had taken the lad's place, something was wanting in the eternal scheme of things ; the will of the Almighty had been frustrated ; the good God had heard and answered a childish and an ill-considered prayer.

"Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise."

Even to St. Gabriel himself the heavenly message may have come as a surprise ; for who shall know the mind of God ? But the Archangel loses no time in accomplishing the purposes of the Almighty. Putting off the flesh disguise, Gabriel takes to himself wings and flies to Rome.

With his holy vestments dight
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite.

None knew that the Pontiff was listening to the rebuke of an Archangel. Very clear and direct were Gabriel's words :—

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

"Go back and praise again
The early way—while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ :
Become the craftsman and the boy !"

Many of life's miseries are created by the refusal to learn and to act upon the lesson of this legend—God's will the rule of man's life. Here and in this place, now and at this time, the Almighty wants your praise and service. Here in the niche that He has chosen for you, now in the time that He is giving you, He wants your little hymn of thanksgiving, your trifling

and, it may seem to you, unimportant task. A higher grade of service may be in store for you—that is as He wills ; but it is To-day that He would hear your voice. It is To-day, as errand-boy or schoolboy, as student or junior clerk, as a subordinate, and not merely when you may be at the zenith of your career, or in a post of honour, that your part in the chorus of Creation will stop if you refuse God the praise and the labour for which He created you. Here and now, there is something demanded from each of us that the services of an Archangel cannot adequately supply.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

MY DIVINE MIRROR

LIGHT, like a pilgrim, ever homeward turns.*

Quick as it reaches earth, the flashing ray

Straight back to heav'n finds its repentant way.

Even the light of earth, which faintly burns,

Shines red upon the moon eclipsed, and yearns

After the home it left. So without stay

Light from the eye back to the eye will stray,

Not resting on the mirror, which it spurns.

Love, too, comes back wherever it was born,

Whether in hearts below or heaven above,—

From God to man, from man to God : from me

To that which is my life, when every morn

I look into my chalice there to see

Myself reflected in the depths of Love.

F. C. KOLBE.

* [This thought is from Dante's *Paradiso*. See "Pigeonhole Paragraphs" in this Number.]

CHRISTMAS COMMUNION

My heart a stable bare and hard,
Not sweet with balm and spikenard,
Was all I had to give Him when
His love bade Him be born again.
And yet His choice the stable is
Before the splendid palaces.

Beside the bed of starveling grass
Whereon He would be born, alas !
Are two great beasts that hang the head,
Ox of my appetite, my greed,
Ass of my folly, gross and dull.
Be these Thy courtiers, Beautiful ?

Without, the Heaven a glory shows
Angels on Angels, rows on rows,
And stars on stars, all shine on shine,
And Kings fain to be serfs of Thine.
Thou hast such adoration. Nay,
Here wilt Thou come ? Here wilt Thou stay ?

Bid us with ass and ox to lie
Face downward in humility,
And in a little truce of Heaven
Know we are ransomed and forgiven.
Bid us to weep, bid us to burn,
Raise us from ignorance and scorn.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

GOD'S ACRE

GOD'S ACRE is a pleasing and appropriate name for a Christian burial ground, where the seed that is sown in corruption shall rise as immortal fruit of glory and power. Yet the phrase seems peculiarly suitable to only one kind of cemetery, namely, that which is, strictly speaking, a churchyard, such as we see in the country—the humble graves clustering around the church of the hamlet and the whole sacred enclosure comprising but an acre or two in extent. I have before my mind's eye just now an Irish hill-side covered with uneven tombstones and grassy graves, where, in the midst, stands a plain white church, built, without any attempt at architectural adornment, shortly after the close of the Penal Days. At the foot of the hill, alongside the public road, looms an old ruin, overgrown with ivy which mantles and crowns the walls that in ancient days so often echoed the words of prayer and hymn. In that humble God's Acre rest the forms of those I love. As the twilight shadows gather there, I often go in spirit to the hallowed spot, and while I ponder on the tender memories, the tear-like dewdrops wet the herbage, and the grass blade typifies the sharp, though chastened grief that pierces the mourner's soul.

I feel a difficulty in applying the name, God's Acre, to a large city cemetery, which is crowded with streets or avenues of tombs. There artificiality seems to reign supreme, and the very trees and flowers are made to grow by rule, in trim and marshalled lines. In that collection of proud memorials the sweet face of nature, which makes the country churchyard homely and pleasant, is not to be seen. The stately monuments proclaim the human yearning to conquer the oblivion of the tomb and have little in keeping with the homage to death and Our Father's will which the sylvan God's Acre would teach by its nameless graves.

Yet I know a city cemetery to which I can give, without difficulty, the more sacred title. Distant four miles from the city centre, with a good part of its area still virgin soil, unbroken by graves, it retains much of the look of the country

churchyard. I paid a visit to it recently in the springtime, on a day of sunshine and sudden, brief showers. When the sun shone, it did so with considerable heat, but a cool breeze blew, and the day was a pleasant one for a walk. Large gates of handsome ironwork give admittance to the cemetery. Close to them stand a caretaker's lodge and waiting-rooms, all built tastefully of warm red brick, and in their midst rises a red-brick clock tower. The cemetery is for the most part on elevated ground, and commands a wide prospect of villas and farmhouses, woods and green plains, extending to an amphitheatre of hills along the horizon. Groups of trees, chiefly evergreens, stud the burial ground, and flowers and rose bushes grow on many of the graves.

I wandered among the tombs reading the names and epitaphs, and the interest which I felt was untouched by sadness. I experience, I confess, no repugnance at dwelling upon the thought of death and the grave. Our nature, no doubt, shrinks from the dissolution of the close union that binds body and soul together, but reason helps us to overrule that shrinking and to look upon death without horror. Death, it tells us, is what we must expect, and it is as natural to die as to be born, or to pass into that kind of breathing death called sleep. Nature, then, does us no wrong in calling on us to quit our present state of being, for from the first moment of life we begin our journey to the grave and all through our days we are dying.

Montaigne refers, in one of his pleasant essays, to the care with which the majority of men shun the thought of death, that they may be undisturbed in their constant pursuit of amusement and pleasure, and he condemns such conduct as *brutale stupidité, nonchalance bestiale*. He counsels us to destroy the fear of death by making the thought of our last hour familiar and by strengthening ourselves in the resolution to accept the final summons, when it shall come, with tranquillity and as a matter of course. The soul may be thus easily enabled to lose all fear of dissolution or of what necessarily leads to it, and then, and not till then, does a man become really free. Once he has taken this step, he rules his passions with a firm hand, and he is superior to fortune and invulnerable to the darts of affliction. Contempt of death becomes the well-spring

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of cheerfulness, of a sane enjoyment of life, and thenceforth he devotes himself to a whole-hearted accomplishment of duty. He lives a vigorous and energetic existence, and he lets death take him when or where it will.

The essayist was so convinced that this conduct was the only one worthy of a rational being, that he kept himself booted and spurred, so to speak, and ever ready to depart from this life. It was more manly, he considered, to meet death with firm front and undismayed, than, in coward-fashion, to fly and receive the mortal dart in the back. So he laboured to separate himself, as far as possible, from every earthly object that might prevent him from bidding a tranquil farewell to this world and all its belongings. He left the world before the world left him. From his biography we learn that this preparation produced its due fruit in his undisturbed acceptance of death when it arrived. He received the Last Sacraments, and died as quietly as if he were falling asleep.

Both reason and religion declare that, in this matter, the wise man does at once what the fool, if he have time, must do at last ; and this state of expectation and preparation is that " watching " which is so urgently enjoined in the New Testament as necessary for meeting, as we should, an issue, momentous and unavoidable. One of the tombs in this God's Acre reminded me of that duty in the well-known words : " Watch ye, for ye know not when your Lord shall come."

Another inscription, " The pure in heart shall see God," recalled to my mind a funeral which I attended in this graveyard. It was that of a maiden who had not reached her twentieth year, and who had fallen a victim to consumption. Like the rose gnawed by the canker-worm till it drops and withers away, she pined and died in the flower of her age. During life she was much loved, and the meek patience with which she bore her sufferings endeared her still further to all whom she knew. A large number of her girl friends, dressed in robes white as snow, followed the remains, and sang hymns, as they moved in procession from the cemetery entrance to the grave. Most of them carried flowers. During the reading of the solemn burial service there was silence, intensified rather than disturbed by some quiet, irrepressible sobbing. The body was lowered into the opening in the earth, and the maidens

flung their flowers upon it, till the coffin was nearly hidden from view by the frail but touching memorials of departed worth and of youthful affection. There is something peculiarly beautiful in the resigned and peaceful death of an innocent girl. It is a sacrifice to the Creator of what is delicate and interesting in nature, united with much that is lovely in grace ; and although we mourn that a young life, the centre of hope and love, is nipped in the bud and brought speedily to decay, we cannot but acknowledge that it is better for her whose pure spirit has sped from earth and is at rest. We feel that she has escaped the ordeal of the world's trials and has entered on a brighter and happier existence. In the light shed by faith on the immortal destiny of the soul, we have more reason to rejoice than to grieve at such a death : just as we are glad when the eagle, escaping from bondage, cleaves the air with lusty wing in the joy of unfettered freedom and is soon lost to our sight in the sunlight of heaven.

I found several graves of little children. One tiny white slab bore the simple inscription : " Our Baby Victor." Another was erected " In memory of our Darling," a girl of two years and six months. A third recorded the death of a daughter, fourteen months old, and that of a son who had lived just one year. Those little graves spoke eloquently of the parents' love and grief. Very pitiful is, especially, the sorrow of a mother for her dead child. Her tears flow without measure, and it is well that she weeps. Tears relieve the burdened spirit, and after the first vehement burst of sorrow, they will flow with a quieter tide. It is scarcely a kindly act, though it may be done from kindly motives, to check a mother's tears with the plea that it is vain to weep. She knows well that tears cannot restore to her arms the little one she has lost, and that conviction is a chief cause of her sorrow. Let her weep on. Silence and sympathy are the best consolation one can give.

A child may grow up really far from father and mother, though he dwells with them under the same roof, for he may never give them his confidence, he may be wrapped up wholly in himself. But when an infant dies, he goes to God and God is not far away. That young child is very near those who love him, and his spirit is, we trust, often hovering over them, and has power to commune with them in solemn moments and to

exercise greater influence than he would have done on earth. The parents are better, stronger, purer, because their child is with God. Many a father's love, and particularly many a mother's, is too human and is in danger of becoming so engrossing as to shut heaven out from view. The thick foliage of the oak sometimes prevents us from seeing the sky, but at the fall of the leaf, the heaven's "glorious canopy of light and blue" stands revealed. Their child is taken away, and when the first violence of their grief is spent, they follow in spirit whither he is gone. They cannot now pass to him, but they live in the hope that a place is being prepared for them, that where he is they also shall one day be.

I thought it would call me "Mother,"

The very first word it said ;

Oh ! I can never love another,

Like the blessed babe that's dead.

I shall make my best endeavour,

That my sins may be forgiven ;

I will serve God more than ever,

To meet my child in heaven.

I will check this foolish sorrow,

For what God does is best ;

But oh ! 'tis a month to-morrow,

I buried it from my breast.*

Such a little child does not wholly die. In the memory of living love, he still lives on. His smiles, his prattle, his joyousness, his coaxing loving wiles, all the freshness, innocence, and charm of his young life can never perish from tender remembrance, and so he still lives, for ever dear and for ever fair. The little chair he used, the playthings that were his delight, are cherished, and the one spot of earth that is dearest to the childless parents is the grave in which he is buried. That wee mound they often visit, and they make it beautiful with fragrant flowers and shrubs. Should it be their lot to travel to distant lands, they often make a pilgrimage in imagination to the graveyard where it lies, and nowhere else it seems to them does the lark, hidden in the bright sky, sing so clearly and so tenderly, and the thrush and the blackbird pipe so sweetly.

* Why did not Oliver Oakleaf tell us that this is by the Rev. R. S. Hawker of Cornwall, who was received into the Church just before his death ?—ED. I. M.

Near the centre of the cemetery stands its most conspicuous monument, a group of statuary in white marble. The figures, which are life-size, represent a young wife and mother lying in death upon an altar-like tomb, and an angel who places a crown upon her head, while close to the tomb's foot a second angel sits upon the ground in an attitude of sorrow. The conception and execution of the group are remarkably artistic, and the effect produced is both simple and beautiful. A large glass structure covers and protects the figures, and a dome-like roof rises overhead and with its twelve supporting pillars of polished granite forms an appropriate frame for the monument. The deceased, it is stated, was "Born, 26th January, 1867; Married, 26th January, 1887; Buried, 26th January, 1897." Numerous inscriptions, including lines from Rossetti ("The Blessed Damozel") and other poets, with Scripture texts, cover the mosaic pavement and the entablatures of the roof. They have been fitly chosen, but the profusion with which they are scattered mars the simplicity of the memorial.

In the ground set apart for Catholics, a large statue of St. Joseph bearing the Infant Saviour in his arms has been placed over one of the graves. On the pedestal are the words: "St. Joseph, Nursing Father of the Son of God, pray for us." Several Religious Orders have their burial places here, Loretto Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, Nuns of the Sacred Heart, and the Faithful Companions of Jesus. A massive Celtic Cross marks the graves of the Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus. On it is the motto, *Ad Majorem dei Gloriam*, with the name of each deceased, and the date of his death. Many of those good men and valiant soldiers of Christ I knew and loved, and as I stood beside the spot where they await the trumpet of the Judgment Day, a voice seemed to rise from the ground and to say in kindly and solemn warning:

Stop, O you who gaze on these our humble graves, and think,
We are in eternity, and you are on the brink!

On quitting the cemetery, I walked homeward in a subdued and pensive mood. Truly wise, it seemed to me, are they who live their lives with cheerful earnestness and courage, and regard themselves as pilgrims on a journey to a happier and more lasting dwelling beyond the grave. They habituate them-

selves to the thought that life hath an end and cast off all unreasonable anxiety, and so they prepare to exchange, in a generous and exalted spirit, "life's fitful fever" for that moment which we call death, but which is, in simple truth, the beginning of immortality.

OLIVER OAKLEAF.

CANTATE PUERO

LITTLE singers, sing your sweetest,
Carol antiphons the meetest ;
 Though the wind be wild,
Trip it to the Holy Stable,
Bow before the manger-table,
 Chaunt to Mary's Child.

Minstrels, tune your softest, gravest,
Let your lutes put forth their bravest
 For His lullaby ;
Little maidens, lift your voices,
Tell Him all the world rejoices
 He has come so nigh.

Little shepherds, flute your finest,
Warble melody divinest
 To His Babyhood :
Soon the lambs He will be folding,
Stray sheep seeking, finding, holding,—
 He the Shepherd Good.

Quiring children, wear your whitest,
He the Highest, He the Brightest,
 Comes unto His own ;
Comes to make our world the fairest,
And this lower life the rarest
 Men have ever known.

Ringers, ring your gayest, loudest,
Let your bells swing out their proudest,
Ring Him loud and long :
Bells of holy joy and healing
Are these chimes of midnight pealing
Out their Christmas song.

Priests and laymen, princes, peasants,
Sires and matrons, bring your presents
To His Manger-Shrine ;
Laddie, lassie, youth and maiden,
Carry hearts with love full laden
To the Child Divine.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO

" With his story in one's mind we can almost see his benignant countenance moving calmly among the haggard faces of Milan, in the days when the plague swept the city ; brave where all others were cowards, full of compassion where pity had been crushed out of all other breasts by the instinct of self-preservation gone mad with terror."—Mark Twain in *Innocents Abroad*.

THE smell of death reeked strong in Milan's air,
Corse upon corse grew foul beneath the sun ;
And, mingled with the dead, the dying there
Called, vainly called, on some beloved one.

Who to the grave each loathsome thing will bear,
Or to the writhing sufferer will run
And soothe death's agony with gentle care ?
Ah, woeful sight !—the father leaves the son.

But, one there is with love more strong than death
Who hastes unresting to the sufferer's side,
And heedless of the plague's destroying breath,
Bears unto all his Master Crucified :
Content to die a thousand times and more,
If but one shipwrecked soul might reach the shore.

ELEANOR F. KELLY. ☐

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Ridingdale Boys*. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 28 Orchard Street, W. [Price, 5s., or 3s. 6d.]

We regret very much that by an accident this most pleasant big book was not announced in our December notices, for the Christmas choice of many of our younger readers would meanwhile have fallen upon it. For more than two years at the top of our first advertising page we have warned contributors, subscribers, publishers and others, that letters, books for review, etc., are to be sent to the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore; but many from whom better might be expected persist in addressing their favours elsewhere, thus causing delay, expense, and inconvenience. This new tome, which tends (as they used to say) towards *embonpoint*, is the most attractive of the whole admirable series to which it belongs. We have read every line of the twenty-two chapters that fill the 350 pages, and the interest has never flagged. Father Bearne keeps up the character of the different boys and their adult friends admirably; and there is a fine literary flavour about the style not always to be found in juvenile literature. This is not a book for mere Christmas use, but one which we hope will be kept in print and receive a very wide circulation. It cannot fail to give pleasure and to do good. Mr. Baines's illustrations are most of them excellent, though sometimes the printing of them does not seem successful. The type and paper are very agreeable for reading and handling.

2. *A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories*. By Very Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. London: Burns and Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. [Price, 5s.]

Canon Sheehan's new volume contains eight stories, the most interesting giving a name to it, though it is by no means the longest. This opening tale deals also with the scenes and characters with which our priestly novelist is most familiar and has made his fame. It is unfair, however, to bind him always to the same scenes; we must thank him for whatever

good work of other kinds he gives us, for instance, such clever, striking sketches as "A Thorough Gentleman" and "Remanded." The three last stories have more of a Christmas tone about them, and are meant for younger readers. One of them is made interesting by being known as the first story written by the author of *My New Curate*. Those who read it, we think, in a Children's Magazine published by James Duffy & Co., did not dream that "Topsy" would lead on to *Luke Delmege. Sic itur ad astra*. The Reineville of "Rita, the Street Singer" is evidently the Queenstown of "The Monks of Trabolgan." The nine pictures by Miss Healey will increase the attraction of the book for many. We prefer pictures in words.

3. Lady Gilbert's new full-length story, *A Girl's Ideal* (published by Blackie & Son), has received a great deal of attention from the reviewers. The *Westminster Gazette* says: "The name of Rosa Mulholland as an author is one to conjure with, and her pen is as facile and powerful as ever. The story is told in a very lively manner, and is throughout bright and readable." The adjective "lively" occurs in nearly all the criticisms, to which the *Yorkshire Observer* adds that "in this ingenious and cleverly constructed story the love passages are devoid of all mawkish sentimentality;" and the *Newcastle Chronicle* says that Lady Gilbert, "one of the most successful of writers for girls, especially when she lays her scenes in Ireland," has produced here "a pretty story which makes most pleasant reading." The *Athenaeum* finds the story "lively and amusing," while the *Daily News* pronounces it "certainly one of the best books of this charming writer." According to these critics the hand that produced *Dunmara* (which this month has begun a new life) has evidently not lost its cunning. Even since the foregoing anthology was strung together, other very favourable judgments have come under our notice. The *Academy and Literature* calls *A Girl's Ideal* "a bright and sympathetic narrative which, like all the novelettes and tales of the author, is markedly refined in tone." The *Literary World* says "this most interesting story is one to be cordially recommended," and *Education* calls it "an ideal present for a girl and should be very popular." The *Birmingham Post* believes the story to be "a capital one, displaying great originality." The *Field* finds in it "her usual cleverness;" while the *Dundee Advertiser*

calls it "the captivating story of an uncommonly charming heroine," whom the critic further characterises as "one of the most lovable and sensible heroines of modern fiction." The *Aberdeen Free Press* considers *A Girl's Ideal* "one of the best books for girls in their teens that has appeared this season." The *Nottingham Guardian* truly says that "the principal charm of the story lies in the graceful way it is told." The *Globe* calls it "a very pleasing story for elder girls," and the *Daily Mail* says that "Lady Gilbert has infused into an old problem pleasant Irish vivacity."

4. *Aliens of the West*. By the Author of *The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore*. London: Cassell & Co. [Price, 6s.]

Miss Charlotte O'Connor Eccles will henceforward be known as author of *Aliens of the West*, rather than by the description given on this title-page. This is by far the finest piece of literature that we have had as yet from her very clever pen. *The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore* was a brilliant extravaganza, rivalling *Vice Versa* in whimsical ingenuity; but the new book is a much more important work, a collection of tales and sketches with a certain continuity between them, illustrating most ably and entertainingly the doings and sayings and feelings of various classes and individuals in an Irish country town. The only criticism that we have noticed yet is that of the *Academy and Literature* of November 12th, which calls it "a curiously life-like and levelheaded study of Irish life, a masterpiece because of the perfection of the sketches in detail and form of expression." The book has plenty of humour and pathos and shrewdness, nay, wisdom and deep feeling.

5. *Julia*. By Katharine Tynan. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [Price, 6s.]

It is the spirit of Christmas, perhaps, that makes stories the subject of so many of our notices this month. We have not been able to keep pace with Mrs. Hinkson in the series of bright and charming novels that have of late years followed each other with such amazing rapidity; but we have read every line of this latest of the race, and we feel bound to recommend it to our readers as a very pleasant and natural story, a good specimen of the class that we used in bygone volumes of this Magazine to discuss under the title of "Harmless Novels." Though Mrs. Hinkson must necessarily keep the English read-

ing public before her, many things are said judiciously from a Catholic's point of view. We should have liked, however, if it had been put more plainly that Julia would have had six or seven months at least before being received formally into the novitiate, and that then she would have had two full years to think over matters before being allowed to undertake serious obligations. The page in this delightful book which pleases us most is the one after "The End," in which the publishers crowd together some of the praises bestowed by critics on three tales by the same writer, *The Honourable Molly*, *Love of Sisters*, and *She Walks in Beauty*. These are described by the *Times*, the *Athenaeum*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Scotsman*, *Spectator*, etc., with such terms as "full of charm, gentle thoughts, and quaint phrases," "the unfailing charm of sweetness and tenderness," "as wholesome, cheerful and tender an idyl as any girl need wish to read," etc. What the *Daily News* says of one of these three tales—"a pretty, wholesome, and genial study of the best kind of Irish country life"—may be applied to its latest successor, *Julia*.

6. *The Middle Ages: Sketches and Fragments*. By Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. (Price, 8s. net.)

Large type makes this volume larger and dearer than it ought to be. Dr. Shahan is Professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington. He has studied very assiduously the many solid works on ecclesiastical history that have enriched of late years the literatures of European countries, especially Germany and France. He gives very careful references to the original sources that he has drawn upon in composing the thirteen chapters of which his book is made up. The two longest and most important of these are on Justinian the Great and on Catholicism in the Middle Ages. Dr. Shahan's style is clear and vigorous, but, we fear, not quite so attractive as some of his American critics would lead us to expect. The title of one of the chapters, "Bath and Bathing in the Middle Ages," reminded us of the wonderful learning that Father Bridgett had once brought to bear upon that topic. We were pleased to find Dr. Shahan mentioning that illustrious name in this context, though he does not say how far he has used the Redemptorist's curious researches.

This excellent book serves as a continuation of Dr. Shahan's previous work on *The Beginnings of Christianity*.

7. *Sermons Preached in St. Edmund's College Chapel on Various Occasions*. Collected and arranged by Edwin Burton, Vice-President. London: Burns and Oates. (Price, 5s.)

There is another name on the title-page, that of Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, whose introduction describes very effectively what might be called the personality of a great public school. St. Edmund's College is better known as Old Hall, which is said to be near Ware, though Ware is five miles away. Eleven years ago its first centenary was duly celebrated. Its Vice-President may have got the idea of the present volume from a book published in 1876, *Short Sermons preached in the Chapel of St. Mary's College, Oscott*, collected and edited by the President. But he has improved on the plan; for "the President," whom we recognise as Dr. Spencer Northcote only from the initials "J. S. N.," very unwisely suppressed not only his own name but the names of all those whose sermons he edited: whereas Mr. Burton increases the reader's interest vastly by naming the preacher in every case. 'Indeed he could not suppress such names as Cardinals Manning and Vaughan, Bishops Ullathorne and Hedley. He begins well with a holy and beautiful discourse by Canon Frederick Oakeley. Rev. Robert Butler speaks beautifully at the funeral of Bishop Weathers; and at his own funeral in turn Monsignor Ward, the President of the College, delivers a very interesting discourse. Those who are connected with Old Hall will value this volume doubly; but its edification for the general reader is also great.

8. *The Feasts of Mother Church, with Hints and Helps for the holier keeping of them*. By Mother M. Salome. London: Burns and Oates. (Price, 3s. 6d.)

This is another good book given to us by the Bar Convent, York. It consists of fifty informal meditations on the chief feasts of the year, and on some of the most interesting Saints of the calendar. The facts are narrated and the reflections put forward very clearly and pleasantly. The most useful pages, perhaps, are those that treat of the way of saying the Rosary. The Editor of the *Catholic Fireside* is naturally anxious to claim for his magazine the credit of having been the first to put these meditations into print—an acknowledgment omitted by mistake in the book itself.

9. A third edition has been issued by the Art and Book Company, Leamington and London, of *The Science of Spiritual Life according to the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*, by the late Father James Clare, S.J. A great many improvements and additions were made by Father Clare in the second edition, and he left behind him suggestions for other changes and corrections. It is now a large volume, the fullest and most complete exposition of the *Exercitia Spiritualia* in English. For such a book 7s. 6d. net is a very moderate price.

10. *Socialism : its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application*. By Rev. Victor Cathrein, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. (Price, 6s. net.)

This work of Father Cathrein appeared in German in the year 1890, and has gone through eight large editions in its original language, besides having been translated into French, English, Spanish, Flemish, Polish, Italian, Bohemian, and Hungarian. The English translation by the Rev. James Conway, S.J., went through two editions in the United States. The author has meanwhile made large additions and changes rendering a practically new translation necessary. This task has been accomplished by Father Gettelmann, S.J., with the co-operation of Father Conway and of Father Cathrein himself. Besides all the matter contained in the eighth German edition an account of American Socialism has been added, drawn up from authentic Socialist sources. The book is now more than double the size of the previous editions and is practically a new work.

11. *The Gospel according to St. Mark*. With Introductions and Annotations by Madame Cecilia, St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Price, 3s. net.)

A volume of 500 pages, compiled with very great industry and care by the Author of *Home Truths for Mary's Children*, with the assistance of the Rev. William Lloyd. Madame Cecilia has turned to good account her twenty-five years' experience of teaching in preparing this excellent Scripture Manual with a view to the University Local Examinations, and the requirements of Catholic pupil-teachers. The judicious varieties of type have compressed a great deal of matter into this handy and well arranged volume.

* 12. Besides publications that we have already mentioned, the Art and Book Company of London and Leamington have issued in a handsome volume *Catholic Ideals in Social Life*, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., attractively written papers on such questions as "the Church and Personal Liberty," "the education of woman," work, marriage, etc. *The Life of General de Sonis*, translated by Lady Herbert of Lea, is very cheap for half-a-crown. But her preface is dated 1891, and this must be only a new issue of the book. The same Publishers have sent us a third edition of Father Bertrand Wilberforce's translation of *Comfort for the Faint-hearted*, by Blossius—one of the Westminster Books produced so elegantly for 2s. 6d. net. At the same price they publish Lady Herbert's translation of the Life of Alexis Villié, an edifying French youth who was born in 1881, and died in 1901.

13. Burns and Oates have added two amazing sixpenny-worths to their list. One is a well bound copy of the *Manual of Prayers for Congregational Use*, prescribed by the Bishops of England. To the 228 pages that contain the prayers are added 128 pages containing the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and feast-days. The other sixpenny-worth is of a very different sort—*Loss and Gain*, by Cardinal Newman. This is really the great Oratorian's first *apologia*, his account of his conversion, for Charles Reding in the story represents the writer. What delightful conversations! Even Newman never wrote anything finer than Willis's outburst about the Mass.

14. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 27, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, has just added to its wonderful penny series a minute and most interesting contemporary account of Catholic chapels in Dublin, in the year 1749, with valuable annotations by Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, who has made this his special subject. One who knows what the Catholic Church is in Dublin at present will bless the memory of those who kept the Faith alive in the dark days of persecution.

The second Annual published by certain enthusiastic Celts of Tullamore under the title of *Ard na h-Eireann: an Irish Ireland Magazine* sustains the high standard set by No. 1 in the Christmastide of 1903. Dr. Douglas Hyde contributes an interesting set of rhymed Irish aphorisms, which he kindly translates—unlike the other Irish writers—and Mr. William

Bulfin and others whose names we cannot translate tell some very pleasant stories.

The last number of *St. Stephen's*, the organ of the students of University College, 86, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, is particularly clever. The best of piece of literature in it is Mr. Thomas Kettle's account of his journey to Innsbruck and his sojourn there. This would feel almost at home in that brilliant book, Hilaire Belloc's *Path to Rome*; and higher praise could not be given to a sketch of this sort.

15. *The Gospel of the Childhood of our Lord Jesus Christ*. Translated from the Latin by Henry Copley Greene. London: Burns and Oates.

Whatever books may wait for notice till next month, *The Childhood of Christ* must be welcomed in our Christmas Number, it is so appropriate to the season. It is not indeed an addition to our devotional literature, but only a very exquisite translation of an apocryphal Gospel found in manuscript, we are told, some years ago in the ancient Abbey of Saint Wolfgang in the Salz-Kammergut. It has had the good fortune to be turned into admirably pure and simple English by Mr. Copley Greene and to be recommended by an introduction which is an excellent sample of the refined and thoughtful style of Mrs. Alice Meynell. We should have liked, however, some more antiquarian and critical details about the supposed history of the manuscript. The Latin and English are printed very elegantly on opposite pages. The elegance of the printing, however, does not exclude misprints, such as *sponse* for *sponte* in page 196 and *nesciabatis* in the penultimate line of the book. Mr. Greene seems to have slightly mistranslated page 86, "in the wild arms of the woman," as if it were *in furiosa brachia daemoniaca*, whereas it is *in furiosae brachia*. His version all through deserves the high praise that Mrs. Meynell bestows upon it in the last of the delightful pages which introduce the book.

16. As this is Christmas time, we will mention two books of fiction which are guaranteed as pleasant and clever and good, by the names of their writers, but which we will read carefully before giving our opinion in detail next month. One comes from New York—*The Ruler of the Kingdom and other Phases of Life and Character*, by Grace Keon (Benziger, price, 6s.)

The other comes from London—*The Heart of Penelope*, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (Heinemann, price 6s.).

17. *The Catholic Truth Annual and Record of Conference*, December, 1904. (Price 6d.)

This is an extraordinary sixpenny worth even in this age of amazing sixpenny magazines which for sixpence give an amount of matter and a number of illustrations that six shillings would not purchase formerly. The essays of the Bishop of Limerick, of Judge Carton, of Count Plunkett, of Dom Patrick Nolan and others would be capital value for the money, even without the excellent pictures of Cardinal Logue, the late Canon W. J. Dillon, Canon Fricker, Father Dominic O'Neill, C.P.; Canon Murphy, Brother O'Mahony, Rev. W. Lockhart, Monsignor Murphy of Maryborough, Mr. Charles Dawson, Mr. T. Aliaga Kelly, Sir John Ross of Bladensburgh, Rev. William Delany, S.J.; Dr. J. R. O'Connell, Sir Henry Bellingham, Mr. W. R. J. Molloy,† Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Rev. J. S. Conmee, S.J.; Very Rev. Joseph Burke, P.P.; Mr. Ambrose Kelly, Rev. F. J. Wall, Rev. Columban Tyne, C.P.; Judge Carton, Count Plunkett, Mr. R. J. Kelly, Dom Patrick Nolan, O.S.B., and Rev. H. Bewerunge. Is not this enough? No. Further on, a page groups together certain representatives of the Catholic Truth Conference of 1904, among whom are eight of those that we have named, and along with them the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Rev. Henry Browne, S.J.; Rev. F. E. O. O'Loughlin, Mr. P. S. Walshe, and one who has been from the beginning the indefatigable and devoted Secretary of the Society—Mr. John Rochford. Nay, this long array of portraits—admirable likenesses, as we can testify for many of them—does not exhaust the illustrations of this marvellous sixpennyworth. The writer of one of the paragraphs on page 89 seems to object to commendatory prefaces, of which the only specimen before him is the one prefixed by the President of the Catholic Truth Society to its latest and most valuable publication, *A Roll of Honour: Irish Bishops and Priests of the Last Century*. In spite of Elof's misgivings to the contrary, we are sure that these first three pages from the vigorous pen of the Archbishop of Tuam will help to secure a very wide circulation for this particularly interesting volume.

A BOG SONG

THE bog-lands ! the bog-lands !
 The home where I was born,
 The little farm where ready hands
 Were busy ere the morn ;
 The fleeting cloudy shadows
 Across the waving meadows,
 The breath of summer in the lanes or on the snowy thorn.

The bog-winds ! the bog-winds !
 The crooning winds of dawn
 That frolic down the yellow pools
 And up the mountain bawn,
 Where rushy marshes shimmer
 And dews of morning glimmer ;
 The winds are waking daisies there across the grassy lawn.

The bog-streams ! the bog-streams !
 That dance beneath the moon
 With rippled breast of sunny beams
 And happy careless croon ;
 With a gush of silver laughter
 They run in riot after
 Or stealing o'er each gravelled bed, cool in the summer noon.

The bog-lights ! the bog-lights !
 They're glimmering through my dreams,
 And my lone nights are glad nights
 With voices of the streams.
 For where the winds go playing
 With meadow grasses swaying,
 The fitful shadows come and go between the sunny gleams.

DANIEL SHIELDS.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

MRS. ALEXANDER, who died before her husband became the Protestant Primate—in which capacity he exchanged friendly visits with two Cardinals on a memorable occasion*—is known almost exclusively by her beautiful poem, “The Burial of Moses.” But the little volume in which that occurs, *Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament*, contains many other beautiful things. One poem about the Patriarch Joseph ends with two stanzas that put an old simile in a very tender way that shows the mother’s heart :—

Like a sick babe that, with averted eye,
Tosses unsoothed his little fevered head,
Heedless of her who all night watches by,
Wets the parched lip, and rocks the cradle bed ;
So our hearts drooping deem themselves alone,
And Christ Himself is with us all the while,
Tempers our griefs and loveth more His own,
Than mother hanging o’er with patient smile.

The pettish restlessness of the poor little fevered patient does not irritate the mother, does not drive her away ; she watches all the more lovingly, though the child has not yet sense enough to be grateful. But hereafter he will remember ; and he will try to pay off some of his long arrears of gratitude. So we to our Father who is in Heaven.

* * *

We thought it was Judge O’Hagan who said it first, but we find he was only quoting Lord Erskine, who, when he heard that somebody had died worth £200,000, observed, “Well, that’s a very pretty sum to begin the next world with.” Another person said to a miser : “Remember, you can’t take your gold with you into the other world—and, if you could, it would melt !” Which supposed a very high temperature in the miser’s future abode. No doubt the heaping up of money and making no use of it but starving yourself and hardening your heart in order to have more money to leave behind you when you die—this is one of the most unamiable forms of madness. “What

* Why not say plainly “When Cardinal Vannutelli assisted Cardinal Logue at the consecration of Armagh Cathedral” ?

I spent, that I had ; what I gave, that I have ; what I saved, that I lost." You indeed exercised some sort of real ownership over the money that you laid out according to your selfish whim ; but what you hoard up like a miser, you get no good out of *that*, you lose it utterly when death takes you from it. What you have expended unselfishly, on charitable and useful objects, has gained for you merit and favour with God which will profit you for all eternity. This quaint saying, which is engraved on a tombstone in a Lincolnshire graveyard, runs like a chorus through Lady Gilbert's latest novel, *A Girl's Ideal*.

* * *

We venture to pigeon-hole a part of the letter which came from Cape Town with the sonnet in another page, " My Divine Mirror."

" I have been wanting to put this fancy into verse for a long time, but there was not body enough in it for a sonnet till I came across Dante's lovely lines :—

E sì come secondo raggio suole
Uscir del primo, e risalire in suso,
Pur come peregrin che tornar vuole.

In the fifth line, by way of *praecaveat* against hypercriticism, I am quite aware that what is ordinarily called earth-light is impossible on the moon when eclipsed : the red light is, of course, refracted sun-light. But surely refraction gives an even stronger title than reflection. The characteristic light of the diamond is what it refracts, not what it reflects. The sun's ordinary light on the moon is yellowish-white ; it is the earthiness in the ray that has reddened it for the eclipse. The last total eclipse I saw was in a clear Karoo night, and the moon was *blood-red*."

* * *

An old number of the new *Spectator* does not name the writer of the lines which it quotes, and which might suggest the three points of a very good New Year's Meditation :—

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet ;
I asked, and paused. It answered soft and low :
" God's will to know."

" Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year ? " I cried ;
 But ere the question into silence died,
 The answer came : " Nay, this remember, too—
 God's will to do."

Once more I asked : " Is there still more to tell ? "
 And once again the answer sweetly fell :
 " Yea, this one thing all other things above—
 God's will to love."

* * *

There is a magazine called the *Young Man*, the editor of which lately questioned several septuagenarians and octogenarians as to the secret of long life. Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, who was born (like another illustrious contemporary) in the year 1834, writes : " I believe the secret of health is to eat little, drink little, be as much in the open air as possible, keep the mind free from anxiety and the conscience from remorse." Sir Algernon West also declares in favour of moderation in eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping. He likewise pronounces on a heavy midday meal and " smoking on an empty stomach." Mr. Frederic Harrison, who has long since passed his three score years and ten, lays down these rules : " Touch not tobacco or spirits. Rise from every meal with an appetite. Walk daily two hours. Sleep nightly seven hours. Reverence all to whom reverence is due. Be content with what you have." Justin MacCarthy says : " The best way to grow old is, according to my experience, to keep up regular and steady work, have as much open air and physical exercise as possible, and think as little as may be about the advance of years." Canon Beadon of Wells told Lord Coleridge that his recipe for longevity was " Don't coddle and don't worry." He died June 10th, 1879, aged 102. See *Life of Lord Coleridge*, II., 244.

* * *

By a misunderstanding of our own, wrong initials were appended to the poem in our issue for December, 1904, entitled " The Borderland." Perhaps they have not been printed before ; but they were composed many years ago by Miss Grace S. Maxwell, aunt of Sir William Maxwell of Cardoness, Galloway, N.B., and were sent to a friend who had written to enquire where she had been for several months during which she had

kept an unwonted silence, having in fact been at the gates of death through a long and serious illness. They were sent in a similar context to the editor who rashly concluded that they were the work of his correspondent.

WINGED WORDS

One of the most deadly dangers to the growth of the Church is a shrinking from, a lack of sympathy with, a languid interest in, and a feeble love for, our country and our age.—*Cardinal Manning*.

Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness—complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work. A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life; for after a while the victim becomes a slave; all the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.—*Chauncey Depew*.

The self-conceited and the self-conscious are supposed to be independent of their neighbours' approval; they are the people who crave it most.—*Rev. David Bearne, S.J.*

They who will not be ruled by the rudder will in the end be wrecked by the rock.—*Tennyson*.

Occasionally heroism is necessary for the discharge of strict duty.—*Rev. Henry Woods, S.J.*

Amor Roma : beautiful and holy anagram! Rome rhymes with home, and all roads lead there.—*Susan L. Emery*.

No one should be less manly because he is a Christian, nor less Christian because he is a man.—*St. Francis de Sales*.

They who expect to accomplish a little must hope to do a great deal.—*Bishop Spalding*.

A thoroughly competent butler conduces more to the comfort

of a house than the most devoted of husbands.—*Anon.* (But who is it that pays the butler's wages and all the bills?)

Holy parents are, after the gift of Faith, the greatest blessing that God can bestow on a child.—*Father Robert Carbery, S.J.*

Superstition, the Scylla of ignorance, is better than scepticism, the Charybdis of learning. To superstition sublime action is possible; but who would expect heroism from incredulity? —*Mary Agnes Tincker.*

There is nothing really interesting on earth but the human soul.—*Father George Tyrrell, S.J.*

God is so generous that He will reward us abundantly for what He enables us to do for Him.—*Maurice St. Palais, Bishop of Indianapolis.*

All life is made up of a choice between higher and lower things.—*Rev. Basil Maturin.*

Everything that passes away with time is too short.—*Albert de la Ferronays.*

Why do we let so much that we could do for God slip by without a trial?—*Father Faber.*

The joy of a heart in which Jesus lives is as much beyond the joy of a worldly heart as sunrise is rosier and more golden than the gathering twilight.—*Rosa Mulholland.*

To be despised by the worthless is an honour.—*Rev. David Bearn, S.J.*

Some men can do without the praise of others because their own is so unfailing. Vanity is the most comfortable of vices.—*Father Faber.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1905

ROMEO AND JULIET

A STUDY

IDENTICAL in its essential features with the old-world stories of Hero and Leander, and Pyramus and Thisbe, this tale of star-crossed love comes to us with a pathetic beauty and grace, partly of Verona, and partly of England, for it has passed through the atmosphere of the heart and the brain of Shakspeare.

Girolamo della Corte, in his *History of Verona*, tells the tale of Romeo and Juliet as a true story, the events of which occurred in 1303; and the Veronese show the tomb of Juliet, described by Byron as "a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, on a wild, desolate, conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves."

In the *Purgatorio*, the Emperor Albert is called on to "behold Montecchi and Cappelletti." It has been supposed that Massuccio, a Neapolitan, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, was the first to make a connected story of incidents similar to those in "Romeo and Juliet," and Luigi da Porto, of Vicenza, wrote a novel called *La Giuletta*, which was published in 1535. He says that the story was told him by a Veronese archer named Peregrino. In 1554, Bandello published a novel on the same subject, beginning with the words, "When the Scaligers were ruling at Verona." This would fix the date of the events at about the beginning of the fourteenth century. But the more immediate source of Shakspeare's inspiration,

as far as the story, and even in some part its wording is concerned, was the poem which Arthur Brooke founded upon a translation of a novel on this subject, from the French of Boisteau.

It was wise of Shakspeare to choose a love-story for his first tragedy. It is easier to treat than most other tragic themes and does not test an artist's power so severely, besides being, from its nature, interesting to any and every audience. Shakspeare, than whom no one has ever possessed a fuller power of self-measurement, never treated a subject beyond his grasp. "Macbeth," "Othello," "Lear" were written when he was ready to write them, not attempted before.

The time of the action of "Romeo and Juliet" is only five days; and all through, to the end, there is hurry, vehemence, precipitancy. It is a time of strife, ready to break out on the slightest provocation. The heat of men's minds is as the heat of the atmosphere. It is mid-July and the mad blood is stirring in those days. All day the earth is glorious in the summer light, all night the scarlet pomegranate-blossom palpitates to the song of the nightingale. If clouds come over the intense blue of that sky they are but "lazy pacing ones." The trees spring "like vital flames into the blue." Hearts in their ardour and entireness of love scarce know if their natures mean "most passionate earth or intense heaven."

But the storm is not far off; in one instant the lightning may blast, and the crashing of the thunder be heard.

The first scene prepares us for what is to come; the blind, ludicrous hatred between the serving-men of the two houses, and the fierce utterances of Tybalt, who hates the word peace as he hates hell and the Montagues, each and all; that Tybalt whose very flesh trembles when enforced patience meets with his wilful choler. Even the old men are full of passion; Capulet, fitter to lean on a crutch than to wield a sword, cries out wildly, as his wife, in her scornful mood, tries to keep him back:—

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Lady Montague, also, tries to keep her husband from the fray, but he breaks from her: "Hold me not, let me go." It is the third civil brawl, bred of an airy word, that has dis-

turbed the streets of Verona, and death, says the Prince, shall be the penalty of the next breaking of the peace.

Romeo has taken no part in the strife: as Benvolio tells his parents, he has been seen by his cousin, walking early underneath the sycamore groves, whither it is his wont to go "with tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs," and at daybreak stealing home, penning himself in his chamber, shutting up his windows and locking fair daylight out. Romeo's father cannot tell the cause of his son's melancholy; that son who has been secret and close with him as the young so often are with their elders. His friends, Benvolio and Mercutio, know something of the state of affairs; to them Romeo gives his confidence. He loves, he says, a woman who will give him nothing in return for his affection; a woman who lives unharmed from love's weak childish bow; a pale dark-eyed lady, Rosaline. Was it love or fancy, this first affection of his? Did Romeo truly love this woman, or had he created a being out of his own imagination and called her Rosaline? Truly she is not the mate meant for him; not the one woman of his allegiance. When the true lady of his heart comes to him, the old feeling passes away as lightly as a little mist before the sun. There was no falseness to any one; Rosaline had never loved him, but had looked on his suit with the indifference she seems to have felt with regard to all lovers; and so, when the great love of his short life came to him, there was no claim to be put aside, no bond to be broken. May we not contrast with this the scene in the *Mill on the Floss*, where Stephen, in telling Maggie of his love, urges the rightness of love claiming its own; the wrongness of a bond that is not by its nature eternal: and Maggie refuses to sin against social order by the breaking of a tie that had been made with open eyes and so ought to be held sacred? Here there is no such bond: The "expulsive power of a new affection" puts Rosaline away from Romeo's heart. The impulsive power of a great love fills him with life deeper than he has ever known. It has been noticed that there is a difference in Romeo's language after he has come under the influence of his passion for Juliet. No longer the antitheses of heavy lightness, serious vanity, feather of lead, sick health, and the like! His language is reformed by passion, and becomes vital, direct, natural

The ancient sonnetteers had characterized love by contarieties : there was truth in this, and anything true is sure to find expression ; the more general the truth, the earlier to be expressed. But a hackneyed truth, which we call a truism, requires the very heat of passion to make it live. No words are commonplace when heart-blood is beating underneath them ; but when there is the very slightest feeling of unreality, we cannot away with hackneyed words. Romeo's words to Juliet have the fire of real passion in them, and are not, and never could be, commonplace.

Romeo is one of the most lovable of Shakspeare's characters. "Virtuous and well-governed," he has the strength of purity, the courtesy that comes of feeling, not of convention, and that crowning gift of grace, in which the good and the strong are sometimes, perhaps often, lacking. We can forgive him his bit of sentimentality, for he has indeed real feeling. His nature is far from being a sad one ; when he is released from the Rosaline spell, Mercutio says, "Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art by art as well as nature."

He is one of those whose look and voice draw love from all who come near. "Good-morrow, Father," he says to the Friar, who replies, "Benedicite ! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?" And when the Friar banters him about his apparent fickleness, he says humbly and gently, "I pray thee chide not, she whom now I love, gives grace for grace ; the other did not so." When he is telling Benvolio that he is not mad "but bound more that a madman is . . . whipp'd and tormented," he can break off to salute the puzzled Capulet servant who cannot read the names of those he has to bid to supper ; and he will not let his sense of the fun of the situation stand in the way of his helping the man out of his trouble.

Juliet, a girl not quite fourteen—the Lammas-tide of her birthday's return she is never to see—one as yet a stranger in this world, has grown up in a home which is not of the sweetest and loveliest. There is between her father and mother that great disparity in years which, under ordinary circumstances, is surely far from desirable. Lady Capulet is about seven-and-twenty ; her husband, for whom, she says, a crutch were fitter than as word, is an old man. Lady Capulet seems to be

as essentially vulgar in her own way as the Nurse is in hers, if by vulgarity we may understand something of what Ruskin means by defining it as "deathful callousness." What the struggle may, in the old days, have been for her we do not know ; when we know her she is rich and prosperous, with a contempt, not always veiled, for her husband, and aspiring to nothing beyond the comforts of life and the settlement of her daughter.

Old Capulet is vulgar too, but there is a certain *bonhomie* about him which makes us find him more likeable than his wife. He looks on the dancing of the young folk with genial enjoyment, and he protects Romeo from the insults of Tybalt.

But such parents for Juliet ! parents with no understanding of that nature, with all its capabilities for heroic action and heroic endurance. The girl has a home ; she is well-clad, well-fed, well waited upon ; but she is alone. She is thrown much upon the society of a woman whose nature she does not see through, but who cannot touch her finely touched spirit. We find in her what we feel would be unnatural in a happy girl of our own day, brought up in an atmosphere of love and purity, that element of cunning which hurts us to find. Forced into reserve, she has the power of simulation and of dissimulation ; yet we feel that she herself is single all through. She is lovely ; scarcely a woman yet, her small frame makes her seem younger still. We have a glimpse of " the white wonder " of her hand ; of the delicate cheeks that will be in scarlet straight at any news, and of the lightness of her step.

And this lovely body holds a lovely soul that no convention has spoiled, no atmosphere of strife has hardened or made cold. Entirely pure and modest, she can throw away form, though with virginal fear she shrinks from even the appearance of boldness. She cannot doubt Romeo. Like will to like and these two souls, equally pure and true, being thrown together shall never distrust each other. Romeo is Juliet's first love as well as her first fancy, and we feel that this is right.

Mercutio is a character of considerable importance, not merely from the fact that his death brings about the catastrophe of the piece, but because he is himself interesting and carries a pleasant atmosphere about with him. How Gervinus can call him a man without culture, rude and ugly, it is hard to understand. Apart from the dainty description of Queen Mab,

which no uncultured person could have given, there is a charming light-heartedness, an airy fun, about him, which I cannot see to arise from coldness or want of heart. He turns all he sees into jest. His gaiety is unlike Biron's in that its centre is things, not people. It is not Romeo that he ridicules, but this fancy that is spoiling him. Romeo used to be a good fellow who would dance and talk and laugh : now he is melancholy and moping and spoils the sport.

Benvolio, whose very name implies his character, is of a different type. It is a grief to him to see Romeo's trouble ; he would fain see him healed : and so he purposes that Romeo shall go and compare the face of Rosaline with some that he could show. There is a good opportunity, for is there not a merry-making at Capulet's house ? Romeo goes that he may see Rosaline ; goes that he may rejoice in splendour of his own. A presentiment comes to him that

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels,

but he goes on to meet that fate, commending himself to Him who hath the steerage of his course.

I suppose most of those who read the play have no idea how little there is in the words spoken to each other by Romeo and Juliet at their first meeting : how merely conventional words and kisses might have been, not binding those two any more than the embrace in a waltz binds a man and woman of our own day. But love used the convention, and it was the beginning of the end.

It is beautifully arranged that, before the second meeting, Romeo should overhear Juliet's confession of love spoken for none but herself to hear. She has given herself to him, and, without her knowledge, he becomes aware of it. Henceforth there is no need to resume "the august veil of natural reserve" which has been dropped : the young hearts meet each other equal and pure and full.

Coleridge says he does "not know a more wonderful instance of Shakspeare's mastery in playing a distinctively rememberable variety on the same remembered air than in the transporting love confessions of Romeo and Juliet and Ferdinand

and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one and more dignity in the other ; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calm and more maidenly fondness of Miranda might easily pass into each other."

Romeo's confidant, the Friar, is one of those gentle, well-meaning souls to whom violent delight is only a thing doomed to a violent end—whose motto seems to be that "Easy, now, easy!" which was familiar to my childish ears on occasions when we young folks were more impetuous than suited a certain relative of ours. A placid life has been his ; herbs and flowers supply him with lessons it is not hard for him to learn :

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

Some special good is given to the earth by that which is accounted evil and misused good turns to ill.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

It is on the side of the "grace" in the big world outside his cell that Friar Laurence ranges himself ; but he does not calculate on the strength of the "rude will." Indeed he is so apart from the world of passion that he simply has no idea of such things as the flesh-trembling of Tybalt, the wild vehemence of Romeo. His blood has never leaped at a look, a word, a touch. Quiet benevolence and easy-goingness are his ideals. He is fond of these lovers and would see them happy—poor unreasonable children to whom love is lord of all ; he smiles on them with kindly interest—who knows but some good may come of their pretty folly which they must grow out of by and by ? Has not much brine washed Romeo's sallow cheeks for Rosaline ? What is their fresh love affair then ! O these young folk ! these young folk ! Their love reads by rote and cannot spell. But in humouring them something may be done to turn the rancour of their household to pure love, and so it may be well.

But the mad blood has not ceased to stir, and it urges on the quarrel between Mercutio and Tybalt, both fiery, eager, ungovernable. Romeo, bound to the Capulets by a tie

Tybalt dreams of as little as Mercutio, endeavours to make peace. Benvolio and he try to beat down the swords of Tybalt and Mercutio, but Mercutio is stabbed, and Tybalt flies with his followers. On the death of Mercutio, Romeo feels it his duty to take vengeance—his love for Juliet has not taken his manhood from him—he must have his part in the fight, and so Tybalt falls. The banishment of Romeo follows close upon this, and the day has darkened, and the clouds are gathering heavy and thick around the forms of the lovers.

Romeo and Juliet meet again. The good Friar has planned that Romeo shall go to Mantua there to remain until a time can be planned for the marriage to be revealed. As the Friar had desired that their union should prove the healing of the strife between the Capulets and the Montagues, he still keeps that end in view.

In the dawn-scene—Act III., Scene 5—we have again the presentiment. This time it is Juliet's soul, not Romeo's, that presages ill. And in the Fifth Act, Romeo has a presentiment contrary to what is coming towards him. His bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne, as dreams have presaged joyful news : and the news brought him is of the death of his three-days' wife.

We have the presentiment again in "Richard II." where the Queen says :—

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me.

Coleridge says on this : "Mark in this scene Shakspeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terra incognitæ* of presentiments in the human mind ; and how sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual, and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken, once for 'all, as the truth, that Shakspeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature ; he never profanes his muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind."

The young husband and wife have parted with a sorrow that has yet fair hope at its heart, when the new cloud arises. Juliet's

father has determined on her marriage. With impulsive inconstancy, the old man who had spoken to Paris of a delay of two years, hurries on the marriage and fixes as early a date as seems possible ; the Thursday following the parting.

The girl is startled into defiance when her mother tells her what has been arranged ; and to Lady Capulet's :

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride—

she replies :

Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

When the father comes in, the poor child has indeed a hard time to go through. How beautiful her reply to Capulet's, "Doth she not give us thanks?"

She is "thankful even for hate, that is meant love!" Even in her extremity she is just. She believes that her father means to make her happy, and for this she can thank him, though to her indeed that love of his is deadly as hate. The naturalness of the scene comes home to us all. The father who, in pleasing himself, thinks he is pleasing his child, and is beyond measure hurt and irritated that her living will clashes against his, is indeed no fancy portrait. We all know people who, planning and arranging for others, believe that they are serving them: they cannot see that other lives cannot be wrought or clipped or fitted by their hands; still less that they ought not to be.

Then Juliet turns to her mother, the young, unworldly soul to the elder one that has been choked by the cares and aims of the world.

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

O mother, O mother! give your child at least the crumbs

of pity if you cannot give her the bread of help. But here is the stone for the child's hunger :

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

By and by this hard, cruel woman will wail over her death :

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
O cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight !

What a piece of irony ! The poor child turns to her nurse—she will help her—*she* knows all—she knows of the bond that has bound Juliet for all time—ay, and for all eternity. But what is the divine law to this wretched old woman ? Romeo cannot come back to claim Juliet. Romeo is dead or as good as dead. Juliet had best marry with the County ; a lovely gentleman, to whom Romeo is but a dish-clout.

Then the heroic in Juliet rises up—she will not despair—she will *do* all that can be done—and as trust is hard to be rooted out of the true heart, she does not despair of finding help in the good Friar. She will go to him and know his remedy. If all else fail, she has the power—to *die*.

Her strength and courage are put to the test and she faces what is, in a sense, one form of death. She does not know her greatness. She only knows that Romeo is hers and she his, and that she will keep herself for him. The first time Romeo had come to see her, her fear had been for him only ; it was danger to him to be there : if her kinsmen found him they would murder him. So now, when all the horrors press close and thick upon her, when her imagination is excited to such a pitch that not only the loathsome smells and the festering of the newly-buried corpse haunt her ; not only the terror of the contact with the awful invisible world, the maddening shrieks, the whole array of hideous fears come to her ; but the ghost of the murdered man seeking for revenge, seeking for Romeo—she cannot frame the thought of *saving* Romeo—only she must *come to him*. For him all is braved.

Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee !

But the good Friar's plot—the courage of the young wife—are frustrated and to Romeo there is no end but death. Death has separated him from his wife—death shall once more re-unite him to her. No unmanly weeping now—no lying prone in the agony of grief. Calmly he girds his loins for the last journey :

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

It is years before Shakspeare's writes another tragedy ; he has much to learn and much to feel. It may be that feeling how there is the great tragic power in him, he waits for its growing and ripening and works at simpler work, determining that the work he thinks the greatest shall be done the best. When he leads us again into these realms there is a vast change—he has learned that the love between man and woman is not the whole of life, and he has learned that a man's work must be done even if it means the giving up of the dearest things, the breaking of the closest ties.

But we are glad of this lovely poem, wherein love has

Plucked from death of lovers dead
Their musical sweet memories, and kept red
The rose of their remembrance in men's eyes,
The sunsets of their stories in his skies,
The blush of their dead blood in lips that speak
Of their dead lives.

There is no agony in "Romeo and Juliet." Pain and pathos and pity, yes : but we can bear to look on the wedded lovers whom death has not separated, without our hearts being wrung as they are when Lear enters with Cordelia dead in his arms. "Star-crossed lovers" they are, this lovely pair, golden lad and golden girl, for theirs will not be the years of happy home-life and hearth love-lighted. But yet, they have conquered. Theirs has been a love that no distrust has ever clouded, a union that death, weaker than love, is powerless to break. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they are not divided. They have had their day.

"Come what sorrow can," Romeo had said, "It cannot countervail the exchange of joy that one short minute gives me in her sight." He has heard the joy past joy calling to him, and has possessed it.

Come foul, come fair, come hail, come shine,
 The joys I have possessed in spite of fate are mine :
 Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
 But what is mine is mine, and I have had my hour.

And there is yet another thing here which has come home to me in thought. It is the *sacrificial* aspect of the play. In the Prologue we hear,

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

Are not the lives of these lovers, so full of the beauty of youth and summer, an offering, indeed a blood-offering ? Nothing but their death could avail to remove their parents' strife. Strife being sin must be taken away. And so they die for this.

What has been said of martyrdom is true of sacrifice. There are three kinds: in will and in deed ; in deed though not in will ; and in will though not in deed. In deed, though involuntarily, Romeo and Juliet have given up their lives, and the strife is healed, the at-one-ment made.

For ever and for ever the old story is seen to hold the truth. There is a gulf, not of nature, but against nature, and the sacrifice that shall be its closing is not the sacrifice of the mean things nor the average, but of the noblest and the fairest and the best.

EMILY HICKEY.

VIRGO POTENS

IN Holy Church each sufferer is a limb
 Of One who quivered on the cruel Tree :
 O powerless when Jesu's eyes were dim,
 Some day assuage in mine, His Agony !

JOHN HANNON.

THE BLIND GIRL HARPER *

HER slender fingers sweeping o'er the strings
 Make music sweeter than Æolian lyres
 Awoke of old ; her soul's imaginings
 Now find expression in the trembling wires.

Her head is bowed in listening, for the sound
 Is echoed deep and low beyond the veil
 That hides her eyes from visions of the ground,
 God's wondrous sky, its sun and starlight pale.

There is an inward sight that comprehends
 The essence of all beauty and its source,
 A spark of some celestial flame that sends
 Its current through the breast with lightning force.

And so it is with her ; the harmony
 Of vibrant chords to all her senses speaks,
 Cleaves through her darkness with ecstatic glee,
 Illumes her soul and mantles in her cheeks.

For, as the notes ascend, her face is lit
 With joy that only such as she can know ;
 The silent treasures of thought that sit
 Throned in her heart awaiting room to flow,

Burst into life impetuous, passionate
 And warm as love's unuttered dreams of bliss,
 Till all her being at Elysium's gate
 Stands mute and awed 'mid melody like this.

Fearing to pass the portal music-won,
 She falters lest her flight has been in vain—
 When lo ! the strains are hushed, the piece is done,
 And she is poor and blind on earth again.

WILLIAM O'NEILL.

* Suggested by a concert given in the Rotunda, Dublin, by the girls of the Blind Asylum, Merrion, conducted by the Irish Sisters of Charity.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER IV

DR. DRUMMOND

DAYS passed, and Mrs. Kirker and the doctor still haunted the white room at Dunmara. Ellen was quickly gaining strength, and with it self-command ; learning to hide her grief from her kind friends, and to reserve her tears of desolation for the long night hours when the room was dark and silent, and she was not afraid of vexing anyone with her misery.

At last the day came when she was allowed to rise. The doctor had proposed in his cheery way to come and drink tea with her and Mrs. Kirker on that particular evening. Ellen felt that this was arranged by way of a little pleasant novelty for her, and it made her feel still more deeply grateful.

The housekeeper's quiet hands had made the room beautifully neat, and set a round table covered with a pretty cloth by the fire, and placed Ellen, rolled up in shawls, in an arm-chair near ; and, helpless as a baby, she sat there, thinking over her past, and wondering about her future.

Meantime, Mrs. Kirker spread her table with peculiar care, having previously prepared a very paragon of a fire. Ellen watched her every movement with curiosity—all was so new and strange to her. Gradually her mind drifted away from past and future, and fastened on the present.

"What is the doctor's name ?" she asked.

"Drummond—Dr. Drummond."

Ellen smiled to think that she had never asked that question before ; one of those smiles which have nothing to do with gladness, and which sometimes flit involuntarily over the face when we wonder at any little piece of simplicity in ourselves. Then she questioned again :—

"Does he live near to this place ?"

"About three miles further round the shore."

Three miles round the shore. Ellen tried to see the shore,

to imagine what it was like. She saw it in fancy (as people nearly always do imagine places they have never seen) extremely unlike what it really was. The picture was composed of old childish sketches made of the country which she loved to call her native land, because a dear mother, whom she faintly remembered, had died there.

"Have you known Dr. Drummond long?"

"More than twenty, ay, well on to thirty years," said Mrs. Kirker, pausing in her toast-buttering operations. "He comes from the north and so do I; the doctor was a young man when my husband died, and attended him all through his illness without a fee, and when poor John went, he got me taken on at the hospitals as sick nurse. But the work did not agree with my health, and when I heard of this place through a friend, the doctor advised me to engage it, and so I did. Twenty-five years I have been housekeeper,—Mr. Egbert was only a little fellow in a pinafore when I came here."

Mrs. Kirker was one of those quiet, retrospective-loving people, whose uneventful lives lie behind them like an even road beneath a gradually ascending hill. No mile-stone is forgotten or unnoticed, every turn and twist has its distinct and exaggerated importance. People like her seldom find any one whom they think sufficiently sympathizing to share their minute recollections. Having met with an interested listener, their confidence makes a little eager race and then comes to a dead stop. She was a woman who could communicate some things impulsively, and yet keep a secret; and to have a secret to keep had admirably suited Mrs. Kirker's brooding, discreet, and somewhat wonder-loving disposition.

Ellen's face seemed to have a fascination for her, so constantly were her eyes upon it. Its interest seemed to encourage her to give yet a little more information.

"About eight years ago," she went on, "I met him on the road not far from here. He had left Belfast in the north, where he was making his fortune, I know, and all because the mountain air was said to be good for his wife. She was a dear creature, but no air in this world was to cure her; she died in two years, just after the birth of her youngest child. Up to that they lived at Whinmoor, a real handsome spot, about ten miles from here, as the bird flies; they rented it from Miss

Aungier. I think the doctor had some losses about then, for he gave up Whinmoor after his wife's death, and they flitted to the Largie ; a bare place to what they'd been used with. It's a good thing for the poor that he stays here,—he works hard for them, and makes them none the worse. The blessings are as thick under his feet as the daisies in the spring."

"How many children has he ?" asked Ellen.

"Five of his own, and a young lady, an orphan, that has been with him since she was four years old—Miss Maud."

Mrs. Kirker had said her say, and now became as silent as usual.

"I wish the doctor would come," she said presently in her ordinary quiet voice. "The tea is drawn, and the toast quite ready."

Just then Ellen heard a step outside which she had learned to recognise,—a bold, firm, almost martial tread,—and Dr. Drummond made his appearance. And then Mrs. Kirker sat behind her teapot with proud humility and filled the cups, while the doctor handed the kettle and the toast with as much gallantry, as though he had been a young beau at an evening party, and the housekeeper, and his patient, two ladies of importance.

Dr. Drummond was about the average height ; his shoulders were broad, and a little round ; he had fresh-coloured hands, hard-skinned and not at all fleshy, with long pointed nails, delicately clean and evenly pared ; these, when noticed, gave the idea of an order-loving mind, in which cleanliness ranked as a virtue. His face was one, which, if met with casually, at any emergency must always beam comfort, and leave a pleasant impression on the memory,—a kind of warm, racy glow, just as good wine, when swallowed, sends a generous impulse through the veins. It pleased rather from harmony of expression than excellency of contour, though the latter it also had in a sufficient degree.

The true and mirth-loving hazel eye, fellowed well with the full, red-lipped mouth, and claimed kin with its curling humour ; the broad chin with its softening dimple, formed a good base where so ample a forehead was summit ; a forehead as yet unwrinkled, but unmistakably stamped with those marks which are care's signature in receipt of certain taxes he

exacts on life. His complexion was ruddy and fresh, his nose rather aquiline, and his brows projecting and finely shaped. His whiskers were well sprinkled with gray, but his crisp curly hair was black as night. A very atmosphere of cheerfulness pervaded face, voice, and manner,—whatever of trouble the good doctor might have known, or might still know, he never let its shadow fall on other people's thresholds.

When tea was finished, he drew his chair near the fire and said: "Now, my dear, you will tell me your story; tell it in as few words as you please," he added, seeing the look of pain rising on Ellen's face; "or do not tell it at all, if you wish to be silent."

But Ellen had no moral cowardice in her nature, and she had strong reasons of her own for wishing to take counsel with her new, kind friend. With difficulty she composed her lips to speak, but, saving an occasional break or falter, her story was told clearly and uninterruptedly to the end. When she had finished, the doctor took the little trembling resolute hand that grasped the arm of her chair, and passed his own soothingly over it.

"Poor little thing!" he said; "it is very hard, very sad. But you know we are bound to submit to the will of God, and you must learn to look about and see that the world is not so very dark as it seems now. Try to look at it in this way. Your friend was aged, and would, in all probability, have died in London before very long, leaving you friendless and unprotected in that great city. God has chosen to take her from you in a different manner, and to throw you among those who will feel an interest in you, and care for your welfare. We will cherish our little waif that the sea brought us on that wild night."

Ellen could not answer without sobs, and she lowered her face to let the tears rain gently into her lap. The doctor went on:—

"Have you been visited by any of the family of the house?"

Ellen shook her head.

"Well, you must not think that strange. They are peculiar people, but do not imagine that you are unwelcome here. It was Mr. Aungier himself who saved your life,—carried you

from the beach and sent for me. He is always glad to hear that you are getting on well."

Ellen smiled and brushed away her tears.

"I think the people in this country are very good," she said, simply. "I should be very wicked not to feel grateful and content."

And then she hesitated, and spoke again abruptly.

"I want to tell you, sir, that I should like to earn my own bread. I have always been accustomed to look forward to doing so, and I should be much happier at work."

She stopped; a natural diffidence forbidding her to say:—"A little more study would enable me to earn money as an artist. I must be an artist, I could not be happy unless I were an artist."

She could not find voice to say this. It would have seemed too bold, although the longing to speak made her feverish; and so she resolved to do anything which Providence might task her with, resting on youth's sweet, vague hope, that all would come right,—that in the end the goal must be won.

The doctor said, "You are right. That is a praiseworthy spirit. I am glad you feel it a noble thing to be independent. We shall see about it. At all events you shall never want a friend. And now good-night, and rest your poor little brain. Don't think of anything, except that you are among friends."

He rose to go, but paused at the door, and came back,—

"Should you not like a book? I suppose you can read English, since you speak it so well? By the way, how is that?"

"My master was English, and always conversed with me in his own language. I learned it carefully because it was my native tongue. It is quite familiar to me."

"Very well, indeed. Why, you would make quite a treasure of a governess. But we will try and arrange it without sending you adrift again—— Well, I will get you a book from Mr. Aungier; he will be glad to lend it, I am sure, to the Donna Ellen. Ah, your other name, what is that?"

"Wilde," said Ellen, smiling.

"Donna Ellen Wilde! Good-night, my dear, I shall see you in the morning."

The doctor vanished, and Mrs. Kirker dropped her sewing, and gazed with a bewildered face out of the window. She

rose, took off her spectacles and put them into her pocket, and methodically folded her work. Then she went out of the room, closing the door behind her, and crossing the landing like one walking in her sleep.

It was strange, perhaps, that there should exist only a slight degree of acquaintance between Mr. Aungier and Dr. Drummond, the only professional man in the neighbourhood. But Mr. Aungier was little at home, and there were, besides, other reasons why no social intercourse could centre at Dunmara House. The days were gone when its wine used to flow daily for strangers, and numbers had dined its at board. It stood in a remote region. During the past fifty years, an ancient gentry had crumbled away from around Dunmara. Considering its isolated position, and the sour character of its mistress, it is hardly to be wondered at that visitors had ceased to think of seeking its hospitality, without a very warm and pressing invitation. And as Miss Elswitha Aungier looked upon the civilities of society as frivolity and vanity of spirit, month had slid into month, and year after year, and the great grey house only grew greyer and lonelier, and more unfrequented. During Mr. Aungier's sojourns at home, he seemed as little desirous of visitors as was his sister. And, perhaps, Dr. Drummond knew or guessed the reason why. Except for an occasional chance meeting on the country road, these two gentlemen seldom saw one another.

On this occasion, when the doctor reached the library, he found Mr. Aungier standing thoughtfully on the hearth, as if in expectation of his coming.

"I am here, Mr. Aungier," said the doctor, "to ask you to lend a book to my patient."

"What kind of book would she like? What kind of person is she?"

"As to that, I cannot well describe her. A character worth studying. If you allow me, I will choose the book myself."

Mr. Aungier laid his bookcases open to the doctor, and then, as it was growing dark, turned to the table and lit a lamp which stood ready. He did these little services with a kind of off-hand ease, like one who had mastered all the mechanical details of life,—who executed the small pieces of work which chanced

demanding of him with perfect completeness and despatch, and with no perceptible care or pains to himself.

The doctor made his choice, and the book was sent away with a pencilled slip of recommendation. Looking up, after scribbling off the latter, Dr. Drummond encountered the gaze of Mr. Aungier, who was eyeing him with a smile which lent a wonderful beauty to his usually grave and pre-occupied face. The doctor thought he had never fully understood before, what a noble-looking fellow was this strange, reserved neighbour of his.

"You take a great interest in your patient, doctor."

"Yes, poor thing! her story is sad. Her only friend has been drowned,—any property they had, lost, of course. She is anxious to find a way of earning her own bread. Will you interest yourself for her? Can you think of anything we could get her to do?"

Mr. Aungier moved round in his chair, shaded his eyes with his hands, considered a few minutes, and said,—

"Should you think her capable of filling that situation about which I spoke to you some time since?"

Dr. Drummond drew a long breath, and threw himself back in his chair.

"I don't know. I really cannot see why she should not."

"It would be an extremely dull life for a young person."

"Yes. And very few girls of her age would be at all fitted for such a post. Still, I think she would prove herself an exception. A trial could do no harm. At all events, Mr. Aungier, I am glad you mentioned this. We can think it over."

"You know, doctor, that there is no need for haste. She must, of course, in any case, get quite strong before entering on any duties."

"Thank you. I understand."

"You forget, doctor," he said, "that this matter is as much my affair as yours. I also had a hand in detaining your patient in this world, and I should at least feel the responsibility as much as you."

"A really good-hearted fellow!" thought the doctor, as he trotted homeward on his mountain pony. "Why does he always affect the cynic, I wonder, when the good Samaritan shines out of all his actions."

CHAPTER V

A LITTLE CHAPTER IN THE FIRELIGHT

MR. AUNGIER must have had something of the good Samaritan in his nature. Next evening, as he sat by his library fireside with *Sartor Resartus* upon his knees, he thought of the invalid upstairs in connection with his bookcases. It was twilight on a rough evening in October. The wind clashed the well-hung windows in their sockets, stripped the wailing trees in the garden and far on the outskirts of the moors, and made many a rumbling swirl and eddy about the chimneys.

Mr. Aungier had been studying that golden picture of the child watching the sunset from his cottage doorway; that golden picture whose hues are mingled with the very essence of peace. He had turned back to it from that other picture of the lonely man seeking for solace in the solitude of the mountains. Something in the golden picture had stirred the echoes of a great longing within the man, and he sat meditatively tracing and retracing its lines and symbols in the glowing fire :—

A spirit fresh and new to the world, revelling as monarch in childhood's kingdom of fancy. No doubts, no clouds; no disgust to his kind disturbing his glorious reign. Truth untainted, the beautiful undefaced. Sunshine over all the earth, and the mere dreamy wistfulness of the unfearing soul, bliss. The germ of a power which might one day do great work, swelling slowly and silently to maturity.

Mr. Aungier laid his open book on the table, and looked gloomily round the darkening room. The walls were reddened with firelight, and ghostly shadows from the bending branches outside streamed over them.

Perhaps it was the rattling of the storm and the hoarse murmur of surf between the gusts that made him think of a white drowned face. He remembered Dr. Drummond's young patient cast away in that still white room up-stairs, bearing her sorrow quietly amongst strangers, with no kind friends coming and going, no one interested for her, but—through

charity—the kind-hearted doctor and the undemonstrative housekeeper.

It would be some little mark of attention to send and inquire if she wished for another book. He rose and placed his hand on the bell, but a new thought checked him.

“I would rather give the message to Mrs. Kirker herself,” he thought. And leaving his open book upon the table he left the room.

At the door of the housekeeper's apartment he paused and knocked. No voice came from within, and he entered. This was Mrs. Kirker's usual hour for resting and knitting by her own fire-side, and it better suited Mr. Aungier's mood to await her coming there than to return at once to the haunted library. It was an odd-shaped, low-roofed room, with narrow, diamond-shaped windows lined with geranium pots, and was built in an off-shoot from a rambling back passage. It had been the housekeeper's home for nearly twenty years, and her continued presence seemed to have imbued the place with that atmosphere of peace which was the woman's chief characteristic. It was a room where cats might love to purr, and imaginative children to nestle and dream.

It was the hour when firelight struggles with dusk, when rooms grow weird with shadows, and hint mysteriously with many a flush and frown at the secrets that are woven into the patterns on their walls, the figuring of their carpets, and the stains in their wood-work. For all rooms, especially in old houses, have their secrets; who does not know it? who does not feel the bare meaninglessness of a perfectly new house? rooms with no nooks for home fairies, no niches for guardian angels, with no annals written over their hearths, no heroic records, no tragic memories, no faded illuminated scrolls traced by joyful fingers, no *misereres* for dead sorrows.

Mr. Aungier started on approaching the hearth to find that the room was not untenanted. Ellen had been removed by the doctor's wish, and lay slumbering peacefully in Mrs. Kirker's chintz-covered arm-chair. She reclined with her head a little drooped forward, and her hands folded on the open page of a book which lay on her knee; a meek firm expression of trust was on the pale face. That pure, holy look which sometimes comes like God's visible blessing on the submissive head gleamed

upon her forehead, as the firelight hovered above it, kissing the closed lids, deepening the shadows under their heavy fringes, and gilding the full sweet lips. That fitful wandering firelight shone kindly over the whole hearth, carving grand masses of light and shade from the dark drapery which fell from the arm of the chair, fitting up the whole slight figure, from the slim foot on the stool, to the small pale hands, and up still over the whitely draped shoulder to the sleeping face, with its framework of rich hair.

How was it that something in this unexpected apparition harmonized startlingly with that golden picture which Mr. Aungier had studied in the library?

Ellen was soundly sleeping. Mr. Aungier bent cautiously down to the open book across whose clear print the firelight fell. He felt curious to know what was the thought which had soothed the sleeper so sweetly to rest that even in slumber her face shone with so peaceful a reflex. He read,—

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art
Who readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh ! fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Mr. Aungier remained for some minutes standing behind the chair as still as the shadows that hid him. Then, suddenly recollecting himself, he left the room softly, and went gloomily back to the library.

CHAPTER VI

THE SEVEN KINGS

"It is not just the place I would choose for you," said the doctor, "but 'any port in a storm,' and this is the safest and nearest. You will have some things to bear. It will be a dull life. The ladies are both elderly. The eldest is a very strange person indeed, but you will have little or no intercourse with her. Mr. Aungier himself is seldom at Dunmara. The

other lady, always a weak-minded person, has latterly fallen into a state of harmless insanity ; your occupation will be to amuse and take care of her. I am afraid you will often weary of it. Yes, you will have some things to bear, but, if I guess rightly, that quiet lip and steady eyelid are willing to brave a good deal."

The doctor should hardly have spoken so if he wished eye and lip to maintain their steadiness, which they did not do for the next two minutes. Ellen was content while he talked in a cheery, business-like way, but there was always something touchingly unwonted in the doctor's tender gravity which somehow brought tears to her eyes, perhaps in spontaneous gratitude for the profound sympathy with dictated it. However, she answered steadily enough,—

" I hope they are, sir."

" Miss Rowena is very quiet and gentle ; you will only require to be firm and cheerful."

" Rowena ! what a queer name ! "

Ellen had studied English history, and sundry old Saxon kings and princesses had their places in her mind's storehouse of quaint fancies.

" Yes, an odd name. What do you think of Elswitha, Miss Aungier's name ? And Mr. Aungier himself is called Egbert."

" These names are not common, even in England, now are they ? "

" No ; but Mrs. Aungier was either English or of English extraction, and used to gather her skirts from contact with all mountaineers and bog-trotters. She called her seven sons, I conclude, by the names of some seven kings of the Saxon Heptarchy. There really were seven, I believe ; I have heard the names ; but, strangely enough, all died off, one by one, and left Egbert, king of the West Saxons, reigning sole monarch of Dunmara."

Ellen mused a little, and then smiled.

" I think I shall like the place."

" Well, that is good to begin with ; but take care that the motive is well grounded. Perhaps you fancy anything which savours of eccentricity ? "

Ellen had to acknowledge to herself that such was the case.

She had naturally rather a liking for adventure, and now that she had grown strong and hopeful, and mastered her grief so as to keep it from rising as a black cloud between her and the bright energy of her youth, she felt a relish for her coming endeavours, and whatever of novelty they might bring to interest her future.

So it was arranged that Ellen should remain an inmate of Dunmara House. She was anxious to set about her new duties at once. The doctor placed a purse in her hand, and said,—

“We must go and see what the draper at Dunsurf can do towards refurnishing your wardrobe. Yes, of course, I know this is only a loan ; you can pay me when you get rich. You must come to my house to-morrow evening and stay the night ; on the next morning we shall set out for Dunsurf—the drive will do you good. When you have made your purchases, and enjoyed the little change, I will consent to your commencing to work.”

Ellen begged to be allowed to walk by the shore to the doctor's house. The way was not far, and she wished to ramble along the beach, and fortify her spirit in the presence of God and nature before entering on her new life.

So, with a hopeful sensation of relief, she wore out the last evening of her convalescence. But when at night she laid her head on the pillow, and tried to sleep for the last time before day should summon her to a new untried life, her courage failed, and in the dark where she fancied she heard the busy hours weaving her fate, the name of “Dunmara” came with a pertinacious echoing on her ear. It sounded a dreary name, and not at all home-like. At last she slept and dreamed of seven kings, with seven golden crowns on their heads, keeping watch on seven turrets of a grim castle in the midst of a sombre heath. And a black river was flowing by, murmuring, “Dunmara, Dunmara.” She thought she was drowning in the dark water, and could not utter a sound.

Ellen wakened with a moan, and lay for long unable to free herself from the idea that she was drifting down that black river in a dark vessel with a cruel-faced helmsman, and “Fate” written in great letters on the prow. But she recollected the good hand that had chartered her boat ; she got up and prayed Heaven to rain blessings on it. And then she went to bed

again and slept, when the dream returned, only that the stern-faced helmsman had changed into an angel.

In the morning she wakened smiling from a half-waking vision of an ideal Miss Rowena arrayed in flowing robes, presenting on her knee a cup of tea to Dr. Drummond. She sprang up and dressed herself in the white woollen frock which she had worn on the night of the wreck, and which by Mrs. Kirker's care had been cleaned and made as good as new. A rush of tears blinded her eyes as she thought of the last occasion on which she had worn it. But the time for indulging in grief had passed, and Ellen was too fully alive to the necessity for cheerful courage to let her tears flow. They were dried away, and after a hearty prayer for peace and content she threw open the window of the white room, which, with the housekeeper's sanctum and the hall and staircase, were all she knew of Dunmara. For some reason she had never been invited to walk about the grounds. Her only airings had been taken in a small grove of ivied trees to which Mrs. Kirker had led her by a back entrance. Here Ellen had amused herself by examining the names and initials carved over the thick bark of an old oak tree which stood in a corner, with the clay near its roots bare and hard, as though in days long past it had been trodden so by the constant pattering of children's feet,—children who might have made a play-ground under the pleasant shelter of the old tree.

The incisions in the bark were brown with age, and in some places almost filled up. Many initials were easily distinguished, however, such as "E. A.," "H. A.," etc., and in several places a whole name was repeated, the only one to be seen. Ellen read it, "Dolores." This name filled her with interest. It belonged to neither of the Miss Aungiers. It occurred very often. It was cut up and down, straight and crooked. It was begun roughly and left. It was finished neatly with many a flourish; and yet time had so browned and withered it, so almost blotted it out, that Ellen's wonderings and romancings about it, seemed almost like the speculations regarding some old ruin, some relic of past ages.

But Ellen was not thinking now of the name "Dolores," nor of its owner, as she stood looking over the boughs of the old tree whose gold-tipped leaves were rich and bright in the

morning sun. She was gazing towards those gray crags which towered in the distance, wondering if she should ever learn to love them, ever learn to call this strange land home as her mother had done. As she watched, a white mist wreath, drifting along the rough shoulder of a mountain, caught a flash from the sun and became luminous; glowed and expanded and floated upward into the heavens. Ellen's face reflected the light, for youth is quickly influenced by omens, and she felt that her thought had been answered by a genial greeting. Recollecting herself, she left the window and hastened to the housekeeper's room for breakfast.

CHAPTER VII

TO THE LARGIE FARM

THE housekeeper sat knitting by her fireside waiting breakfast, when Ellen entered the room. She started a little, and a shadow crossed her face, like a painful thought. And yet there was nothing but peace and sweetness in the young face and figure which had just passed in at her door, nothing but grace in the classic braiding of the rich brown hair, nothing but truth in the dark gray eyes which could so burn but were now only full of gentle light and quiet shade. Mrs. Kirker was hardly an artist, and yet she felt the beauty of the picture framed in her doorway, as the sunlight struck brilliance from the red lips, the white robe, the warm hair. And yet looking up and beholding it she was troubled.

During breakfast, Ellen found it hard enough to preserve her resolution to be cheerful. Beside a bed of pain Mrs. Kirker was a true comforter, a kind soother when anguish, either physical or mental, endured by a fellow-creature, appealed to her Christian heart and called forth the best qualities of her nature; but when the day of trial had passed and life went on upon its even dull course, she was not one to buoy up a diffident spirit or brace a sensitive mind. Her life had been passed chiefly among sad scenes. She was naturally of a placid disposition, which religion had rendered more yet still and contented, but she was wont to think more of the past than the present and to let her mind dwell with a gentle melancholy

on such sorrows or misfortunes as had been her portion, or the portion of those with whom she had been associated. The atmosphere of quiet resignation which pervaded her words and manner was trying to one who dared not indulge in grief and who struggled hard to meet the need of the present with cheerful energy.

The morning proved showery, and while the housekeeper went about her business, Ellen sat at the window watching the rain pattering through the leaves down into the grass. There was nothing to do, and she did not love to be idle. "Oh! that I had my sketch-book," she thought, and clasped her hands tightly in her lap.

That thought brought a rush of sorrow. She remembered the records upon the pages of her book, records made upon days of delicious labour, while wandering over the ocean, hovering between sea and sky. She thought of riches garnered there, reflections from sunsets, sunrises, moonlights at sea, sketches of billows and sea-birds, snatches of ideal illustrations to sea tales and legends. Even with her heavy grief lying deep in her breast, there was still a chord in Ellen's heart which could vibrate painfully at the recollection of her lost art-treasures, so humble, yet so dear.

It is curious how fond we do get of little creations of our own, if in them we have happily recorded, however obscurely, some idea which once visited us with a sweet and noble presence. The bright visitor would have flown, leaving no trace, but here, in a little secret page, "precious only to ourselves," we have preserved a hue from her robe, a ray from her smile, almost as we treasure a shorn lock from a dear head no longer near us.

Ellen wept about her book. How often some small detail of a great sorrow will suddenly bring down a thunder shower which she will forbade to fall while looking broad calamity full in the face. She cried with her head buried in her arms on the table. So she sat when the housekeeper came and stood beside her, saying,—

"It is not right. Take comfort."

Then she went and unlocked a little old-fashioned book-case and took out her Bible. She came and laid it beside Ellen, and then with true tact, went away again about her business. Ellen read and was comforted, and so the day passed.

Ellen had feared that her visit to the doctor's must be relinquished for that day; but, with her own tears, the rain ceased, and the afternoon proved even brighter than the early morning. Mrs. Kirker, who had some pride in judging the weather, foretold at least one bright week before November should bring winter fairly to the door. And so the current of the day was turned into a sunnier channel, and Ellen prepared for her walk.

Mrs. Kirker lent her a shawl, and a garden hat, which she said had been worn long ago by Miss Rowena. Ellen regarded it with interest, but it was only a broad-leaved gipsy hat with nothing remarkable about it.

Thus equipped, Ellen followed the housekeeper down the rambling, red-tiled passage, out from the back entrance into the fresh air and the afternoon sunshine. They left the house behind at once, without passing near the front. They crossed the grove of ivied trees, quitted the ground of Dunmara House, and got out upon the moors. On a green slope at some distance, Ellen saw what seemed a portion of a fine old castle, half fallen to decay. She looked back on the sunny green and the broken walls with their fine lights and shades, and longed to ramble off in that direction and explore the ruin. But there was not time, nor did Mrs. Kirker invite her to go.

Leaving the last straggling trees behind, they struck out upon the narrow strip of moor which separated Dunmara from the cliffs, and Ellen felt a wonderful, indescribable fragrance which she had never perceived before. It was the heather's breath, for soon she saw the beautiful stranger straying forth in its purple bloom and crimson flushing to meet her foreign eyes.

From the headlands, Mrs. Kirker pointed out the way to the Largie Farm. The Largie Farm! How strange all the names sounded to Ellen; yet there was a music in their very novelty which charmed her, when she could forget that her one interest in this new world was the question, "In what corner of this strange land did my mother spend her youth? Where is her grave?"

Having finished her directions, the housekeeper bade her young charge good-bye, and turned away, feeling very lonely as she walked back to her knitting and her quiet room, where the sun was playing hide-and-seek among the geranium leaves.

Meanwhile, Ellen, with a delicious sense of liberty, flew down the cliffs, and plunged into the loose shingle on the beach.

The shore which she travelled was formed by a series of creeks ; the headlands guarding them ran their bold steepes out into the sand, and crowds of smaller rocks clustered round them, making colonies about their knees. The beach within swept from cliff to cliff, each curve a single bay, so completely detached that neither before nor behind could the rambler see beyond those mighty brown batteries which defended the creeks at either end.

It was all new and fresh to Ellen : the hoary rocks, the cool western breeze, the wild fragrance of the heather, coming in snatches from the headlands above. For the first few minutes she revelled in it with a vivid appreciation of life and youth ; but the new sensation of joy faded dismally away as the blue shining sea came singing up to her feet to remind her of the cruel sorrow it had cast upon her life.

With a suffocating sensation of loneliness in her breast she went on her way, with slow feet and dull eyes, trying hard not to think of the face that lay deep down somewhere under those cruel smiling waters.

Having climbed the fifth or sixth of the rocky walls before her, Ellen stood still in surprise at the beauty of the scene which lay at her feet. She saw a smaller bay than those she had left behind. There were paths and slopes among the cliffs leading to the moors, and high on the uplands she saw scattered cabins, and here and there a clump of trees. Behind all rose the solemn background of the mountains, now dyed crimson and violet by the setting sun.

The blue smoke from the straggling cottages floated hazily against the mountains, and softened and intensified the vivid colouring of the atmosphere. Waifs and strays of brilliant gold hung above the high peaks, and fragments of purple stole down into the deep shadowy recesses, the unknown, unexplored valleys of the mountain-land. Just above one of the low stoops the moon was rising, unusually large, and almost as golden as the sun which had just dropped into the blazing western ocean. And then there was the foreground of looming rocks with the sea weeds, the mounds of wrack, orange, brown, black, and the curved sands, reddish, and amber, and pale yellow out by the quick-coming tide.

The soul's instinct of worship took Ellen's breath away with its vehement flight to the Creator. She felt her heart invited by a solemn voice to pour out its trouble at the feet of the All-merciful. Some dread soul-stirring music seemed to fill the air and wring her very life with a pain that was half triumph, and the burden of the music seemed like this:—

"There is grandeur, and beauty, and love still in the universe, for the soul that comprehends God's language. Take up thy cross, and kiss it, and bear it. Then shalt thou walk forward in glory with unbandaged eyes."

Having heard this psalm, Ellen was startled by a boyish voice somewhere near.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

THE AUSTRALIAN ROBIN

WELCOME, pretty stranger, hopping round my feet,
With a cordial chirrup I thy presence greet.

Near my home were plenty of thy kith and kin—
Never one more cunning all my love to win!

They had all thy shyness, all thy artful ways,
All thy roguish flittings, in my youthful days.

But their hues were duller, and their haunts less fair—
How thy brilliant plumage puts to flight all care!

True, their song was gayer and their hearts more light—
Never mind, old fellow! things will soon come right.

If the frost comes, Robin, and thy fare be scant,
Come, and I will find thee all thy crop may want.

Crumbs *galore* I'll give thee, they will banish pain;
Thou'lt be always welcome till 'tis spring again.

Off now, Bob, to gladden hearts more sad than mine.
When again thou comest, heartily thou'lt dine.

D. G.

A DIFFICULTY

Och, Bridget Devine, sure,
 Has acres a score
 And three head of kine, sure,
 And geese twenty-four,
 Gold guineas in plenty,
 A turf bank rent free ;
 But her years are twice twenty,
 And cross-grained is she.

Kate Moore sings as sweet as
 The lark when day dawns,
 And her step is as fleet as
 A fairy's or fawn's :
 Her lovers are many,
 Her eyes bright and blue ;
 But she has not a penny
 Of fortune, 'tis true.

My mother decrees that
 I married shall be,
 And my own heart agrees that
 A wife would suit me :
 But there's bound to be bother,
 Since Bridget Devine
 Is the choice of my mother,
 And Kate Moore is mine.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

AMEN CORNER

I

NOT IN THE "RACCOLTA"

THERE are three streets in London which run into one another, still called by names which have come down from the old Catholic times when prayer was part of the people's daily life—Paternoster Row, Ave Maria Lane, and Amen Corner. Let us take the last of these as a running title for a new department of this Magazine, indicating the nature of the subjects which will be discussed in these particular pages, and warning off profane and frivolous readers for whom pious and religious topics have no interest. We have not, indeed, hitherto excluded all sacred themes. The series of "Priedieu Papers" has been received with considerable favour. No reader is bound to taste of all the fare that is set before him ; some of the dishes are meant to be let alone. But, seeing that hundreds and hundreds of convents, not only in Ireland, but in all parts of the world from Tipperary to Timaru, have for thirty years subscribed to our Magazine, and seeing how unsuited for them must necessarily be a great part of our contents, it is right that their special tastes also should be consulted for, and that some of our pages should occasionally be devoted to subjects of piety and edification. All the more so as it is probable that many of these things will not be without interest for the general reader—at least the general reader who has already shown his good disposition by strolling in the direction of Amen Corner.

The title of this first instalment of our *Pia Varia* is "Not in the *Raccolta*." The *Raccolta* is the short name for the authorized collection of indulgenced prayers published at the Propaganda Press at Rome, under the full title of *Raccolta di Orazioni e Pie Opere per le quali sono state concesse dai Sommi Pontefici le SS. Indulgenze*. The latest edition is that issued in 1898, under the authority of Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences. It is a thick volume of seven hundred

pages containing a vast collection of holy aspirations and prayers and pious practices to which indulgences have been attached by various Popes, chiefly during the last century and a half. But ample as is this authorized collection, it does not contain all such indulgenced prayers. Some such prayers have been thus indulgenced since the date of this newest edition of the *Raccolta*, 1898; and some certainly granted before this date are not chronicled within its pages. For instance, this "prayer to be said when composing oneself to sleep":—

"My Queen and my Mother, bless me with thy pure and holy hand, that I may have a good night's rest; that I may be shielded from all vain, evil, and distracting thoughts; that I may wake betimes in the morning, and have the grace and energy to rise promptly and continue the work thy Divine and Beloved Son has entrusted to my feeble hands."

The printed page here copied states that at an audience of May 2nd, 1896, His Holiness Leo XIII. was graciously pleased to grant, on the Bishop of Portsmouth submitting a copy of the above prayer, three hundred days' indulgence for its devout recital. The Bishop of Portsmouth at the date specified was Dr. John Vertue who was born April 28, 1826, was consecrated Bishop July 25, 1882, and died May 23, 1900. To make sure of the genuineness of the indulgence attached to this beautiful prayer, I ventured to write to Dr. Vertue's successor, Dr. John Baptist Cahill, who assured me of the authenticity of the grant. I have no doubt that some, seeing it now for the first time, will learn this little prayer by heart and use it every night; for it ought to be very efficacious in securing a very desirable thing, the habit of early and prompt rising and beginning the work of the new day in the proper spirit and with proper fervour. How miserable and ignoble to begin another precious day of life with cowardice, sloth, and waste of time, involving the neglect or the very unsatisfactory discharge of many duties!

The suspiciousness towards uncertified leaflets which made me trouble the Bishop of Portsmouth about Dr. Vertue's prayer has recently been justified by an important letter of Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, which was read in all the churches of his diocese on the 29th of December, 1904. He warns the faithful against the danger of being imposed upon by vendors of leaflets and other such publications containing prayers or

recommending special forms of devotion. Many of these have no name of printer or publisher; and in some cases the Archbishop's Imprimatur was forged. His Grace adds: "Canon Law, by which all matters relating to the publication of prayers or forms of devotion are regulated, expressly forbids the printing of any book to which an Imprimatur is attached, without the name of the publisher, and without a statement also of the place where the book was printed, and of the year of issue."

Indulged aspirations are very frequently printed on mortuary cards; and very often those selected for this purpose are "not in the *Raccolta*" or drawn from any other authentic source.

It seems desirable to preserve here the remarks of the Archbishop of Dublin on the meaning that ought to be given to the Imprimatur of a book. One of his predecessors in the Metropolitan See, Cardinal Cullen, used to be twitted by flippant London scribes with having thus "endorsed" certain strange views about astronomy put forward in a book of which he had been the censor while Rector of the Irish College at Rome.

"I may take this opportunity of pointing out that in advertisements and other notices of books, a very misleading use is not infrequently made of the fact that the book in question bears an Imprimatur,—the Imprimatur being referred to as showing that the Bishop who has given it has formed a favourable opinion of the book, and has expressed that opinion in official form. Sometimes, too, it is added that the Imprimatur has been given by a particular Bishop whose recommendation of the book may be regarded as having some special weight. Now, an Imprimatur is not a recommendation of the book to which it is attached. It conveys no sort of approval of the work. A Bishop for whose Imprimatur a work is submitted may perhaps disapprove of the views expressed in it by the author. He may even regret that the author should have thought of publishing the work at all. But this will not justify him in withholding his Imprimatur, or official Licence for the publication of the work, if it is found to be free from error in the matter of faith or morals. The Imprimatur is simply an official statement from the Bishop that the requirements of ecclesiastical law have been complied with; that the book has been examined by some duly appointed censor, who has certified to him that it contains nothing at variance with faith or morals; and that, in these circumstances, he gives the formal permission for the

publication of it, without which the publication would be a violation of ecclesiastical law. An Imprimatur, in itself, conveys nothing more than this. As a rule, the book to which it is attached is not even seen by the Bishop. His responsibility in the matter begins and ends with the selection of one or more ecclesiastics, sufficiently learned, prudent, and painstaking, to be intrusted with the important duty of the censorship of certain classes of works, published in his diocese."

After this useful digression I allow myself to be reminded that the title of this paper is "Not in the *Raccolta*." Evidently into this category will come the prayers and pious practices indulgenced after 1898, the date of the latest edition of the *Raccolta*. That collection, indeed, crushed into its last leaf two indulgences granted subsequently to its own decree of approval: namely, a hundred days for saying a certain prayer for the conversion of the Freemasons, and three hundred days for reading the Holy Gospel for at least a quarter of an hour each day. Those who persevere in this last holy practice may gain a plenary indulgence once a month on the usual conditions, one of which is to be in the state of grace. That is the meaning of the phrase that occurs often in the grant of a partial indulgence, *corde saltem contrito*. As contrition is the most perfect kind of sorrow, why "at least"? But the contrast here is not with attrition but with the obligation of going to Confession which is a condition attached generally to a plenary indulgence, whereas for the gaining of partial indulgences it is enough to have a contrite heart, which means here a heart at peace with God, not at enmity with Him, in His friendship, in the happy state of grace. How far astray in their notion of indulgences are those prejudiced and uncharitable outsiders whom the compiler of the catechism of our childhood had in his mind when he asks the child: "Is an indulgence a pardon for sins to come or a licence to commit sin?"—and then makes the child answer: "No, nor can it remit past sins, for sin must be remitted by penance, as to the guilt of it and as to the eternal punishment due to mortal sin, before an indulgence can be gained."

To a great many grants of indulgences is added this clause "applicable to the Souls in Purgatory." But there is one indulgence that the Holy Souls have all to themselves. It

was procured for them by Monsignor Paul Buguet, Founder and Director of the *Oeuvre Expiatoire* in favour of the Forgotten Souls, *les âmes délaissées*, those Souls in Purgatory who for one cause or another have no one on earth to pray for them—an Association whose headquarters is at La Chapelle Montligeon, Orne, in the heart of poor misgoverned France. On the 22nd of March, 1902, His Holiness Leo XIII granted an indulgence of fifty days to all the faithful every time they repeat devoutly the versicle and responsory, *Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis*.—"Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them." The Latin Brief is given in full in the admirably conducted *Analecta Ecclesiastica* for April, 1902 (vol. x., page 148). The same page records a richer indulgence annexed to this aspiration, "Mon Dieu, mon unique bien, Vous êtes tout pour moi, que je sois tout pour Vous!" Three hundred days' indulgence for the devout recital of this little prayer in any language, provided the version be a faithful one, and a plenary indulgence once a month on the usual conditions, applicable to the Souls in Purgatory. The condition of fidelity is fulfilled in this version: "O my God, my only good, Thou art all for me; may I be all for Thee!" I hope some of us will add this to our stock of habitual ejaculations. Another is like it: *Cor Jesu, amas, non amaris, utinam ameris*.—"O Heart of Jesus, Thou lovest, Thou art not loved, would that Thou wert loved!" I cannot specify the indulgence attached to this devout aspiration; but with regard to indulgences in general that was not a very unreasonable disposition of a poor simpleton who during the Jubilee was overheard praying in the corner of a country church: "Lord, gi' me my share of anything that's goin'."

Is it not in itself a very beautiful and touching aspiration, especially when expressed in the wonderful Latin tongue, so terse, so precise, so sonorous, worthy of its honour as the sacred language of the Church? *Cor Jesu, amas, amaris, utinam ameris*. "O Heart of Jesus, Thou lovest, Thou art not loved; would that Thou wert loved!" This is the chorus of the following hymn of reparation, of which the authorship is not even indicated by initials in an old number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, published at London:—

O God of love, what strange compassion moved Thee
 To share on earth Thy fallen children's lot ?
 Unto Thine own a little child Thou camest,
 Helpless and poor, yet they received Thee not.
 O Heart so loving, Thou art not loved,
 O would that Thou wert loved !

Thirty long years Thy love grew never weary,
 Through toilsome days, through silent prayerful nights,
 And in return what bitter scorn and outrage
 Were heaped on Thee by those cold Nazarites !
 O Heart so loving, Thou art not loved,
 O would that Thou wert loved !

Thy deeds of love, Thy miracles of healing,
 Men will not, even with poor thanks, repay ;
 Thou bringest gifts—and yet they do but mock Thee ;
 Thou bidd'st them follow Thee—they turn away.
 O Heart so loving, Thou art not loved,
 O would that Thou wert loved !

As the great King, foretold by ancient prophets,
 Meekly once more Thou comest to Thine own ;
 With cruel thorns Thy faithless people crown Thee—
 Thy sceptre is a reed—a cross Thy Throne !
 O Heart so loving, Thou art not loved,
 O would that Thou wert loved !

Still doth Thy love detain Thee on our altars,
 Pleading so tenderly, yet all in vain ;
 O loving Lord, Thou meetest but derision,
 Or light forgetfulness, or cold disdain !
 O Heart so loving, Thou art not loved,
 O would that Thou wert loved !

Few of my readers are likely to make use of these pious lines ; but I trust that some will add to their repertory of habitual ejaculations that yearning reproach : *Cor Jesu, amas, non amaris, utinam ameris !*

Ap[ro]pos of the Jubilee just referred to I may translate from the last number of the *Analecta* the most recent grant of indulgences. I omit only some technical phrases towards the end of the papal brief :—

“ St. Alphonsus Liguori was not only a strenuous champion of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

but also an indefatigable promoter of devotion to Mary Immaculate; and in particular he promoted among the faithful the practice of repeating every morning and evening three Hail Marys adding to each of them this invocation, 'By your Immaculate Conception, O Mary, make my body pure and my soul holy'—*Per tuam Immaculatam Conceptionem, O Maria, redde purum corpus meum et sanctam animam meam*—declaring that this practice was efficacious towards preserving chastity against the assaults of the devils. At the near approach, therefore, of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Blessed Virgin's immunity from original sin by our predecessor Pius IX, we have deemed it very opportune to commend to Christian people this praiseworthy custom of St. Alphonsus; and in order that more copious fruits may be drawn therefrom, we have determined to open also the Church's heavenly treasures, of which the Most High has entrusted to us the dispensation. Wherefore, through the mercy of Almighty God, and relying on the authority of His Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, to all the Faithful of both sexes who, contrite at least in heart, shall repeat either morning or evening the Angelical Salutation three times, the above-mentioned invocation being added to each *Hail Mary*, we in the usual form of the Church remit both morning and evening three hundred days of the penance imposed upon them or otherwise due in any manner whatsoever, and we permit that these indulgences may be applied also by way of suffrage to the souls of the Faithful who have passed out of this life united with God by charity. . . . Given at Rome at St. Peter's under the seal of the Fisherman, December 5th, 1904, second year of our Pontificate."

But even the pious readers who alone can have tarried so long in Amen Corner have had enough for our first *Causerie de Dimanche*. They will remember the passage in *All for Jesus* where Father Faber ends his exhortation to the use of ejaculatory prayer with these words: "Many of these ejaculations are indulgenced, and thus the same little brief sentence will gain merit, impetrate grace, satisfy for sin, glorify God, honour Jesus and His Mother, convert sinners, and soothe with substantial indulgence the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Can we do nothing more for Jesus in this respect than we have done hitherto? O Love! Love! You yourself must tell us, and teach how, and remind us when we forget."

M. R.

AN ALPINE ROSE

"Beata solitudo, sola beatitudo."

SINGING and weeping, I have gone along
 Unconscious of the lower paths that lay
 Beneath the mountain slopes where I was born ;
 Unconscious of the time not always morn—
 The fierce heat, and the dryness of the day ;
 My morning melteth into evensong.

The morning mists have drenched me, their cold dew
 So pure, so chilling, waited on the sun ;
 And when he upward rose, those mists he drew
 Around him, closed him in, and day was done.

He guides me there upon the mountain-steep,
 Nor ever dream I to descend and go
 Where life is clamouring in the vale beneath ;
 I could not in that atmosphere draw breath,
 I stay alone in only ways I know—
 A child for ever, whom the angels keep.

ROSE ARRESTI.

REGINA PROPHETARUM

So loved their heart what scarce their thought could see,
 So sweet the vision of thy Virgin-grace,
 So dark the days to which thy God-lit face
 Promised the glory of a Day to be,
 That their whole soul leapt into song for thee—
 Cried thee across the centuries' voiceless space,
 Wrestled with God to find the words to trace
 The outline of thy manifold mystery.

Yes, it was God Who fired their soul to speak ;
 God, Who had made its vision far too fair
 For any language ; God, Who bids me dare
 Myself to speak forth Mary, bids me seek
 In my life's stammered phrases to express
 The wonders of Our Lady's loveliness.

CYRIL MARTINDALE, S.J.

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

ALOUTH priest has begged us to preserve in these pages the tribute recently paid by the English Ambassador of the United States, Mr. Rufus Choate, to the memory of Lord Russell of Killowen, assuring us that this will gratify a large number of the readers of this Magazine. The occasion was the unveiling of the memorial to the late Lord Chief Justice of England on the 11th of January, 1905. The ceremony took place in the Central Hall of the new Law Courts in the presence of the Judges with scarcely an exception, and a large and distinguished assembly. Lord Alverstone (Sir Richard Webster), Lord Russell's successor, stated that of £3,200 subscribed for the memorial £900 had come from American subscribers. Besides providing the present monument the fund had been sufficient to endow a bed in perpetuity in the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in St. John's Wood, London, to be known by the name of Lord Russell of Killowen—with excellent taste a Catholic hospital was chosen for this purpose—and it was found possible to send a bust of the late Chief Justice to be placed in the Bar Library of New York. (His bust has also been placed in the Town Hall of his native place, Newry.)

The statue, which is the work of Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., represents Lord Russell seated and robed in the full dress of a Judge; and the sculptor is said by *The Times* to have reproduced with success the mellowed and gentle aspect which characterized Lord Russell on the Bench. To the journal just named we owe the following report of the speech of Mr. Choate, who was called upon by the Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury) because, as he said, "the memorial was the expression of feeling of various parts of the world."

* * * * *

"It gives me unfeigned pleasure to comply with the request that I should say a few words on this interesting occasion on behalf of the Bench and Bar and the people of the United States.

Lord Russell's warm hand of cordial greeting was the first that was held out to me on my arrival in England six years ago ; and I deem it a great personal privilege to be permitted, while still Ambassador in London, to take part in this crowning tribute to his memory. I hope to continue to perform the duties of my office for some time to come, but I shall never have, and never have had in the whole course of my residence here, a more grateful and agreeable duty than to declare my affection, esteem, and admiration for the great jurist and noble gentleman whose statue has just been unveiled by the Lord Chancellor. The name and personality of Lord Russell of Killowen, more commonly known among us to the end as Sir Charles Russell, had long been familiar to the profession and to all people in the United States ; and I think that at the time of his most unexpected and untimely death he was a universal favourite among our people, of all parties, creeds, and sections. The career of every great English lawyer and jurist is watched with the keenest interest by every disciple of Blackstone and of Story wherever our common language is spoken ; and when a man rises step by step by sheer force of his own character, talents, and ambition, without the aid of connections or patronage or influence, from the lowest round of the ladder, through all ranks and grades, to the exalted position of Lord Chief Justice of England, he necessarily commands their universal applause and admiration. There is no royal road to eminence at the Bar. It comes by merit, or it does not come at all ; and so that merit is sure to be worthily appreciated wherever it is manifested. It would be most impertinent for me in this presence and in this place to offer my critical estimate of his judicial opinions and qualities. But it was marvellous to the casual observer to see how from the moment he donned the ermine he laid aside all the contentions of advocacy and assumed the cold neutrality of an impartial Judge ; with what whole-souled devotion he gave himself to the duties of his great office—to do justice his only object, to ascertain truth his only ambition—and how happily he succeeded in these lofty purposes. Surely in his death the cause of truth, justice, and honour lost one of its noblest champions. In the proud position that he occupied so long as the greatest advocate of his time the world over, Sir Charles Russell was an inspiring influence,

example, and teacher to his brethren everywhere ; and as the supreme master of the dangerous art of cross-examination—so fatal to the artist in bungling hands, so triumphant for truth when happily conducted—he was, I think, not only without a peer in his own time, but his superior cannot be found in all the annals of forensic history. He could elicit the truth from the most hopeless materials, and could utterly demolish a false witness, for whom there was no escape⁷ from his searching and relentless pursuit. His signal triumphs in this most subtle and intellectual employment of the advocate⁸ have long been familiar models and studies in the text-books and law schools of America. But Lord Russell was much more and much nearer to us than an inspiring professional teacher and example. He made two somewhat prolonged visits to America—one in 1883 in company with Lord Coleridge, Sir James Hannen, and Lord Bowen, and one in 1896 with Sir Frank Lockwood. Both these visits have been ever memorable, for they were both made under circumstances that brought him into close contact with our leading professional men ; and here his personal charm and magnetism found full play. He fraternized most cordially with his professional brethren—for he was a thorough believer in the fraternity of the profession everywhere—and his large heart and Catholic spirit made hosts of friends wherever he went. He believed also very strongly in personal intercourse between the responsible men of both countries as the best means of promoting international harmony. In every city that he visited, in public and in private, he preached the gospel of peace and good will between England and America, and his constant efforts in that direction had a powerful and enduring effect in all parts of the land. Just before his last visit to America he had been the leading counsel for Great Britain before the Court of Arbitration which disposed of the long-vexed Bering Sea question ; and he conducted it with such perfect fairness and consummate ability that the triumph which he won for his country left no sting behind, and I know that his opponents were from that day counted amongst his life-long friends and devoted admirers. So that when he came to us for the last time as the guest of the American Bar Association to deliver his notable address on International Law and Arbitration not only the profession but the whole people were his devoted

listeners. They regarded and welcomed him as an old friend of great eminence, and his address, which was prepared with great pains and care, made a most lasting impression and is still remembered with deep interest. While he warmly advocated arbitration as the necessary mode of settling all international controversies to which it is applicable, and after the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted, he maintained with equal force that even arbitration has its limits; that it is not a panacea for all the quarrels of nations; that there are questions touching national honour and independence which no self-respecting nation would readily arbitrate, and that the only way for our two great nations to escape such fatal questions was by cultivating a genuine respect and friendship for each other which should make their occurrence impossible. His last word to us is still freshly remembered, and has had an enduring influence for good. Let me repeat it, for both nations heartily respond to its sentiments to-day:—'Who can doubt the influence that Great Britain and America possess for ensuring the healthy progress and the peace of mankind? But if this influence is to be fully felt, they must work together in cordial friendship, each people in its own sphere of action. If they have great power, they have also great responsibility. No cause they espouse can fail. No cause they oppose can triumph. The future is in large part theirs. They have the making of history in the times that are to come. The greatest calamity that could befall would be strife that should divide them.' In season and out of season, at home and abroad, he preached the same doctrine; and it is not too much to say that no man has done more by wise counsel and earnest pleading to bring about the present happy relations between the two countries than Lord Russell of Killowen. Only a year before his death he was able to render a great practical service to both countries in the very line that he had so strenuously advocated by acting as arbitrator in the Venezuela dispute which had so long been threatening mischief between them; a service which he performed so conscientiously and so fairly as to increase the esteem and affection with which he was regarded on both sides of the water. Who will wonder, then, that, when a memorial was to be established which should testify to future generations of the merits and virtues of one

so honoured and so beloved, the Judges and lawyers of America were eager to bear their part ? On their behalf and that of all my countrymen I bless his name and memory to-day. May this statue stand for ages, in this Temple of Justice which he so nobly adorned, to show the lawyers of all coming time and of all nations what manner of man he was !”

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The remarks made on the same occasion in the *Daily News*, under the title “ A Great Judge,” seem worth preserving :—

“ The honour done to the memory of Lord Russell of Killowen yesterday was no empty formality. Lord Russell was the greatest advocate of his time and one of the shrewdest and most just of English Judges. But he was more than this. He was a great man. In him the study of the law never froze the genial current of the soul. He remained to the end a generous eager Irishman, full of honest enthusiasms and honest angers, sudden and quick to quarrel, sudden and quick to forgive. Smaller men, who are [perhaps greater lawyers in the technical sense, are dominated by their calling. They become mere legal documents, crabbed and harsh. In Russell the man dominated the lawyer, and hence the remarkable impression he made upon the mind of his time. It is not merely that he was the most distinguished member of his profession. He occupied a place that was unchallenged, and he left behind a memory that is unique.”

THE HARVEST

“ AH, LORD, what yield have I ? The year has flown :
 No harvest have I, but a crop of sin—
 Sin that I had no valour to atone.

Dear Lord, I thought to bring Thee fruit and corn,
 And from Thee gracious meed of praise to win—
 Alas ! I bear but empty boughs of thorn ! ”

I wept, the Saviour stretched His hand and smiled
 Upon my thorns—lo, roses blew therein !
 “ These are the roses of thy love, My child.”

AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Heart of Penelope*. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. London: William Heineman. (Price 6s.)

This novel does not belong to the class of story which generally comes under our notice, the simple and often juvenile kind which the convent librarian can safely place in the hands of her youthful clients. The persons engaged in it belong to the great world, most of them to the London world, of high society; and a queer world it seems to be. We prefer to make the acquaintance, even in fiction, of persons with more faith, hope, and charity than Penelope and her friends possess. There is one bright exception indeed—Cecily Wake, the secondary heroine of the tale. She with her Catholic faith and purity almost plays among these modern pagans the part that her namesake, St. Cecilia, played with her heathen husband and friends. At least she contrasts with them as Lord Byron makes the solitary Catholic maiden, Aurora Raby, contrast with her surroundings in the fifteenth canto of *Don Juan*,—an exquisite lily in a quagmire discovered for our readers by the late Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., in the very first instalment of our "Pigeon-hole Paragraphs" as far back in the past as the year 1878, our sixth volume, page 347. The story that turns round these two women, Daughter of Eve and Child of Mary, is very subtly developed in a keen, clever style that is often brilliant. The conversations are particularly good; and though she keeps her descriptions strictly in check, Mrs. Lowndes enables us to realise all the scenes very vividly. The piquancy and wit of *The Philosophy of the Marquise* are here; and her new book has the additional attraction of an interesting and in parts exciting plot.

2. *The Ruler of the Kingdom and other Phases of Life and Character*. By Grace Keon. Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. (Price 6s.)

Last month we pledged ourselves to read this book through before pronouncing judgment upon it—a preliminary which critics do not always consider necessary. It has been a very easy duty, for the above title somewhat disguises a collection

of fourteen short stories, very different from one another in plot and spirit and atmosphere, but all extremely well written and most of them developing a plot and exciting an interest quite remarkable within such narrow limits. A great many of them turn upon that course which, it is said, "never did run smooth;" but the "true love" here depicted is pure and sincere, and all comes right in the end in nearly every case. Catholic scenes are not put forward, we think, except "The Greatest Gift," and in the last beautiful sketch, "With my own People;" but the Catholic spirit pervades the whole. The name of the author on the title-page will henceforth be a guarantee, let us hope, for high literary merit and a pure and lofty tone of thought. But is this the writer's real name? For we have seen in American newspapers paragraphs that imply that she has written under more than one *alias*. This is not right. Multiple pseudonymity is the worst form of anonymity.

3. *Shadows Lifted*. A Sequel to "St. Cuthbert's." By the Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. (Price 3s. 6d.)

Father Finn, Father Spalding, and Father Copus are three Jesuits in the United States who write stories for boys. Father David Bearne, S.J., is a brilliant rival of theirs in England, while in Ireland the only Jesuit writer of fiction is Father Thomas Finlay, whose *Chances of War*, written before he was a priest, is now properly published for the first time. What a capital storyteller we might have had in Father Conmee, S.J., whose *Old Times in the Barony* is by far the brightest and most popular pennyworth published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. The latest production of the American triumvirate is the pleasant story of school-life named above. Father Copus has not confined himself, as in his preceding story, to the precincts of the college but has linked the fortunes of two brothers who are educated there, with certain curious Hindu characters as far away as Simla. There is a great variety of scene and incident, bright talk and good description.

4. *The Chances of War*. An Irish Tale. By T. A. Finlay. Fallon & Co., School Publishers, Dublin and Belfast. (Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a new edition of an admirable historical novel, brought out for the first time in an attractive form and very

cheaply, if indeed, this gilt copy come under the price mentioned above. Much more interest is taken in Irish history and Irish literature at present than at the time that Father Finlay chose the days of Owen Roe O'Neill as the date of his romance. In the preceding notice we have joined his name with those of other members of the Society of Jesus who are employing the most popular form of literature as a means of influencing youthful minds; but he has a much closer affinity with Father Bresciani of Italy, and Father Coloma of Spain. *The Chances of War* resembles *The Jew of Verona* much more than *Claude Lightfoot*. Father Finlay has chosen an epoch in Irish history of great interest and importance,—the middle decade of the seventeenth century— and with hero and heroine of his own creation, with Captain MacDermott and Mary Dillon, he has interwoven the fortunes of real characters like the Nuncio Rinuccini, the Bishop of Emly, and Owen Roe O'Neill. The Battle of Benburb is one of the events of the story, realised evidently by a minute study of the locality, and described with great spirit. The little snatches of description of scenery are often very beautiful. *The Chances of War* deserves to rank high in our Irish literature, and it is one of the best historical novels in the language.

5. *The Mask of Apollo, and other Stories*. By A. E. Dublin : Whaley & Co., 27, Dawson Chambers.

It is well known that for some unknown reason Mr. George Russell has taken A. E. as his "initials," which have been linked with some very original and refined but not very intelligible poetry, on themes far apart from human faith and the ordinary feelings of men, especially Irishmen. The present little volume of prose, issued by publishers whose name we have never heard of before, is equally mystical, mysterious, and as far aloof from contemporary thought and feeling. There is refinement and beauty of style; but we cannot pretend to know the meaning of it all.

6. As we quoted last month some of the criticisms passed upon Lady Gilbert's latest novel, *A Girl's Ideal* (Blackie and Son), we may add that the *World* considers the heroine "charming throughout her various adventures which are recounted with that lively and yet delicate touch peculiar to the work of Lady Gilbert." The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that

Miss Hope's pictures "do justice to the bright and vivacious qualities of the writer," who has been previously described as "that charming authoress, Rosa Mulholland." The *Christian Leader* in reviewing this "wholesome, breezy book" gives correctly the old saying which is repeated through the book. "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have." Liverpool and Glasgow join in the praise given to *A Girl's Ideal*, the *Courier* of the former describing it as "capitally written, entertaining as well as instructive reading;" while the *Citizen* of the latter finds "the pages of this fascinating narrative pungent with Hibernian drollery," and the *Queen* says that Lady Gilbert "has a rare talent of describing delightful young people."

7. The Art and Book Company of Leamington and of Cathedral Precincts, Westminster, are the publishers of a new edition of the admirable work of Archbishop Ullathorne on the Immaculate Conception, the best treatise on the subject in English. Canon Iles has bestowed on the revision of the work and on the verifying references an amount of labour and care which he modestly conceals. Dr. Ilsley, Dr. Ullathorne's successor in the See of Birmingham, has prefixed the briefest possible introduction.

8. A new translation of Montalembert's *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary* has been published by Longmans, Green & Co., of London, New York, and Bombay, in the style that one expects from that great firm. The translator is Mr. Francis Hoyt, whose father died a very enviable death in remarkable circumstances. He had been an Episcopalian clergyman in Vermont, who became a convert many years ago with his wife and family. When his wife died, though he was sixty years of age, he entered a theological seminary, and after a regular course of study was ordained priest and worked in New York. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception a few years ago, he was saying Mass in public and had just received Holy Communion, when, turning round to give Communion to the faithful, he fell into a state of unconsciousness from which he never recovered. He had administered to himself the Holy Viaticum, and he died as Blessed Imelda died.

9. Herder of Freiburg has issued the sixth volume of the admirably printed and most exact critical edition of the works

of Thomas à Kempis. This volume contains the *Sermones ad Novicios* and the *Vita Lidewigis Virginis*. These are edited with extreme care from the autograph manuscripts. Photographs of some pages of the original are given at the end of the volume, and they allow us to form some idea of the skill and labour needed to transform such illegible characters into the beautiful pages before us. Sir Francis Cruise, who is the highest authority on the subject in these countries, has stated that Dr. Pohl is the greatest living Kempist scholar, and that this must be studied henceforth as the standard edition of the great and lowly ascetic. By the way, we have the same authority for saying that *Vera Sapientia*, translated by Dean Byrne of Australia, and noticed in the seventeenth of our December Book Notices, is not a distinct work of Thomas à Kempis, but a compilation of various chapters from three or four of his writings.

10. *As the Sparks Fly Upward. Poems and Ballads.* By Dora Sigerson Shorter. London: Alexander Moring, 298, Regent Street.

This is the third or fourth poetical volume by Mrs. Clement Shorter, and it fully confirms the reputation she has gained as one of the truest poets of our time. There is nothing commonplace in her slender tome; all is dainty, fresh, sometimes weird and always poetical. Mrs. Shorter has the art of writing a real ballad-story, like "The Deer-stone" and like "Kathleen's Charity" in the present volume—the narrative so direct, so simple, so natural, yet every touch so telling. Dainty and pretty as are some of the songs, with a quaint Elizabethan grace, we like best of all the deep feeling of "The Mother," and above all "The Child." What comes from the heart goes to the heart.

11. *Le Gesù de Rome. Esquisse Historique et Descriptive.* Par P. J. C. Rome: Imprimerie de "Tata Giovanni," No. 95. (*Prix un franc*).

This is a lovingly minute account of the famous Church of the Jesuits at Rome, tracing the vicissitudes of its history from the time of St. Ignatius down to our own day; nay, preliminary chapters discuss the historical associations that cling to the site and neighbourhood of the Gesù, going back to the Middle Ages and even to the old Roman days. Every place and person connected with the Gesù itself are then treated of

learnedly and succinctly in these pages which are lit up with many saintly and illustrious names. Three plans and twenty-two illustrations enable us to understand the descriptions. The readers of *Pilgrim Walks in Rome* will regret that P. J. C. has not given his full name as author of this interesting and valuable sketch which costs only a franc (tenpence). Postage to these countries adds three half-pence.

12. *The Bosun and the Bob-tailed Comet* calls itself "one of Jack B. Yeats' books for children," and is published for a net shilling by "Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, nigh the Albany, London." Mr. Yeats is the son of a well known Dublin painter and brother of the still better known poet, William Butler Yeats. The *Speaker* prophesies that the world will yet recognize in Mr. J. B. Yeats "a facile and original artist." The little book before us is a study in grotesque, and it requires a peculiar taste and a peculiar education to relish thoroughly its whimsicality. No doubt it is good of its queer kind.

13. *Songs and Poems*. By Lizzie Twigg. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker. (Price 1s. 6d.)

We have omitted two interesting items from the title-page. The poet calls herself first by her Irish name, *Elis ní Craoibín*, and she mentions with proper emphasis that Canon Sheehan of Doneraile has given her book the great benefit of his introduction, which deprecates earnestly the tendency to leave Ireland for what are supposed to be more money-making lands and in Ireland itself to remove from the country into towns and cities. He has a wise word of rebuke for those Irishmen who are too ready to run down Irishmen and Irish work. As for this particular bit of Irish work he says: "To every one who has the real, generous Celtic instinct and a cordial appreciation for sweet, simple, yet melodious verse, this little volume will be welcomed." Sweet, simple, and melodious these verses certainly are, showing a musical ear, a bright disposition and a great love for nature, God's beautiful world, and our little share of it here at home in Ireland. There is, however, more sameness and monotony than perhaps is necessary, even within the narrow range of subjects affected by this young Muse; and there would be some better promise of development if some deeper and holier feelings were touched upon or at least hinted at now and then in a way that might not be unreasonably

expected even in lyrics so light and unpretending as *Elis ni Craibin* has given us in this dainty little volume.

14. Messrs. Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard Street, London, have published, by arrangement with Messrs. Alexander Moring, some very interesting books produced very beautifully by the De la More Press. One shilling and sixpence net is a very small price for this pleasant edition of the *Life of Sir Thomas More* by his son-in-law, William Roper, with a foreword by Sir Joseph Walton, Knight, Judge of the King's Bench Division, who points the moral of the story admirably in two pages. The beautiful letters that passed between the blessed man and his daughter Margaret, fill here nearly a hundred pages. An exquisitely engraved portrait is the frontispiece. Another of these books is *The Love of Books*, being the famous *Philobiblon* of old Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, the foreword of which is by Dr. Burton, the Bishop of Clifton. This costs only a shilling net. And only half-a-crown for 300 pages, *The Chronicle of Jocelyn of Brakeland*, with a foreword by the Rev. William Barry, D.D., who begins by calling Jocelyn "the quaint and garrulous," and alludes to Carlyle's use of the Abbot Samson in *Past and Present*. By the way these three volumes belong to "The 'Past and Present' Library."

15. *Wings of the Morning*. By Cicely Fox-Smith. London: Elkin Mathews. (Price 3s. 6d.)

What has impressed us most favourably about this collection of poems is the statement that very judiciously is placed in front, that several of them appeared originally in the *Spectator*, the *Outlook*, the *English Illustrated Magazine* and the *Gentlewoman*. One and perhaps two of these would seem to be a fair guarantee for the literary merit of verses accepted by them. Yet we have failed to be attracted by any of the pieces we have examined. A certain amount of technical skill, correct and fairly poetical diction, but no themes that catch us, not much heart or feeling, nothing that one would care to read a second time or read to another.

16. The Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E., has begun the new year by issuing a great many good and cheap books and booklets. The first and second series of *The Yoke of Christ*, by the Rev. Robert Eaton of the Birmingham Oratory, cost a shilling each, though each consists

of more than 200 large pages, containing fifty excellent little spiritual essays or meditations, which are called *Readings intended chiefly for the Sick*, though they seem equally suitable for persons in good health. The Archbishop of Westminster recommends them earnestly in a short preface. But the best shillingworth of all is *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* delivered in 1851 by John Henry Newman, D.D., with an introduction by Dr. William Barry in twelve extremely interesting pages, which do not contrast too violently with the marvellous pages which follow. Among the new threepenny books issued by the C.T.S. are the *Life of St. Antony of Padua*. *The Real St. Francis* by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., and *Another Handful of Myrrh*. This last little book of *Devotional Conferences* will be welcomed by those who know *A Handful of Myrrh* published some time ago in the same form. *Catholic Book Notes* attributed the first series to Father George Tyrrell, S.J.; and their thoughtfulness and beauty of style favour the suggestion. A fourth of these threepenny books (which, when bound in cloth with gilt top and marker, form a sixpenny series) is a second series of *Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate*, thirty-one in number, a month of pious readings short and sweet. Among the new penny publications of this indefatigable Society are *The Fitness of the Glories of Mary* and *The Glories of Mary for the Sake of her Son* by Cardinal Newman, *The Rationalist Propaganda and how it must be met* by Father John Gerard, S.J., *Church History and Church Government* by the Rev. Harold Castle, C.S.S.R., and two biographical sketches, *Blessed Peter Canisius, S.J.*, and *Lacordaire*. The last is by the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.

17. New Stories published by the Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E. Lady Herbert has begun *Chinese Wayward Tales*. The first penny number contains four or five incidents of missionary life in China, supplied by the Sisters of Charity. *The Luck of Linden Chase* by S. M. Lyne is a story of conversions of a rather commonplace kind, in which the two typical Protestants are ungainly and a little absurd, and the nice people get the gift of faith too easily. *Lance and his Friends* by Father David Bearne, S.J., consists of some two dozen stories or chapters of a story of which Lance Ridingdale is the connecting link, though a great many of the

new instalments introduce us to new people like the Kikertons, Jimmy Finlough, and Mr. Tipson. Father Bearne's inventiveness is marvellous, and his delightful style would make much less interesting adventures a pleasure to read. Some of the charm, however, must be lost for those who are not already acquainted with Colonel Ruggerson, William Lethers, and all the mysteries of Snaggery, Sniggery, and Snuggery. These twenty-five sketches are made up in two shilling parts or in one handsome half-crown volume.

18. *Doctrinal Hymns*. By the Most Rev. Archbishop Bagshawe. Art and Book Company, Cathedral Precincts, Westminster. (Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This holy and beautiful volume contains a large collection of the Archbishop's poems on religious subjects. They are better suited for devout reading and meditation than for singing, being full of doctrine very exactly expressed, and many of them of considerable length. One of the most poetical is that on the Vatican Council, and one of the tenderest is on the Maternal Heart of Mary. The last thirty pages supply a very devout method of hearing Mass. The prayers of the liturgy are translated, and linked with special mysteries of Our Lord's Life, illustrated by appropriate texts of Scripture.

19. The recent beatification of the Curé of Ars has no doubt impelled Messrs. Burns and Oates to issue cheaply the biography translated many years ago from the French of the Abbé Alfred Monnin, to which Cardinal Manning prefixed a preface. This excellent book of 348 pages is given for a shilling in paper cover, and for a half crown net when bound in cloth. This *Life of Blessed John Baptist Vianney* is one of the most interesting and edifying books added in our time to religious literature. The Rev. J. D. Hilarius Dale, so long familiar by name to priests as the translator of Baldeschi, has issued through the same publishers *Sursum Corda: a Manual of Private Prayers for each day of the Week*, price one shilling net. An appendix contains very devout prayers for several special occasions.

20. The *Ave Maria* (December 17th, 1904) says most justly: Habitual readers of the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* do not need to be told that its present editor (Father Ernest Hull, S.J.) is an exceptionally well-equipped Catholic journalist. Many

of the leading articles that from week to week appear in its columns' display a comprehensiveness of view, a soundness of scholarship, and a dialectic skill which render them of more than ephemeral value to our apologetic literature." We have been much struck by the freshness and originality and high literary merit shown by the *Cross* of Halifax, Nova Scotia. the *Messenger* (27, West 16th Street, New York), has attained a high rank by the solidity and brilliancy of many of its articles. It is also beautifully illustrated. It is extraordinary that such an amount of such matter can be furnished for an annual outlay of two dollars.

21. We are somewhat puzzled by a paper-covered pamphlet of thirty pages containing *The Secretary's Holiday and other Poems*, price one shilling and sixpence net, by the author of *Dove Sono* ? and " printed by St. Vincent's Press, 333, Harrow Road, London, W." *Dove Sono* never crossed our path, and we have no idea of the age, position, religion, views, objects, or even the meaning of the writer of this very slim volume of verse. Most of it is blank verse, modelled perhaps upon Browning. There is a good deal of originality and picturesqueness. Pages 19 and 25 are probably meant to be sonnets, but they are only quatorzains and surely very obscure, though the diction is good and even poetical. There is decided merit in the little booklet ; but, like the " introspective secretary " of whom there is question, we have in vain " looked through the darkling sketch to find the gist, the drift of the thing."

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PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

SUNDRY dissertations on Style have been given in this Magazine ; for instance, by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., and by Professor Freeman at pages 510 and 554 of our twentieth volume, and by the Rev. W. A. Sutton, S.J., at page 32 of volume xii. The *Saturday Review* quotes with approval from Mr. Charles Marriot's *Ginevra* these remarks of old Uter Penrose, describing the style of some of our modern writers. " Well, well ! these modern writers ! Ten sloppy adjectives to one little starving noun, like a pot-house bill of Jack Falstaff's, Sack ? Oceans of it. Remember this, Jenny ; literature, prose or poetry, stands or falls by the verb and the noun. They are the ribs and the bones of it ; adjectives are the clothing—the plump flesh, if you will—pretty enough but not proof against time. It is by the bones you know the shape of a thing, and it's the bones that last. . . . So much for your composition : for your subject go to your heart, and your head will take care of itself. There's plenty of cleverness nowadays, that I'll allow. Brains ? Any amount ; but brains alone don't make literature any more than a schooner's headlight makes a stout ship. It's heart—heart of oak and the sails of imagination. Speak out from your heart, and leave it simmer there till it turns to song, like the buck of milk."

Mr. Morley gives us his opinion of some of our modern stylists when he contrasts them with Mr. Frederic Harrison, whom he calls " a recognised master of language ; not always wholly free from excess, but direct, powerful, plain, with none of our latter-day nonsense of mincing and posturing, of elliptic brevities, cryptic phrase, rapid trick, and the hundred affectations and devices of ambitious insincerity."

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The rhymes that help us to remember how many days are in each of the twelve months are best confined to these two couplets, leaving the additional day that Leap Year gives to February to be explained in prose :—

Thirty days are in September,
 April, June, and in November,
 February has twenty-eight alone
 And all the rest have thirty-one.

This dates back to the *Chronicles of England* by Richard Grafton, some three hundred years ago. These Latin hexameters are given in Holinshed in the year 1577 :—

Junius, Aprilis, Septemque, Novemque, tricenos,
 Unum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicenos ;
 Sed si bissextus fuerit superadditur unus.

* * * * *

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes names the people from whom she takes the mottoes of her very clever novel, *The Heart of Penelope*. I suppose she did not know the author of this motto of her fourth chapter, for she assigns it to no one, not even to the poet whom, in my childhood, I once declared to be my favourite, Mr. Anon :—

The inner side of every cloud
 Is bright and shining !
 I therefore turn my clouds about,
 And always wear them inside out,
 To show the lining !

* * * * *

I do not know who is the " E. Pyne " from whom the *Glasgow Observer* quotes a quatrain which is entitled " Onward " :—

We choose not here our pathways ; each soul, set
 Within a narrow track,
 Must follow swiftly onwards ; never yet
 Soul triumphed that looked back.

* * * * *

Hilaire Belloc—who by the way was born in 1876—has these lines in a Christmas book of 1904 :—

When Jesus Christ was four years old,
 The angels brought Him toys of gold
 Which no one ever had bought or sold.
 And yet with these He would not play :
 He made Him small fowl out of clay
 And blessed them till they flew away.

Tu creasti, Domine !

Jesus Christ, Thou Child so wise,
 Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes
 And bring my soul to Paradise.

The motto of the last chapter of *The Heart of Penelope* by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes is marked by her brother's initials, H. B. Where do these lines occur ?

On childing women that are forlorn,
 And men that sweat in nothing but scorn—
 That is, on all that ever were born,
Miserere, Domine !

But those two categories do not embrace the entire human race.

* * * * *

A kind friend and long-enduring subscriber lately, or at least towards the beginning of this year, wrote to me as follows :—

"Last night I was reading a chapter from *The Blithedale Romance* for my wife, and paused a bit after the following sentence :—'The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool ; the truest heroism is, to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom, to know when it ought to be resisted, and when to be obeyed.'

"That's good enough," said I, "for Father Russell's 'Winged Words'—I think I'll send it to him."

"Better," said she, "send him the seven shillings you owe him for the IRISH MONTHLY."

"Not knowing, exactly, which you'd prefer, I send both, with our very best wishes for a happy and prosperous year for yourself and the Magazine."

* * * * *

Well, the lady was certainly right ; but the gentleman did well in sending both, for both's best. Which of course reminds you of the Scotch clergyman who was offered his choice between the two bishoprics of Bath and of Wells and answered, "Baith's best." Whereupon they were joined, and to this day there is one Bishop of Bath and Wells. Is *baith* the Scotch way of saying *Bath* and *both* ? If so, I missed the point of the story till quite lately.

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The American newspapers have not so much of what may

be called controversial and militant politics as Irish and English newspapers. They give a larger space to amusing and general topics. Where do they get their unfailing supply of varieties, anecdotes, essays in miniature? For instance, the following which is headed "Do the hard things first."

* * * * *

Suspended above the desk of a Pittsbury bank president is this motto: "Do the hard things first." Ten years ago he was discount clerk in this same bank.

"How did you climb so fast?" I asked.

"I lived up to that text," he replied.

"Tell me about it," I asked.

"There is not much to tell," he replied, "I had long been conscious that I was not keeping up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There was always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt an increased incapacity for my work. One morning I woke up. I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memorandum of several matters that had long needed attention stared me from my calendar. I had been carrying them along from day to day. Inclosed in a rubber band were a number of unanswered letters which necessitated the looking up of certain information before the replies could be sent. I had tried for days to ignore their presence.

"Suddenly the thought came to me: 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean, annoying, little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise. I took off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half as hard as I had expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it: 'Do the hard things first,' and put it where I could see it every morning. I've been doing the hard things first ever since."

WINGED WORDS

The great lesson that every boy has to master, sooner or later, is that to the road of solid acquirement there are no short cuts.—*Rev. David Bearne, S.J.*

The virtue of Paganism was strength ; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.—*Guesses at Truth.*

The ancients dreaded death ; the Christians can only fear dying.—*Julius Charles Hare.*

True modesty does not consist in an ignorance of our merits but in a due estimate of them.—*The same.*

It is curious that we express personality and unity by the same symbol. [But only in English. John Bull is fond of Number One.]

Crimes sometimes shock us too much, vices almost always too little.—*Augustus Hare.*

In place of all other delights substitute this, that you are obeying God.—*Epictetus.*

Of all that makes for optimism in the nature of things, there is nothing pleasanter to contemplate than the evanescence of vulgarity. No one, not even the vulgar, cares for the universally acclaimed vulgarity of last year.—*A. B. Walkley.*

Human hearts are holy things.—*Mary Howitt.*

It was a foolish and profane wish that Burns put into his famous lines. If we saw ourselves as others see us, the disappointments and disillusion of life would be doubled.—*Saturday Review.*

I pass my daily life among working men, and I maintain that the majority of them have not a week's money in case of ill-health or misfortune, and that this is chiefly due to drink.—*A. B. Markham, M.P.*

If you know how a man deals with money,—how he gets it, spends it, keeps it, shares it, you know some of the most important things about him.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

MARCH, 1905

ROBERT CARBERY

PRIEST OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

ONE of the pathetic mysteries of this mortal life is the ease with which its ties are broken and its partnerships dissolved by death. People take very readily as a matter-of-course almost every death except their own. When a person who has had close and important relations with many drops out of life, he does not leave such a void behind him as he probably imagined he would. Matters arrange themselves, other relations are formed, the world goes on, and even *his* little world goes on as usual ; very soon " out of sight " becomes " out of mind," and the departed is practically forgotten.

It is often a mere matter of chance that one name rather than another is preserved a little longer from utter oblivion by some record of its bearer's career being put on paper. There is no need to explain why Father Carbery, S.J., in preference to others whose claims might seem as great or greater, is here added to the many Irishmen to whose names the *IRISH MONTHLY* has given or will give a share in whatever measure of immortality may fall to its own lot. The Editor of the issue of the *Clongownian*, which appeared in June, 1904, is chiefly responsible ; for the sketch that he induced me to contribute to that interesting number has brought to me, from one who knew Father Carbery much more intimately, a store of materials which even now can only be partially utilised.

The name Carbery occurs in Irish history and in Irish
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geography. There was many a Lord Carbery of the genuine stock before the revolution drove them out, and the forfeited title was given to a lawyer called Evans. The family gave their name to a barony in West Cork ; and the first line of Thomas Davis's last poem, "The Sack of Baltimore," tells how "the summer's sun was falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles." Whether or not the race could be traced back to Spain in its primeval Christian days, as Robert Carbery's father loved to imagine, some of them were exiled there after the treacheries of the Siege of Limerick. We hear, however, of two brothers of the family living in the South of Ireland in the latter half of the eighteenth century. One of these settled ultimately in the United States just after they had acquired that name ; and this Irish-American prospered so well that his grandson, Thomas Carbery, was Mayor of Washington about 1820.* The other brother engaged in commerce at home with such success that his grandson, Andrew Carbery, about the same time owned a fair estate in County Waterford, and a considerable part of the town of Dungarvan.

Younger than Andrew by ten years was William Carbery, who was born November 21st, in that sadly memorable year of Irish history, 1798. There are not many, I fear, who celebrate their father's birthday, even in his lifetime ; but our Robert Carbery adverts often in his letters to the day of his father's birth, many years after his death. This latter event happened in 1868 ; yet when the anniversary of the birth comes round in 1889, Robert writes to one of his sisters : "The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin is ever a sweet feast for me, not only for its own sake but as the very appropriate birthday of my saintly father. How often I thank God for having given me such a saint !" November 20th, 1892, found him at Loyola, in Spain, writing home thus : "This is the eve of my dear father's festival. For his sake, in addition to the sweet sacrifice it commemorates, it ever comes to me as one of the most welcome and sacred anniversaries of the year. What an immense debt of gratitude we owe to God for such a father ! Every year as it passes intensifies this feeling in my soul.

* An account of this Carbery family is given in *A Story of Courage*, a work founded on the annals of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, by George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the convert daughter and son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The memory of my parents becomes more bright and real, more constant, in fact more living every year."

William Carbery for many years carried on the business of a corn merchant on a large scale at Youghal, where he had very extensive stores stretching along the northern quays. He took a deep interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of each one of the large number of men that he employed; and these had all unbounded confidence in "the master." He was, from his earliest years, extremely exact in the performance of his duties as a Catholic; but in spite of this, or on account of this, he stood on good terms with the gentry of the neighbourhood, who were then almost exclusively Protestant, he and his brother Andrew being the first Catholic magistrates appointed after Emancipation had made Catholics eligible for that dignity of Justice of the Peace.

That year of Catholic Emancipation saw the birth of his eldest son. In 1827 he had married Elizabeth Hill Olden, and brought her to Youghal from that picturesque seaside town that is named oftener, perhaps, than any other in Ireland, on account of its being "the last glimpse of Erin" for so many thousands and thousands of Irish emigrants. At that time it was called the Cove of Cork, but twenty years later it changed that undignified name into Queenstown in honour of the first of Queen Victoria's rare visits to Ireland, just as Dunleary, earlier in the century, had become Kingstown in honour of the last of the Georges.

We have seen how affectionately the father's birthday was commemorated in this closely united family, and we may be sure that like honour was paid to the anniversary of their mother's birth. Accordingly, her birthday is duly chronicled in the domestic annals as being April 21st, 1802. In the following sketch there will be many indications of the supreme place she held in the heart of her first-born, who wrote thus when the Blessed Virgin was no longer his only mother in heaven: "Thank God, at all events, no matter how faulty in other ways, the one love of my life from childhood was my mother; and the one consolation in leaving her was the strong faith in the divine promise that, as it was the only real sacrifice I could make, I should be repaid a hundred-fold, and ensure being with her for ever in heaven." And ten years after her death he

spoke of her in these terms in a letter from which this is taken to be placed on his mortuary card :—

“ Communion with our friends gone before us to heaven is not only wholesome but holy in its power to make real for us the existence of faith. It is delightful to make little excursions to our true Home. To realize meeting my dear mother in Heaven is one of my greatest joys. Her eyes and smile are as present to me now as if it were only a moment since I saw her. A few moments before she died there was a ray of joy, and that old, beautiful smile on her face, which I shall never forget. Holy parents are, after the gift of Faith, the greatest blessing that God can bestow on a child. What can I render to Him for giving me that great blessing in such superabundance.”

Of such parents Robert Joseph Carbery was born on the 27th of September, 1829, late enough, therefore, in the Emancipation year to be from birth one of the emancipated. Following the example of the biographers of saints and holy persons, we may venture to discover in this date a presage of the life then begun ; for the 27th of September is a domestic festival in the Society which the child was destined to join—not honoured thus out of any special devotion to the saints of the day, Cosmas and Damian, but because that day is the anniversary of the confirmation of the Society by Pope Paul III, through the Bull *Regimini Militantis Ecclesiae*, dated September 27th, 1540.

Queenstown was his birthplace, as it was for his three sisters and for all his five brothers except the youngest, who was born when his mother had no longer a mother to fly to in her time of anxiety. The date of even this bereavement is fixed in the correspondence of Father Carbery, who had a wonderfully retentive memory for departed friends. Writing to his youngest sister on the 29th of June, 1895, he says : “ This is the anniversary, never to be forgotten, of my first great sorrow, the death of my maternal grandmother in Queenstown, or Cove, as we called it then. I remember every incident connected with it as if it happened only yesterday. I was then in my thirteenth year.”

Those first thirteen years he spent in what an American relative, General Coppinger, called “ an ideal home ”—Green Park, in Youghal, that interesting old town “ at the mouth of

the exquisite Blackwater, which is the Auniduff of Spenser and the Avondhu of many an Irish tale and legend." Here it was that Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the first tobacco seen in Europe and (much more important) planted the first patoto. The house in which he lived is well preserved, with its "out-hanging oriel window in which Spenser read the beginning of the *Faery Queen* to Raleigh." * Between that interesting old house and the sea lay the less venerable but much more spacious and commodious residence of the Carberys, with its beautiful grounds jealously guarded by a high wall on the western side where the public road ran. One of its youngest inhabitants reports that it always merited its name; for in the hottest summer, when vegetation was almost dried up everywhere else, the emerald tinge was ever the same at Green Park. The sea ran close to the eastern and south walls, reaching to a considerable height at high tide, against which Mr. Carbery erected a bulwark of huge stones at a cost of some five hundred pounds. What ample space this mansion afforded even for the large population of young people that filled it in those old days, may be conjectured from its subsequent fate and present condition. When her husband died and her children were nearly all scattered—two in religious houses, two in their early graves (but after some years of manhood and work), and two in homes of their own—Mrs. Carbery found the place lonely and too full of the past. She removed to Bella Vista, Queenstown, which, on the death of her sister, had become her property; and there her only surviving son, Mr. Joseph Carbery, J.P., at present resides. Green Park was sold to the Government about 1872; the southern portion of the grounds has been turned into a public park, and the house is now the Green Park Hotel. The high wall has been removed, and the beautiful old trees throw their pleasant shade over the widened public road.

In this pious and happy Catholic home Robert Carbery grew up, unspoiled by the special love bestowed upon him with the full consent and complicity of his younger brothers and sisters. His education began at home and at a day-school kept by a Dr. Edwards. His father and his uncle were chiefly

* Some of these phrases are taken from a delightful paper, "At Youghal," by Lady Gilbert, pp. 617-627 of our nineteenth volume.

instrumental in introducing the Christian Brothers into Youghal and Dungarvan ; but before their arrival an illustrious Christian Brother had visited Youghal when Robert Carbery was nine or ten years old. Gerald Griffin came to pay what proved to be his last visit to his sister in the Presentation Convent, not long before his too early death. When he called on Mr. Carbery, he asked his eldest boy if he would become a Christian Brother when he was old enough. "No, I won't, because you don't say Mass." "God grant," said the holy Brother, "that you may say many a Mass before He takes you to Himself."

Though there were many young faces round her, the mother felt it a bitter sacrifice when the time came for sending her eldest son to a boarding-school. In 1844 he was placed in Clongowes Wood College. As late as November 12th, 1902, Father Carbery referred back to this momentous epoch of his life. "I remember well the long journey up, with my poor father, by the mail coach from Cork, and my first experience of Dublin in the Imperial Hotel. I still have a number of my mother's letters, written to me while I was at school at Clongowes." And then he makes his usual act of thanksgiving : "How grateful I ought to be to God for having such parents ! What a happiness when we shall all, please God, meet in Heaven." His brother John soon joined him at Clongowes ; and the four younger brothers followed in their turn in later years.

During the whole of Robert Carbery's school course at Clongowes the Rector of the College was the holy and genial Father Robert Haly, well known as a missionary in almost every parish of Ireland twenty or thirty years ago—his work, indeed, was over then, but well remembered ; and, as Young of the *Night Thoughts* said of himself, "he has been so long remembered that he is now almost forgotten." There are many who can still recall the pleasant old man with the snow-white head stooped down, so venerable looking that in the country parishes the people would say of him, when he and Father Fortescue and Father Ronan were giving a mission, "I want to get to confession to the ould bishop." Father Haly, whose life has been very graphically sketched in an interesting book recently published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, under the title of *A Roll of Honour : Irish Prelates [and Priests of the*

Last Century, was very much more at home and in his element when conducting a mission in a country parish than when presiding over a large college; and he entrusted a great part of his charge to the very efficient hands of his Minister (or Vice-President, as he might be called elsewhere), Father Henry James Rorke, afterwards well known at St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner-street, where he died comparatively young.

As a sample of Robert Carbery's achievements during his Clongowes course we may take the list of prizes allotted at the end of the school year, 1846-1847. In the academical exercises which wound up the term in July, 1847, he took the part of Bassanio in a scene from "The Merchant of Venice," and the part of Malcolm in a scene from "Macbeth;" and in the printed list of prizes the name Robert Carbery is very conspicuous. It appears first (and alone) in Christian Doctrine, and fourth in Natural Philosophy. In the Rhetoric class he was second as regards the examination in the authors studied, while, as regards original composition, he came first in the Greek oration, English oration, Latin Alcaic ode and English ode, second in Latin and French, and third in Greek ode. In the first class of Mathematics he got the second prize; and in the Debate he and his friend Nicholas Gannon of Laragh are marked as equal in their competition for the medal for excellence. A still more intimate friend, whose friendship lasted till the close of his life, won from him the first prize in Mathematics. This was Christopher Palles, who has since gained an illustrious place in the history of the legal profession in Ireland as the greatest and the last of the three Catholic Chief Barons of the Exchequer, who have between them filled almost the whole of the long period that has elapsed since the Emancipation Act made Catholics eligible. This high office is now abolished, the Court of Exchequer being amalgamated with the rest of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, though the last, and certainly not the least distinguished holder of the extinct office continues to enjoy the title.*

* Chief Baron Palles's immediate predecessor was David Pigot, who succeeded Stephen Woulfe. Chief Baron Woulfe, in one of his parliamentary speeches, used a phrase which the *Nation* newspaper adopted as its motto—"To create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and to make it racy of the soil." This half sentence is all that is now remembered of him.

The "Debate" mentioned in the preceding paragraph might be considered as the last public sitting of the Debating Society for the year. Ten years before, the Clongowes Debating Society had witnessed the first oratorical attempts of one who became brilliantly eloquent in after years, Thomas Francis Meagher. The *Clongownian* of June, 1901, gives the subjects of these final Academy Debates from 1843 to 1857, with five omissions. The names of the youthful combatants are also given, ending on the last of those years with "Peter O'Brien and John Naish"—to wit, a Lord Chief Justice and a Lord Chancellor. Robert Carbery was one of the champions in 1847 and 1848. On the first occasion he was a member of the Council of John II of Portugal discussing the proposal of Christopher Columbus to discover a western route to America—so the question is said to have been put, rather anachronistically. The second year he was supposed to be one of a set of Britons discussing the expediency of calling in the Saxon against the Gael. Not very burning questions in the middle of the nineteenth century. Very much more interesting was the debate in the year 1900, summarised on the page opposite the one which has furnished me with these particulars; for at this more recent date the motion to be sustained or assaulted was, "That the position of the Irish nation has improved during the past century." Small wonder that the prohibitions of a purely political treatment of the subject was occasionally violated, as the official record tells us. The result of the debate was that 41 votes against 19 carried the negative, and decided that the position of the Irish nation has *not* improved during the past century. The youthful debaters of 1905 were more cautious in their choice of subjects. They got a month to make up their minds (and their speeches) on the question, which of the two, Scott or Dickens, has left the truer and more imposing gallery of literary pictures; and again, more remote still from contemporary passions, which was the greater military genius and greater man, Cæsar or Napoleon? Sir Walter Scott got 36 votes against Dickens's 33, and Napoleon got 44 votes against Cæsar's 24.

Let us go now back half a century to Robert Carbery's school-days, and refer to an important part of them, his vacations. The human heart is hardly capable of happiness more

vivid and intense than the schoolboy feels, going home for his first vacation, especially if his trunk contains along with shirts and stockings a goodly array of resplendent premiums and a pile of laurels (portable because metaphorical). The summer holidays in those old times had the immense additional zest of being the year's solitary sojourn under the parental roof. Christmastide had to be enjoyed as well as possible on the College premises. It was only after R. Carbery's schoolboy life was over that he spent the home Christmas that he refers to in a letter of December 12th 1896,—not at Green Park, but at his second home, Shamrock Lodge, Dungarvan, under the loving, hospitable care of his aunt and god-mother. "So many of those whom we loved most and who are most vividly impressed on our hearts will unite with us in heaven that our Christmas thoughts will naturally be with them. There is a union of great hope and peace in the conviction that they are ever watching over us and longing for the moment when we shall be safe with them. Of all my Christmases past, that of '48 comes most vividly before me, from our starting from Green Park on Christmas Eve to our journey over the mountain to Dungarvan, and the grand happy days we had there. Such parties and such fun ! Cousins just home from the Convent, and M. M., with all the news of Dublin, quite an authority as a French scholar, and the interpreter for the French crew of a shipwreck there. It was, indeed, a jolly time. But even *then* I felt the passing nature of such happiness, pure and intense as it was, and the longing for some joy that could not pass away. My heart is always full of gratitude for not having permitted me to turn a deaf ear to those inspirations."

It was probably not during these Clongowes vacations, but later on during his Maynooth course, that Robert Carbery exercised his zeal in teaching Latin very perseveringly to some young lads in whom he discerned an ecclesiastical vocation. Several of these became excellent priests ; and Mrs. Carbery ever after took a pleasure in assisting young students who seemed capable of such a career.

We may be sure that through all these years many a fervent prayer went up to God from this devoted motherly heart concerning the vocation of her eldest son himself, of whom she was so proud and so fond.

After he had passed through the usual course up to the class of Rhetoric, Robert Carbery spent another year under the care of his *Alma Mater*, in the class of Philosophy, although the register of Trinity College, Dublin, shows that he matriculated there on the 8th of November, 1847, and was assigned as a pupil to Dr. Sadlier. He stayed on, however, in Clongowes, till the summer of 1848, figuring, as we have just seen, in the academical exercises that wound up that school year. His acknowledged prowess in the Debating Society had helped to turn his thoughts towards the Bar. We do not know how his vocation was finally settled. We are not allowed to overhear "what the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist," or rather what the Holy Spirit said to the heart of the young man. Long afterwards he told one of his brothers in religion that the following incident had been the turning point in his career, or at least had some share in fixing his determination to quit the world. He was over in London, enjoying keenly his first sight of the wonders of that overgrown metropolis. It was the beginning of the year 1849, for he had during his visit an opportunity of seeing Queen Victoria open Parliament in person on the 1st of February. The kindness of Richard Lalor Shiel, who was Youghal's brilliant representative in the House of Commons, had secured for his youthful constituent an excellent place for viewing the outside portion of the pageant.

Even if it were worth while, the details of the scene cannot be verified on the spot at present. The old Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in October, 1834. Sir Charles Barry began to rebuild them in 1840. The Lords entered their new premises in 1847, but the Commons did not assemble in theirs till November, 1862. In the building as it stood at the time of which I am writing there was, it seems, a balcony over the entrance, from which one particularly observant pair of Irish eyes looked down upon the expectant throng. Among other things they watched the efforts of a certain gentleman to provide a somewhat similar coign of vantage for a lady whom he was escorting. There was a particular corner fenced off by a low railing, and it occurred to the gentleman that if the lady were snugly ensconced behind this railing she would be guarded from the crush and could see in security nearly all that was to be seen. Accordingly a chair

was procured and placed against the railing to enable the lady to cross the barrier ; but in the hurry of her excitement, or through some sudden swaying of the crowd, she slipped and struck her forehead against one of the spikes. She was hurried off to the nearest hospital, but died before reaching it. Meanwhile plenty of sawdust was scattered over the pathway to hide the blood that had gushed forth profusely, and the ringing cheers of the multitude went up, as the royal carriages with their brilliant escort at last swept in, while no one thought of the poor soul that had just been hurried before the Judgment Seat. The dreadful contrast of life and death affected Robert Carbery powerfully ; and, whatever may have been his hankering after the Bar, he sacrificed it for ever.

(To be continued.)

THE WARNINGS

I was milking in the meadow when I heard the Banshee keening :
Little birds were in the nest, the lambs were on the lea.
Upon the brow of Sliav-na-mon the round gold moon was leaning,
She parted from the hill-top as the Banshee keened for me !

I was weaving by the window when I heard the death-watch
beating,
Tingled all the lonely silence with a whisper like the sea :
High and fair, through cloud and air, the silver moon was
fleeting
But the night began to darken as the death-watch beat
for me !

I was sleepless on my pillow when I heard the dead man calling,
The dead man that lies drowned at the bottom of the sea.
Westward away, in glooms of grey, I saw the dim moon falling.
Now must I rise and go to him, the dead who cries on me !

ALICE FURLONG.

SISTERS

I.—TO FEARGA

(A RONDEL)

IN time of flowers, when you shall be
Beside the Bosphorus far away,
My happy thoughts will often stray
To one I can no longer see.

They'll travel wave and hill and lea,
Despite the sweets of closing May,
In time of flowers when you shall be
Beside the Bosphorus far away.

Oh, lucky thoughts ! for very glee
They laugh to greet that doleful day,
When you shall go and I shall stay
And they can fly to you from me,
In time of flowers when you shall be
Beside the Bosphorus far away.

II.—TO MURIEL

(AN ACROSTIC)

MURIEL dearest, rain was lying
Underfoot as I came to you,
Rain was gathered where day was dying
In low-hung clouds of sombre hue.

Eve was falling ; but then, what matter ?
Love can brighten the darkest hours.
Only a smile is enough to scatter
Clouds unnumbered in sunlit showers.

Out on the Ridgway the world was dreary—
Never a gleam or a glimpse of light—
Oh ! but your laugh, it was sweet and cheery,
Ringing a peal in the ear of night.

J. W. A

DUNMARA

CHAPTER VIII

MAUD AND RANDIE

THE voice, which startled Ellen, said, "I say, Maud! you're a precious figure, aren't you?"

And then another more treble voice rang out clear—"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. Don't imagine you are any better yourself, Master Randie."

"Well, I suppose not. You don't expect a fellow to be as neat as a new pin, after being up to his elbows in wrack all evening, searching for limpets?"

"It's one comfort there's no one to criticise, not even a mermaid; and the fish make no remarks. But there is the moon. I wonder you're not ashamed to be seen by so bright a lady in your shirt-sleeves."

"What does she know about it? I suppose she'd look on me as pleasantly if I were a chimney-sweep. But that's just you, Maud, always flinging the moon or the stars, or something else at a fellow. It's the way they do in novels. I hope you aren't going to turn out sentimental."

"Randal, you goose!" cried the girlish voice, with energy. "Sentimental! You might as well say the heather was going to change into roses and lilies. Sentimental!"

"Well! don't get into a tantrum, but it is romantic to be always talking about the moon."

"But I don't always talk about the moon. And, besides, I think 'romantic' is not such a bad word at all. I like it much better than 'sentimental.'"

"There you are again. You never *are* consistent. Sentiment, you must know, comes from a Latin word, signifying——"

"There, there! don't give me any Latin. I'm sick of Latin. Besides, you know precious little of it, I think."

"Of what?"

"Of Latin."

"I know as much as that any way. However, if you don't

like Latin, here's English for you. Why, sentiment simply means——"

"Well, well! I don't care, I hate the word. It's no matter what it means, as I shall never compile a dictionary."

"No, I'm sure you won't. You'll never do anything distinguished. You're not made for that kind of thing."

"No; I'm not made for anything but to carry home fish and get laughed at. However, there's one consolation, if I never do anything distinguished, neither will you."

"Why, Maud! you're not vexed? There now, don't be a goosie. You know what a rough cove I am. Come, make it up, and I'll be ready in a jiffy to take the basket."

"No, indeed, I'll keep it, Randie. I'm very cross, but I'm not tired at all."

"You're a regular brick."

"But you must make haste, or we shan't be home before our visitor arrives. 'Twould be a pity not to have the limpets for tea after all our trouble."

"I for one don't mean to take my tea without them. Besides, I suppose you haven't anything else to give the 'furring young lady' as Nancy says."

"Not much, indeed; do make haste."

"I say! won't she have a blessed time up there with old Elswitha?"

Here Ellen climbed a little higher on the rocks so as to see the speakers. If the landscape had been a subject for Cuyp, here was one for Mulready. A tall, athletic-looking boy knelt by a pool in the rocks, dashing the waters over his brown muscular arms. He was in his shirt and trousers, and his sleeves were rolled up above the elbow. His face, good-looking and sunburnt, was upturned, and his merry lips were parted over white teeth as he glanced archly at his companion, who stood a few yards away, a rustic gipsy figure, singularly picturesque. In polite eyes, she was, indeed, rather a "figure," as the boy had said. Her dress was a coarse brown linsey, rather short for so tall a girl. She wore a black jacket, lined with scarlet flannel. Her brown straw hat was in one hand, while the other held the rope which kept a rough basket on her shoulders. In this lay a heap of limpets. Her dark hair was all tumbled loose on her neck, and the brown face seemed

glowing with health and intelligence. She glanced up, saw Ellen, and coloured.

"Oh ! Randie," she cried, "there she is, I am sure."

"Who ?"

"The young lady from Dunmara."

Randie started to his feet.

"We *are* a nice pair to meet visitors," he said. "However, it can't be helped. We're martyrs to hospitality. Besides, she's a foreigner, you know, and I daresay she'll think we are quite fashionable. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise.' But where is she ? I don't see any one."

Just then Ellen came down the rocks by their side. The girl and boy both looked confused, and Ellen was the first to speak.

"Can you show me the way to Dr. Drummond's house ?" she asked, in her quaint accent.

The stranger's face and tone reassured Randie, who was not subject to bashfulness. He brightened up and cried,—

"That I can. I am his son, Randal Drummond, and I am going home. We are all expecting you there, that is, if you are the young lady who—the lady from Dunmara."

"Yes, I have come from Dunmara," said Ellen smiling.

"Well, we're very glad to see you, and that's the house over there, that low, long one, with the window in the gable. If you'll just come along, we'll take you faster than you could go by yourself. Maud and I have been getting some limpets for your tea. Are you hungry ?"

"Very," said Ellen, much amused at this new character.

"Do hush, Randie !" burst in Maud. "What will Miss Wilde think of you ? Don't be so rude."

"Don't you begin a lecture, Maud," returned the boy, with a saucy toss of his cap. "I don't mean rudeness. I simply asked Miss Wilde if she were hungry, because I hope she'll enjoy our limpets."

"I don't suppose she knows what limpets are," said Maud, and then as they walked forward, Randie bounding on in front with the basket, Maud came shyly up to Ellen and offered her arm.

"You look tired," she said. "I know you have been ill. Will you lean on me ?"

She stood with her face from the light, and her great amber eyes, with their black dilated pupils, met Ellen's glance, half shy, half eager.

"No, thank you, dear," said Ellen. "I am quite well now."

"Why do you call me 'dear' in that way?" she said. "I think you are not much older than I."

"Oh! yes; I am sure I am. A great deal."

"How old are you?"

"Nearly eighteen."

"Ah! that is a great deal more. I am nearly fifteen."

They soon climbed the cliffs, and got on the uplands, knee-deep in the poppies and sea-pinks.

They crossed a broad piece of moor, and then a small meadow, walled round with stunted apple-trees, in which a cow was grazing. Then they passed an old well covered by an arch, all clustered over with ivy; and threaded a green alley running along the foot of the garden, fenced by young trees that met over their heads. Thence on till they gained a small farmyard, and there stood the house with its back door and windows fronting them. It was a long one-storied building, with white walls and a yellow thatch.

Randie darted in by the back way with the basket, and Maud conducted her visitor round to the front. Here was a pleasant little enclosure, guarded from the road by a low white wall and small green gate. It was grown with small grass, in which round beds were cut, containing, however, but few flowers; so that the place would have looked bare, but for the hardy shrubs and hedges of fuchsia. A porch, covered with a fiery creeper, overhung the door, which stood wide open, with the red evening sun lying broad upon the threshold. The front of the house looked beyond the road, over a deep valley, with the gleaming track of a blue river seaming its length away to ranges of violet mountains, with velvet shadows among their distant crags.

CHAPTER IX

A NIGHT AT THE LARGIE FARM

THIS was not a large house. It had a small hall, red-tiled and white-walled. On one side was the doctor's study, from which opened his bed-room. On the other side of the hall was the parlour or family sitting-room. From this, a door communicated with the kitchen, an awkward arrangement in any other household, but the young Drummonds loved to gather there at twilight, in the wide ingle round the snug fire on the hearth, while Nancy rattled the tea things on the tray, and while the kettle boiled. At the distant end of the hall a narrower red-tiled passage led to the little bed-rooms.

Into one of these Maud brought Ellen. A fresh pleasant little room, with walls and floor destitute of carpet or paper-hangings, but eminently clean and white ; with a strip of matting on the pure boards, beside a green iron bed with a white quilt and no curtains. The bare window framed an invigorating view of the sea. Here, after introducing her visitor to the water-pitcher and the looking-glass, Maud left her, saying,

" I am the only mistress here, and I am going to see about tea."

Ellen laid aside her hat and shawl, and brushed out her hair before the small mirror which reflected a face with something of its old bloom glowing under brightened eyes. And then, with a pleasant sense of novelty, she sought the red-tiled hall again, and made her way to the parlour.

At any other hour, perhaps, this parlour, with its white walls and wide, deep-seated, uncurtained windows, would have seemed blank and woefully devoid of all the little beautifying influences which ought to be at work in a family room, but now one of these splendid fires, which can only be built of turf, was at the intensest point of brilliance, illumining the cold walls, and covering all defects with its generous glow. The table was spread with preparations for tea, and a fresh, good-humoured looking countrywoman (the Nancy whom Randie had quoted), was arranging the cups and placing the

knives. She dropped a curtsy, with a "Welcome, Miss," and retired precipitately into the kitchen.

Coming to the hearth, Ellen met the eyes of a little fellow, who was lying basking in the firelight, perhaps building castles in the embers, as children, young and old, will do. His scrutinizing glance went up from the hem of the stranger's gown to her eyes, and having gone so far, fell suddenly down again, while he got up and held out his hand, with a quaint mixture of bashfulness and straightforwardness.

"Who are you?" said Ellen, as he stood facing her before the fender, with his hands locked behind his back, and the light shining up over his knickerbockers and curly head.

"I am Christian Drummond," he said, "but they call me Christie."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you are Miss — I forget now."

"Miss Nothing," said Ellen, laughing. "I am only Ellen."

"Is that all?"

"That is all, plain Ellen."

"Well, I like that name. But stay, I must get you a seat;" and he went and fetched one. After this piece of gallantry he sat a few moments quietly on the hearth; he seemed quite independent of such formalities as chairs. At last, as if struck with a bright idea, he said,

"Do you like potato cake?"

"What is that?"

"Oh, don't you know? did you never taste any?"

"Are you going to give me some?"

Christie laughed.

"I can't give you any; it's Nancy that bakes the potato cake, but I know there's some, for I saw her putting butter on it in the kitchen."

"I am sure I shall like it," said Ellen.

"And the limpets, don't you like limpets? Nancy does them with butter and pepper, and they're so jolly; that's why Maud wanted to have some for you, although Nancy said the chickens would be enough. Maud thought, you know, that they'd be home in time, and have everything ready before you came."

"I am sorry I came quite so soon," said Ellen.

"Yes, wasn't it a pity? but it doesn't matter now; tea's all ready if father would come in. I'll tell you what every one is doing now: Father's just about on his way home from seeing a sick man; he'll be here soon. Lottie's with him; she ran down the road to meet him as far as the white gate. Randie is washing his hands, and Maud's in her room brushing her hair, and putting on her best frock. Nancy is just about pouring the boiling water into the tea-pot; and that's all—no, Artie and Eddie, they've done learning their lessons, but they're ashamed to come in."

"You are not so foolish," said Ellen.

"Oh! I was at first, but not now; I'm not afraid of you now, you know; neither would they if they were just really here. Ah, ha! there's Artie peeping in at the door."

Subdued laughing in the passage proved that Christie was right. Ellen opened wide the half closed door, and holding forth both hands said: "You are not afraid of me, boys? Come, shake hands and let us be friends."

Thus invited, Artie and Eddie each proffered a brown hand, and allowed themselves to be coaxed into the room. All four were soon in merry conversation, Ellen getting more and more initiated into the novel mysteries of a moorland life, by the candid communications of the youngsters.

In the pause which followed a loud laugh, a step came outside the open window, and Dr. Drummond's voice was heard in a sad caressing tone; a tone which he seldom used, except to his youngest born. He was approaching the house, and in the cool still twilight the gentle voice came soothingly to the ear, a startling contrast to the boisterous prattle of the lads. How often we are startled by a tone not meant for our ear, breaking wistfully like a sigh upon our unthinking mood, suggesting a world apart of which the voice is a dweller, striking any sensitive chord with which our heart may be strung, and making it ring with sympathy. Ellen felt this when she heard the doctor's fond murmur.

He came past the window slowly, with a little girl in his arms; the child's cheek was against his, and her arms were round his neck.

"Father and Lottie!" shouted Christie; then running and opening the kitchen door: "Now then, Nance, Father's in."

All three scampered to the door and returned with the new-comers. Dr. Drummond's welcome to Ellen was genial ; and the little girl at his side stole up to her at his bidding, and put a small hand in hers, and looked up at her with a sweet shyness.

Nancy came in with lighted candles, also the tea, and other delicacies promised by Christie, and all gathered round the table, Lottie by her father's side. Ellen saw the little one better now in the light, a slight child of six years old, with one of the loveliest countenances she had ever seen ; a little face perfect in symmetry, with a clear pure complexion, red delicate lips, and a soft bloom on the cheeks, the hair was swept back from her forehead with a comb, and fell in silky brown flakes about her tiny throat ; the eyes were in colour soft and rich as brown velvet, and with their delicate brows and dark fringes were wonderfully beautiful ; but their glance was too wistful, their abstracted gaze too spiritual. Ellen searched the child's face for the key-note to that sad cadence in the doctor's voice, and she thought she found it. There were angel reflections hovering about little Lottie's head.

Maud sat at the tea-tray metamorphosed from the limpet-gatherer. She was quite a new Maud, with her dusky hair combed in smooth half-curved masses on her neck, and wearing a blue dress which suited richly her dark bright face, with its changeful colour and expression. Randie, too, had made himself less picturesque by the brushing he had given his hair, and the civilized manner in which he had arranged his habiliments : he looked gay and light-hearted as ever, a spice of recklessness mingling with the saucy good-humour which seemed the usual expression of his face.

After tea, the doctor having returned to his poor patient, the children gathered round the hearth, and more logs of turf were heaped upon the fire.

"We must not sit up too late," said Maud ; "remember we are going to Dunsurf in the morning."

"Of course we are," said Randie. "It's such fun, going to see the McDawdles. Miss Wilde, we are going to present you to some friends of ours to-morrow, and I will just tell you beforehand what you have to expect. You must know," he continued, throwing himself back at ease, in his chair, with

eyes that promised mischief, "that when you drive into the metropolis of Dunsurf, which consists of one street and a half, you will perceive a white cottage, half-way up the hill, which may be called the suburbs of the city; this cottage will possess a garden before and behind, a parrot in the window, canaries in cages outside the door taking an airing, geranium pots ranged on the sill, like little stout red sentinels with enormous green bouquets growing out of their button-holes, and a plentiful sprinkling of London pride growing—in fact promiscuously everywhere. This is the McDawdle exterior; for the interior, you are admitted by a stout servant of some three score years' standing, popularly known as 'the girl;' then you proceed to a brown-holland parlour, where you meet Mrs. McDawdle, otherwise 'Lucinda,' who for the first ten minutes smothers you in her voluminous—what shall I call it?—upholstery, and spends the rest of the time during your stay in trying to bring you to life again by means of half a dozen kinds of wines and cordials."

"Oh, Randie!" burst in Maud reproachfully, trying to swallow her laughter.

"Oh, Maud!" mimicked Randie. "Isn't it true? But I haven't done yet. Where was I? Oh! yes, the doctor. Well! you will next descry a curl of blue smoke above the gooseberry bushes in the garden, the herald of Gregory McDawdle, Esquire—no, not M.D. but R.B.—Regular Brick."

"Mrs. McDawdle is chiefly remarkable for her preserves."

Randie delivered this sentence with the air of the man with the wand who describes the different places as the panorama moves on.

"Therefore, there is an accompaniment to the revivifying process before mentioned. If you are a small individual not arrived at years of discretion, you are seized upon by 'the girl' and swathed up to the eyes in a napkin. If, on the contrary, you are an imposing personage, you are only required to make a rapid descent into an armchair and to be wheeled up to the table opposite a dozen pots and jars of different kinds of preserves. You need not attempt capitulation with the enemy, till all have been tasted——"

"That's good!" cried Eddie. "The enemy, indeed! You should see how he walks into the jam!"

CHAPTER X.

DR. MCDAWDLE.

THE drive next day was a treat to Ellen. Towards noon she leaned back in her corner of the car and revelled in the beauty of the surrounding land. Now it was a wide blue lake with crowds of yellow reeds standing about the edges and wading far out into its wavelets pearly with white lilies; and then a ruin with a broken gable and ivied window, where the sunshine made marvellous glories of light and shade to enrapture artist eyes. And now they had descended into the warm shade of a reddening grove, where the fire-veined amber leaves were turning brown under the horses' feet. They followed the rash feet of a headlong river which ran a race with their speed, with much splashing and sputtering and turbid yellowing of its white crest, tripping over rocks in its haste, and falling with a crash to their feet, gathering its strength again with undiminished energy, and springing on the next obstacle with renewed vigour.

As the sun rose high over the bay the party reached Dunsurf, a pretty village on the coast. The car ascended the hill mentioned by Randie, and there was the cottage with the canaries, and the parrot, and a short stout servant of middle age, in a huge be-ribboned cap and white apron, watching their approach from the door.

And now a word about Dr. McDawdle, who, by the way, was, properly speaking, no doctor at all. Like Dr. Drummond he was from the North, and had been his class-fellow in youth. He had got on at college in a fitful uncertain way, but he had got on. He was not without talent, on the contrary high opinions had once been entertained as to what his abilities might be, did he only choose to exert them. To a certain point he persevered in the studies necessary for his profession, but all at once he stopped short. Some said he contracted the habit of smoking just then, and puffed away all the little energy he had possessed.

Be that as it may, he retired from the field of emulation and married his good Lucinda. Nothing that friends could

usage would induce him to go forward for any final examination. Perhaps to free himself from the annoyance of being advised, —perhaps because he hoped to prove a better prophet out of his own country—he quietly departed his former life by conveying his wife, his pipe, and his trusty servant to the obscure village of Dunsurf in the western wilds.

Here he had remained as we find him, contentedly ambling along the slow road which he had in his own lazy fashion marked out as the one sure monotonous path of his life. Many were the stories told of attempts made by friends to push him on to better fortune, such efforts being always vain; the obstacle to the doctor's advancement being unhappily the doctor himself. Maud and Randie could both recollect one evening some years before they left Belfast, when a straggler from the nursery brought up the wonderful intelligence, "Dr. McDawdle's in the drawing-room." The doctor had actually travelled all the way from Dunsurf in the west, and there he was in Dr. Drummond's house.

Some one had, for the seventy-and-seventh time, been putting it into his head to better his condition. Some one had promised to get him a situation as surgeon to a ship going out to India. "It might be a good thing," the doctor admitted, "a good thing." But where was his diploma? A diploma was absolutely necessary, but diploma none had he. Something had for once waked up the doctor, for he was really in earnest and had come to ask counsel of his friend. Full of sympathy for all the world, Dr. Drummond had talked the matter over with him, but it seemed a hopeless case. Diploma there must be, but diploma there was none.

Slower and longer-faced than ever, the poor doctor left his friend's house. Next day, he happened to meet another professional brother, a jovial kind-hearted big man, who thought it no harm to play a trick to oblige a friend. This man said:—

"Now I know of another Dr. McDawdle who has just died. His widow is poor. Go to L—— where she lives, give her a sum for her husband's diploma, and all will be right."

Dr. Drummond shook his head when he heard of this plan. Such a proceeding jarred upon his upright ideas, and he left them to settle the matter between them; and so it was arranged that Dr. Gregory should go to L—— for the diploma,

accept the situation, go home for his wife, and depart to seek a better fortune. But, alas! L—— was twenty miles away, and the doctor had already travelled a long way. He was positively going every day; every evening he called and told Dr. Drummond that he was "off in the morning;" at last he did not come and his friend concluded he had gone. A week passed, when one day he met the doctor and his pipe sauntering along one of the suburbs of the town.

He had not gone, and he never went. He put off his formidable journey till it was too late, and then, when sure that his chance was gone, he went back by easy stages to Dunsurf and indulged in no more dreams of ambition.

Mrs. McDawdle was a good-humoured little woman, who wore a voluminous chintz-pattern gown, and a bunch of keys tied to her waist. She was a gossip of the first water, and knew the full history of every family of any importance for fifty miles around. She was as quite contented with her "girl," and her preserving-pan, and her pantry with its rows of jam-pots, as was the doctor with his pipe and his practice about Dunsurf.

"Maud, my darling! Lottie, my pet! Randie, you mischief! I am so glad to see you all, my dears," cried Lucinda, coming forth to meet her visitors. "Come away, and get off your cloaks. Mary, get tea quickly, like a good girl."

And now the doctor comes in with his long, sallow, kind face, and welcomes them all over again. And now Ellen is obliged to laugh at a look telegraphed by Randie, who is gazing with expressive eyes at the various jars of fanciful pattern ranged geometrically upon the table.

CHAPTER XI

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUNGIERs

ELLEN's purchases were soon made, and she sat in the house all day, making a black gown; in the evening, Maud and the boys went out with the doctor for a ramble, and Mrs. McDawdle sat and sewed with Ellen, who had already found a place in Lucinda's capacious heart. The window where they sat overlooked the bay and hills, and the hour was very tranquilly

lovely with a holy twilight just creeping mysteriously from the distance to close the eyes of sunset. The crescent hung like a silver leaf in the violet dusk ; the line of low hills guarding the bay stood forth in rich relief, hued like the velvet petal of a dark pansy. The pale yellow which threw them forward melted into a tint of ethereal green, which faded upward into delicate azure and then wandered away in a thousand aerial tints till the chilling east blenched them floating into its shadow.

The bay, like a capricious lady displaying her jewels, flashed and hid them, scattered them lavishly, and then gathered them quickly again from the eye. It zoned the brown rocks with a winding string of pearls and recalled its gift ; it dazzled the homely rack-strewn sand with its crystals, and mischievously snatched them to its bosom.

" And so you are really going to live at Dunmara, my dear. I pity you from my heart. It will be a wretched life for a young person."

" Why so ? " asked Ellen.

" Oh ! because they are such very odd people. Of course, you know nothing about them, but I could tell you, my dear. They were very grand once—still highly respectable, you know, but not at all what they were before the burning of the castle. They never have been the same since that happened."

Mrs. McDawdle was in excellent humour for gossiping, and had settled herself comfortably in her chair prepared to tell she knew all about the Aungiers. Her love of a good story blinded her good nature to the fear of making Ellen unhappy by impressing her with gloomy anticipations of her future home. That she might do so, did not occur to Mrs. McDawdle. Had such been the case, I am inclined to think that she would have foregone the pleasures of story-telling, and held her tongue. But, at the moment, she thought of nothing but the one fact that she had by her side an auditor who was ignorant of much which it would please her, Lucinda, mightily to relate ; and so she cleared her throat, and went to her task in the most business-like manner.

" They are a very old family," she said, " as the people here say, the castle was ' as ould as the rocks on the shore.' I have heard people say that so handsome and stately a couple as old Mr. Aungier and his wife had never been seen in the west.

But they were a strange pair. . They had both terrible tempers and never could agree well together ; I believe she was the worst, although she made a great show of religion, and was always talking about the Bible. They say she was very hard and cruel. I know a woman who lived as housemaid at Dunmara in her youth, and she says that every one in the house dreaded the old lady's frown."

Ellen did not see exactly how all this concerned her, but Mrs. McDawdle was in her element, and went on earnestly.

" They had seven sons and two daughters, and she called them all by the most outlandish names. They say the sons were really named after seven old Saxon kings, and the girls' names were quite as ridiculous. Elswitha grew up like her mother in temper and disposition, but without beauty ; Rowena was always a childish creature, but very handsome. When I came here, a young married woman, I used to hear a great deal about them.

" Only three of the sons lived to be men : the two eldest, Harold and Athelstan, and the youngest of the family, Mr. Egbert Aungier, who was at the time I speak of only a little boy at school. The two eldest were remarkably fine-looking young men ; Harold, especially, was a handsome, dashing fellow ; he was in the army, and looked splendid in his uniform. Athelstan was very delicate in health, and they said he was mad about music and painting, and had odd whims about most things.

" They had a young girl living at Dunmara—a kind of ward of the old gentleman's. She was a foreigner, and had been there some time when I came here ; I never saw her myself, but they said she was a lovely creature, one of those girls who bewitch everybody. She was a great pet with the old gentleman, but Mrs. Aungier never could bear her ; Elswitha hated her, too, I believe, but Rowena, the younger one, and she, were great friends."

Ellen dropped her work for a moment, and became more interested, whereupon Mrs. McDawdle hastened to continue her story.

" Well, my dear, both the young men fell in love with the little ' cousin,' as they called her, though I believe she was no relation at all. They were both infatuated about her, and there was nothing but quarrels and jealousy between them. When

Mrs. Aungier discovered it, she was infuriated, and they said that she and Elswitha were very cruel to the poor girl. She was a high-spirited creature, and could not endure taunts, and though they did say she was attached to Harold, she went off one day and married an artist who had been giving lessons at the castle, and who had fallen in love with her, I suppose, like the rest.

"After this the quarrels at Dunmara were worse than ever. Each of the young men blamed the other, and both accused their mother of driving the girl to desperation. Old Mr. Aungier was deeply grieved, for they said he loved this girl better than any of his own children, but there was no doubt that Mrs. Aungier and her eldest daughter were delighted to get rid of her, though they pretended to be very angry. Harold went off in a fury to his regiment and was never seen again at Dunmara. He was killed abroad; they said in battle, but there was a whisper about a duel. Athelstan became a greater invalid than ever, and lived constantly at home."

"Did they never hear of the cousin again?" asked Ellen, who had become wonderfully interested in all this.

"I am going to tell you, my dear. About two years after her elopement the poor thing came travelling back to Dunmara on foot, one wild October evening, with a baby in her arms. She came to the door and knocked, and the old lady herself, who had espied her from the window, went and opened it, just spoke one word to her, and shut her out again in the bitter blast. The servants from the kitchen saw her going down the avenue again, with, as they said, 'the leaves off the ground blowin' in her eyes, and the bit of a shawl flyin' in the wind,' and they dared not move. Mrs. Aungier went round the house, and locked all the doors.

"And now I must tell you my own share of the story. One night I was sitting here at the fire by myself. Gregory was out late with a troublesome patient, and I was tired waiting for him. I had said my prayers, and was all ready for bed, and I believe I was nodding asleep at the fire when the doctor's trap came to the door. When I opened the door, he said in a great hurry,—

"'Lucinda, where's the girl?'

"I said, 'She has gone to bed.'

“ ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ bid her get up and help you to do something for this poor woman.’ ”

“ And there, when I looked, was a creature stretched along by the gate, and a baby on her breast. We thought at first that she was dead, but when we got her to bed she came to. Gregory knew what to do, you know ; but the next day she was in a raging fever. Gregory wanted me to leave the house, and let him and the girl do what was wanted, but I said, ‘ No, Gregory, I’ll have a finger in the pie as well as you ; I mean to have my share in the good deed.’ And so I stayed and nursed her. We hadn’t an idea at first of who she was, but we soon found out from her ravings.

“ And dear, dear, dear, dear ! ” said Mrs. McDawdle, putting up her hands, “ to think of her being the young beauty, so hacked, and worn, and gone as she was.

“ Well ! she got over the fever, but Gregory told me that nothing could save her life. She just wasted away with weakness. She hardly spoke a word, but I could see by her poor eyes that her heart was fierce to them who had been cruel to her. One evening she sat up when I thought she had scarcely strength to lift her hand, and asked me for some paper and a pen, and she wrote a letter. Then she put it up along with some other papers I had found in the bosom of her dress, and she asked me to direct the parcel to Miss Rowena Aungier, Dunmara Castle, and send it very privately, so that no one but the right person might get it—and I did so.

“ It made my heart bleed to see how troubled the poor soul was, and she so near death, and so I sent for our good priest, and got him to talk to her ; and a great change came over her, and her countenance grew quite meek and gentle. I remember the day she died was wet and stormy, and in the evening she lay with her poor dim eyes watching the rain falling,—the little baby sleeping by her side : and all at once she said,

“ ‘ Madame,’ (she spoke with a little foreign accent, just as you do, my dear)—‘ madame, will you send another letter for me ? ’ ”

“ And I gave her another sheet of paper, and she scrawled over it with her poor weak hand. I promised to send it also to Miss Rowena Aungier, and I did. When she had done she lay back quite exhausted, and by-and-by she said again,—

" 'Madame, if a strange woman comes for my baby after I am dead, let her have it. She is my best friend.'

" I promised this also, and then she prayed, oh ! dear, what blessings she did pray upon me and Gregory ! I nearly broke my heart crying to hear her. She died quite sweetly that night about twelve o'clock. They buried her in the prettiest spot I think in the graveyard. People did not know who she was, for she begged hard that we would not talk about it, and we did not. Gregory would have gone wild if I had said a word to anybody. But it's long ago now.

" And then we had the baby, a little dear. But we did not have it long, for the woman came for it, a dark, foreign-looking creature, who could not speak a word of English, but who flew at the baby when she saw it, and nearly strangled it with kisses, and who cried piteously over the grave. We could not exchange a word with her, but did what we could to make her comfortable. However, she would only stay a day or two, and went away with the child and a small package of trifles which the poor mother had tied up and entrusted to me. And that is the end of our share of the story.

" I have heard that old Mr. Aungier knew nothing of the poor cousin's return to Dunmara ; not for long after. Rowena sat up all night crying in her room. That was all she could do. But afterwards, when her father was ill, they said that she told him how the poor girl had come back, and what her reception had been. The old gentleman had a long illness, and I've been told that he raved incessantly about the cousin. And now comes the strange part of the story. It was reported that he actually made a will, leaving almost everything he possessed to her and her child. The servant woman whom I mentioned will swear that she was one of the witnesses to such a will."

At this point Mrs. McDawdle paused breathless.

" But," said Ellen, " could such a will be made ? Would it be lawful ? "

" Indeed, my dear, I don't know enough of law to tell you that. However, the matter was never called in question. Gossip is all any one had for it, and even that gossip is dead and forgotten years ago. But I should think that a man might do what he liked with his own. However that may be, they

said that Mrs. Aungier took terror home, and was greatly enraged as well. And on the night after the funeral there was some awful dispute in the drawing-room. Lawyers were going down to Dunmara, and the will was to be read the next day. Whatever the quarrel may have been, they said that Mrs. Aungier went up-stairs to her bed with a face as black as night.

"Before morning the castle was burnt. Now, they did whisper that it was done on purpose, in order that the will might be destroyed, but whether that was true or not, God only knows. Mr. Aungier's will and all his documents were kept in a bureau in his own room. Some faithful servants succeeded in saving this, at least people said it was the identical one, and brought it to a house at hand where Mrs. Aungier and the young ladies had taken refuge. However, as it happened, they might have spared their trouble, for next day it was given out that Mr. Aungier's will and all his papers had been destroyed by the fire.

"Poor Athelstan was burnt in the castle. The unfortunate young fellow occupied a high room, and was feeble, and not equal to the struggle for escape. His mother was terribly punished for her sins, whatever they may have been. She never looked up again, and died a year after. The present house was at that time partly built for other purposes, and was altered and extended by Elswitha, who was head of the family till her brother came of age. Rowena, I believe, lost her senses completely on the night of the fire. Poor thing! she had her own trouble too, I believe. She might have married well and been happy, for she was a most affectionate soul, and might have kept her wits under kindlier circumstances. But her mother's pride barred that. No one who found his way to Dunmara was grand enough to marry an Aungier. The gentleman was much attached to her, and she to him; but that was nothing."

Mrs. McDawdle paused, and sat silent, perhaps ransacking her brains for something more to tell about the Aungiers. For though she had a little before given herself credit for being able to keep a secret, yet, in her communicative mood, she did not love to leave any anecdote relating to her subject untold, nor any mystery unhinted. But her eye caught the golden rim which tipped a low shoulder of a hill, and which was all that remained of the sun, and quickly, within Lucinda, the

housewife overcame the gossip. For it was tea-time. Mrs. McDawdle folded her work, and applied herself to the setting forth of jam and home-cakes.

Ellen had dropped her sewing for some time past, and her thoughts seemed rapt away in abstraction.

"Was the cousin's name Dolores?" she asked now.

"Yes. Ah! you have heard of her."

Ellen sat perfectly still for the next five minutes, gazing out of the window. At the end of that time she drew a long breath, while her thought was,—

"What a wild idea. Fling it away!" And she made a restless gesture, as if she would rid herself of something irksome.

"What was she like, what kind of face had she?"

"I cannot tell you what she was like in her beauty. When I saw the face it was sharp and white."

"What was her surname?"

"Really, my dear, I cannot tell you. I think I did hear it, but I never could pick up foreign names."

"And her husband's name?"

"Let me see. I do think I have forgotten that too. No, —yes, why I believe it was Wilde, the same as your own name. Now, that's funny, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Ellen, vaguely, while her eyes fastened sightlessly on the restless chameleon-like sea.

"Of course the name is usual enough, and your parents were Irish, my dear, were they not? I think you said so. But still your coming from abroad and all that, there is a coincidence, I declare a very striking one. Really, I must tell Gregory."

"Please do not!" said Ellen, suddenly roused. "Dear Mrs. McDawdle, do not, if you please."

Lucinda opened her eyes as wide as her rosy encroaching cheeks would permit.

"Why, my dear? Are you somebody in disguise, or are you afraid of being suspected of a fifty-sixth cousinship to these terrible Aungiers? However, if you wish it, I will promise not. Oh, here comes Gregory, and the children!"

And Mrs. McDawdle hurried away to meet her lord and master.

But all that evening Ellen sat very still, and again and again

during the next day her cheek paled a little while she repeated under her breath, "What a wild, mad idea!"

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

THEY CALL HER BIDDY

SHE'S a tender little blossom,
Reared in a foreign land;
Do sunshine there, and winds and waves
Know her and understand,
Not theirs the softness of her eyes,
The peach-bloom of her face,
But back to the Isle of Shamrocks
Her beauty they must trace?

O Biddy, you winsome Biddy,
Your smiles, if you shed them here,
Would give new radiance to the sun
And earth would seem fairer, dear;
The gloom of sad old memories
Would not be o'er us cast,
You'd forge new links of love and bind
The present to the past.

They call you Biddy—may that saint,
So dear to Irish hearts,
Claim you as her's, and win for you
The graces God imparts
To Bridget's children; if, dear child,
Within your heart shall shine
Her light of faith, how deep shall be
The happiness of mine!

JESSIE TULLOCH.

THE FRIENDS AND THE ENEMIES OF BOOKS *

I AM going to speak to you to-night about the friends and the enemies of books. And let me begin by saying that the true friend of books is the man who cares to possess books, who loves to read them, and who treats them tenderly. He prefers to possess them that he may be able to have recourse to them at any time ; but if for any reason he is unable to have books of his own, he proves that he is none the less a friend of books by the zest with which he goes where he may read them, by the keenness with which he borrows them, and by the relish with which he reads them. In books he finds consolation in sorrow, friends in need, guidance in difficulties, medicine and sympathy in distress of mind, and help in the service of God. He knows that by books his knowledge is increased and through books his wisdom grows. In them he finds furniture for his mind, that nobler part of himself, and in proportion as he is more truly a friend of books, so for that very reason does he reject the extravagances of a Haeckel, the profanities of a Voltaire, and the immoralities of a Zola. For, gentlemen, he loves not books so much, loves he not honour more. The true friend of books knows well that there are books to which he owes no reverence, and these shall not enter his house. From the point of view of the right-minded man their only possible interest is for the student of the pathology of the mind, and such he is but seldom.

His love of books is not that of the human bookworm, who often makes no practical use of his books. The bookworm pores over his books, but books are to him very much what rare cups and saucers are to the collector of china, or a blue Mauritius to the collector of postage stamps. Nor is the omnivorous collector of printed matter a true friend of books. There are people who buy literally by the hundredweight books which they never dream of reading or consulting. A well-known

* A lecture given to the members of the Young Men's Society, Leeds, January 18, 1905.

collector some fifty years ago purchased a multitude of books in packages and cases which he never even had opened : they were examined only after his death some twenty years later. He was a collector rather than a lover of books. Nor does the true lover of books purchase or read a book simply because it is the fashion to do so, and because everyone is reading it. No ; he possesses zeal and discrimination, and he uses his own judgment. He has, I think, sometimes an almost instinctive dislike for that much-belauded and much advertised article—the book of the day. At the same time he is broad-minded enough not to despise books which do not chance to appeal to him ; he knows they may possess potentialities of good of which he himself is unaware.

It is surprising how, in early times, a love of books has existed. I am safe in saying that the collection of books for use and reference accompanied by care for them is at once a proof of the existence of a love of books, for I consider that there are three marks by which the friend of books may be recognised : he loves to possess books, he delights in reading them, and he lavishes care upon them. Books had their friends considerably more than five thousand years ago. Libraries to which the public were admitted were established in Babylonia and Assyria in all the large cities. It is, of course, unnecessary to remind you that the books of those times—I am speaking of the year 3800 B.C.—were in the form of tablets of baked clay, on which cuneiform or wedge-shaped characters had been inscribed with a metal stylus or pen while the clay was moist. Heirs of all the ages, as we pride ourselves on being, we may well learn a little humility from the amazing fact that in those remote days not only were books stored and cared for, but there was also in existence a methodical system so complete and elaborate as to include a cataloguing, both general and classified, and the issuing of an injunction to the student that he should inform the librarian in writing what book and what chapter in the book he wished to consult. We learn that in one library there were about 30,000 tablets, placed in two groups of rectangular galleries. It is gratifying to learn that literature was held in such high esteem that in one case the librarian was the brother of the king himself. Other times, other manners ! The scribes worked with wonderful care ; corrections were

made with extreme neatness ; and if the tablet from which they were copying was anywhere broken or illegible the fact was duly noted in the new copy. The subjects dealt with by the books in these ancient libraries included religion, history, geography, law, natural history, grammar, and poetry.

Passing over some three or four thousand years we come to the times of ancient Greece and Rome. As to ancient Greece, curiously enough, we have no details regarding libraries public or private ; but, apart from an occasional reference to collections of books, the existence of her magnificent literature is to my mind more than sufficient proof of the existence of friends of books—at least in Attica, the home of refinement. Lovers of Aristotle will like to know that, according to Strabo, he himself collected books and taught the kings of Egypt how to arrange a library. In the case of Rome we have preserved for us a mass of detail which proves that book-lovers were exceedingly numerous. On the other hand, we have to remember that then, as now, people caused handsome libraries to be built in their houses and to be well stocked with books, in a mere spirit of ostentation and in deference to the dictates of fashion. Nevertheless, in spite of the amassing of books by ignorant men there was in many people a genuine love of books. Petronius Arbiter says that libraries should face the East, because the reading of books required the morning light, and because books would thereby be free from injury by rot or mould. The first public library in Rome was built by Pollio, the patron and the friend of Virgil and of Horace. There were later some twenty-six public libraries in Rome, and books were apparently held in such high regard that a library came to be deemed a necessary feature in every house. I may, perhaps, remind you that books in the age of which I am speaking were written on papyrus or parchment in the form of rolls, and were stored in what may be described as pigeon-holes. If these rolls had to be carried in the open air from one place to another, they were, for better protection, carried in a circular box fitted with a lid and handle.

And now, gentlemen, I should like to say a word to you about the greatest friends whom books have ever had. No sentences of mine can adequately describe the loving care and attention bestowed by the monks upon the books they copied,

and read, and loved. Those who know anything of this subject have been amazed and touched by the reverence and affection felt by monks for books. Alluding to books written in the monasteries or procured from other monasteries by exchange, a learned bibliographer of to-day says in a recent work, "If a book was not a son of the house, it was at least a nephew." The monks themselves show again and again the value they set on books. "A cloister," says a mediæval writer of the twelfth century, "without a press of books is like a fortress without an armoury." "A priest without books," says another writer, "is like a horse without a bridle." The instructions contained in the customs and observances of various Monastic Orders are most detailed and precise as to the duties of their librarians, the arrangement and structure of the presses, and above all, the lending and the care of the books themselves. Nor was this all. Injunctions and entreaties for careful usage are frequently found in individual manuscripts. In one ancient manuscript in a Benedictine library a Latin couplet warns the reader to take care that his hands are washed before he touches the book ; while in another book a note reminds the reader that he should imitate the example of Our Lord Who, after reading from the book of Isaias the prophet, carefully rolled it up and returned it to the minister of the synagogue. Familiar to us all are the beautiful lines which Longfellow in his "Golden Legend" puts into the mouth of Friar Pacificus as he transcribes and illuminates in the Scriptorium :—

It is growing dark, yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord !
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile and wash my pen ;
Pure from blot and blemish must it be
When it writes that word of mystery.

Yes, truly, the monks were the greatest friends of books, because their love of books was born of their love of God. Their books were embellished with wonderful illuminated letters, and the miniatures with which they adorned their books entrance us by their beauty to this day. Who has not heard of the *Book of Kells* ? If any one has not, he will find an admirable

facsimile of some of its pages at the beginning of the first volume of the illustrated edition of Green's *Short History of the English People*. I can only say that every Irish heart should throb with pride at the mention of the *Book of Kells*. But it is impossible to describe all that the monks of old have done for art, and literature, and books. Indeed, in this connection the saddest thought of all is that the beautiful fruit of the laborious toil of many centuries should have been destroyed to so large an extent within so brief a period. As an army of locusts ravages the fair country side, so did the zeal of the Reformers and their tools despoil the literary and artistic treasures of these islands. Let me close this part of my lecture by reading to you a short extract from a Protestant writer in the sixteenth century: "A greate number of them which purchased these supertycouse mansions"—our polite friend hereby means the monasteries—"reserved of these librarye bokes . . . some to scoure their candlesticks, and some to rubbe theyr bootes. Some they sold to the grossers and sopesellers, and some they sent over sea to the boke-trayders, not in small number but at times wholle shyppes full, to the wonderynge of foreign nacyons. Yea, the Universities of this realme are not all cleare in this detestable fact. But cursed is that belly which seeketh to be fed with suche ungodly gaines and so depely shameth his natural cuntrye. I know a merchant man which shall at this time be nameless that bought the contents of two noble libraryes for XL shyillynges price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuffe hath he occupied in the stede of graye paper by the space of more than these X yeares, and yet he hath store enough for as many yeares to come. A prodigious example is this and to be abhorred of all men which love theyr nacyon as they shoulde do." I think we shall all agree with this concluding sentence.

I now propose, gentlemen, to say a few words to you about those whom I may describe as the false friends of books. First of all, I must mention those who, after the invention of printing, were so carried away by admiration for the then modern discovery that, like their numerous imitators of to-day, they felt nothing but scorn for what was old. Accordingly, countless manuscripts were torn in strips to supply bands and covers for the printed books. It is saddening indeed to reflect what

numbers of works have perished in this way, and how the exquisite results of so much toil and labour have been despised and wasted. The only plea which these pirates of the past could offer would be that of invincible ignorance.

I am sorry to say that the book-binder of to-day is, in his own way, doing a somewhat similar damage to books; only, whereas the book-binder of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries destroyed manuscripts in order to bind the printed books, the modern book-binder makes war upon the printed books themselves. He seems, when left to the light of nature, to make it a rule that no book shall ever be as large in the area of its pages as it was when it came into his hands. Apparently he dislikes the sight of a large margin, and untrimmed pages—the book-lover's joy—vex his soul. Accordingly, with mathematical precision and Gothic taste—please remember that I am speaking from the point of view of a book-lover—he shaves off anything from a quarter of an inch to an inch all round the leaves. He will, if the possessor of the book has sufficient sense and firmness to insist upon it with warmth, refrain from carrying out his usual fell design; but I have a strong suspicion that the book-binder in such a case regards the possessor of the book as an exceedingly eccentric man who will only escape the lunatic asylum by sheer good luck.

I shall now allude to a peculiar fashion which is, I earnestly hope, somewhat less in vogue than formerly. This practice is called "Grangerising," because it was first notoriously applied to Granger's *Biographical History of England*. It consists in inflating the size of a volume by the insertion of additional illustrations, engravings of persons mentioned in the text, pictures of their houses, views of cities, and so forth. To obtain these a collector will cut the plates out of other books in order to lavish all their wealth upon his one ewe lamb. He does, of course, an enormous amount of harm, for the books he mutilates are henceforth useless.

A similar pirate, in whose piracy there is less sense, and for whom there is less to be said in extenuation, is the collector of engraved title-pages or tail-pieces. He rifles books with a reckless and unsparing hand. Perhaps of all these robbers and plunderers the worst miscreant is the collector of illuminated initials cut out of old manuscripts.

I am ashamed to say that librarians can prove false friends and false shepherds to the books entrusted to their care. I wish I could think that this is due in all cases to extreme ignorance, but it is hard to believe that this excuse is a possible one. About a century ago in several libraries the custodians of the books positively made a point of stamping the plates in the centre of the pictures, not at the back but in the front. It is true that in this way any possibility of the theft of the plates has been effectually removed, but at what a cost ! It is certainly very necessary that in all libraries, from which borrowers may take books away to their own homes, the plates should be stamped, but to deface the picture in so doing is an outrage. I have seen rare first editions of noble works quite spoilt and rendered almost valueless in this manner. I think most of us have a feeling of reverence for fine old folios : their very aspect commands respect. Not so, however, in one public library where the tops of the folios, which happened to project in the shelf on the floor where they were placed, were deliberately for years employed by the junior assistants as a stepping-stone to higher things : the boys stood on them in order to reach the books in the upper shelves.

Let me give you one last example of strange stewardship. When stock was taken of all the books in a certain library, the books as they were verified were marked on the back of the cover with a spot of red sealing-wax. This was peculiar enough, but worse was to follow ; for, on another occasion during the process of stock-taking, the date of the year was stamped in violet ink on every title-page. Does not such an atrocity make us repeat the old question asked two thousand years ago : " Who shall guard the guards themselves ? " Truly the enemies of books may be those of their own household.

Having spoken to you of the true friends and of the false friends of books, I wish to talk to you about their enemies. I may classify them into three main divisions—enemies inanimate, enemies animate but irrational, and, alas, enemies both animate and rational. Of the first class by far the most formidable foe is fire. Fire, whether intentionally kindled or accidentally caused, has during far more than two thousand years, from time to time, decimated the literary treasures of the world. Unique and priceless books have been devoured by the flames.

It is easy to imagine how heavy and irretrievable must have been the loss by this means in these islands alone during the Reformation. Again, the mere mention of the Great Fire of London, of the Gordon Riots, and of the Birmingham Riots, is sufficient to remind us what ravages have been committed by fire in the world of books.

Closely allied with fire are gas and heat, and the attacks of these foes are even more successful than they are insidious. Leather bindings have been hopelessly ruined by the fumes of gas, and any one in possession of a collection of books, however small, must be painfully aware of the friable and crumbling condition of the binding of his books if they have been covered with calf or russia for any length of time. Indeed I should strongly recommend owners of books to discard utterly every form of leather and to have their books bound in cloth or buckram which, comparatively speaking, suffers infinitesimally from either gas or heat.

Next comes dust; and dust is not only bad in itself but its presence is frequently a clear proof that the books on which it has been allowed to accumulate are neglected. Dust must always be removed periodically from books; yet in the freeing of books from dust much care must be taken or else the remedy will be worse than the disease. Of this I shall have occasion to speak later. Apart from the fact that dust or dirt is bound to lead ultimately to decay, there is always the strong probability that it will make its way between the leaves of the book and thus render the book dirty inside as well as outside. Of course if the books are placed so as to remain quite closed the danger is minimized, but it is well to remember that wherever air can make its way, so, broadly speaking, can dust, though to a less extent. For this reason I wholly condemn the fastening in by the binder of a pink tape book-marker at the top of a book. I have found in every single case which I have examined—and I have come across thousands of such cases—that this marker in time slightly forces the book open, and down between the pages where the book-marker lies there collects an ugly ridge of dust and dirt. From all books where such markers are found they should at once be neatly removed, for they are veritable book-markers in the strictest sense of the word. I may, perhaps, add, though it is hardly necessary to do so, that

my remarks do not apply to missals, office-books, prayer-books, and books of devotion, since daily use obviates the danger to which I have called your attention.

I have next to speak of water and moisture. Moisture of course leads to mildew and the rotting of the book. When the blue mould which forms through damp is long left undisturbed, the book which has suffered in this way through the neglect of its owner or custodian may usually be regarded as dead: it is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred permanently ruined and worthless, and its life is finished. Even a single drop of water will injure a leaf: the paper becomes crinkled, and the monetary value of the book is depreciated. The use of metal to fasten the leaves of a book in its sections is extremely reprehensible. We have most of us noticed in such cases how, through the presence of moisture, the metal becomes covered with rust, and the paper in proximity to the metal grows brown with mould. Cheap exercise-books so fastened very often supply an illustration of this, and the accompanying fusty smell is familiar and not easily forgotten.

I now come to my second division of the enemies of books, viz., those which are animate but irrational. I shall not speak of the wanton puppy which can make itself quite happy for a quarter of an hour at a stretch by nibbling the covers and the leaves of a book. His master must deal with him. Mice and bookworms are evil enemies of books. In a book published about two months ago, a learned entomologist tells us that "fifty or sixty book-destroying insects and mites have been catalogued." This statement shows how wide the subject is, and you will see that I can only speak to you of one or two of these. But, first, a word as to mice.

Mice can be terribly mischievous to books and pamphlets, and if there is the slightest reason to suspect the presence of these creatures in any room war should at once be declared upon them, traps or a cat should be employed—one authority strongly recommends what he calls a good library cat!—and no quarter should be given. I went recently to inspect a large number of books stored in an old attic: there were housed there more than two thousand books. Among these were eight folio volumes bound in vellum. On looking at them I found that the binding of every one of these eight books had been badly

damaged by mice, the edges of the covers at the top and sides having been industriously and voraciously nibbled. But the curious thing was that not one single other book in the attic had been touched : so precisely did these little creatures know what suited their taste, and so carefully did they abstain from any other diet as long as there was something more to their liking. It is satisfactory to be able to add that fifteen of the offenders—I hope they were the offenders—perished on the scaffold.

The bookworm, not the biped but the insect, is a veritable case of *lucus a non lucendo* : in other words, his name is, scientifically speaking, a misnomer. The learned American Jesuit, Father O'Connor, says "the bookworm is the larva of certain insects belonging to the order Coleoptera, or sheath-winged beetles." Whilst Mr. Blades, the well-known English bibliophile, had himself seen only three specimens of the bookworm. Father O'Connor during years of toil devoted to the subject has found and examined no fewer than seventy-two specimens, many of which were alive and actively occupied in devouring books like truly good bookworms when the learned Jesuit rudely interrupted them in the midst of their labours. As, moreover, Mr. Blades confessed that he did not study the three specimens he saw, I am safe in disregarding his statements on this subject, and in relying upon Father O'Connor's remarks as authoritative. He has found no less than seven different varieties. Of these, one variety—the *lepisma saccharina*—had certainly been seen by R. Hooke, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who gave a representation of it in a book which was printed in 1665. I shall be glad if you will look at a copy of it, which I should like to be passed round, and if you will compare it with the accompanying copy of the drawing made from life by Father O'Connor, who is undoubtedly right in considering that Hooke had actually seen the insect. I should like you also to look at a picture of the *sitodrepa panicea* or *anobium paniceum*, which is the greediest of all the bookworms. The last specimen to which I wish to call your attention is the *ptinus fur* in the existence of which as a black-headed bookworm Blades altogether disbelieved, but which Father O'Connor has seen and handled. Its appetite is excellent, and it is anything but dainty. It is interesting to find that a bookworm was

known in the fourth century before Christ to Aristotle, who describes it in his *History of Animals*. He had probably actually seen it. The length of a bookworm varies from one-twenty-fifth of an inch to one-eighth of an inch. The depredations committed by these insects are terrible, and no trouble which would stop the havoc they make is too great to be taken. The best remedies are movement of the books from time to time, periodical dusting and wiping of the covers with a cloth, and plenty of fresh air; for the conditions which the bookworm loves are quiet, heat, and bad air. Of these he must be deprived at any cost. Lastly, let us not think the bookworm attacks only ponderous and venerable tomes. He enjoys modern paper, however adulterated, very much indeed, and has been known to live luxuriously on daily papers and monthly magazines, when bound in half-yearly volumes and laid aside upon the shelves.

D. A. CRUSE, M.A., *Oxon.*

(*Conclusion next month.*)

DANTE

(FROM THE GERMAN)

ONCE, in lonely musing, wandered Dante through Verona's
alleys,

He the poet, he of Florence, exiled from his native valleys,
When he heard a maiden whisper, as she saw him passing
slowly,

Whisper to her younger sister, who beside her nestled lowly :

"See, my darling ! That is Dante, he who down to Hell
descended !

Mark how gravity and anger in his sombre looks are blended !
Since he saw that gloomy city all his smiles and joy have vanished,
By the memory of visions witness'd there forever banished."

Dante turned him to the speaker : " Child, I did not visit Hell
To forget the art of smiling, here on earth unlearned too well.
All the pains that I have sung of, all the torments waking pity,
These, my child, I, I have suffer'd, suffer'd in my native city ! "

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

A BROOK

IN the dewy dawn, o'er the windy bawn
 I climbed to the mountain-side ;
 And I brought a book to a quiet nook
 Where I could securely hide
 And watch the gleam of the morning beam
 Afar on the dancing tide.

Long ere the sun had to noonday run,
 My eyes on the page were sore,
 When I heard a brawling brooklet calling,
 " Come from your printed lore !
 I'll sing you runes, and a hundred tunes
 No mortal heard before."

A young brook swept from the hills ; it leapt
 O'er the rocks with a noisy glee,
 And its laughter wild my heart beguiled,
 As it sang on its way to the sea.
 I closed my book, and sang with the brook,
 As it sang on its way to the sea.

'Twas far away up in the mountain's cup
 That the brook began its song :
 It longed to roam from its quiet home,
 And gushed out glad and strong.
 It ran, and smiled, for the brook was wild
 And danced on its way along.

A slender thing, that little spring
 Came rippling silvery down ;
 And oft it played, where sagans swayed
 Beneath the hazels brown,
 Till the pale moonlight rose slow and white
 Above the mountain's crown.

That happy brook with windings took
 Its way through gorge and glen
 By lonely hills, with tumbling rills
 And many a rocky fen.
 Ah ! my heart was gay, that whole summer day—
 I'll away to the hills again !

DANIEL SHEILDS.

MR. RUFUS CHOATE AND LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN

NOTE TO ARTICLE IN OUR LAST NUMBER

[In our pages last month, to the address delivered by the American Ambassador at the unveiling of the Statue of the late Lord Chief Justice of England, in the Royal Courts of Justice in London, we appended a brief article from the *Daily News*. The following from the *Daily Telegraph* ought to have accompanied it.]

"To do justice was his only object ; to ascertain the truth his only ambition." We doubt if the merits of Lord Russell of Killowen as a Judge could have been more aptly and tersely expressed than in these words of the American Ambassador. The occasion was the unveiling by the Lord Chancellor of a marble statue in the Great Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice. A fitting memorial in a fitting place. Lord Russell's title to such distinction is beyond question. In the happy combination of all the qualities which go to make a skilful advocate Sir Charles Russell was unsurpassed in our day. He was a master of eloquence and impassioned appeal to the jury ; he was a master, too, of the art of cross-examination. Witnesses stood in dread of him, even when they were keeping nothing back and were telling their story to the best of their ability, but most of all when the truth had to be dragged from reluctant lips. He never pleaded without a fixed determination to win, and he rejoiced in triumph. He was also a great Judge. Had his life been spared, he would probably have ranked among the supremely great Judges. No occupant of the Bench ever pursued the truth more zealously. He used his strength with dignity ; he magnified his high office, and lived up to his noblest conception of it ; and he was addressing himself to sweeping projects of legal reform when death smote him down. It is no reflection on his successor to say that had Lord Russell lived, there would in all probability have been important changes made in the law as it relates to commercial morality, with a much more rigorous interpretation of the meaning of dishonesty. The Lord Chief Justice held strong views on what he considered to be the defects in the existing system of legal education, on the need for the establishment of a Commercial Court, and on other subjects which, lacking his powerful support, have not made very much headway, in so

conservative a profession, since his death. He was no respecter of persons, and he had the strong man's way of brushing opposition out of his path ; but in six short years he could do little more than indicate what a singularly able Judge he would have been had Fate been kinder. The Lord Chancellor—an old antagonist for many long years in politics—made a most sympathetic speech in his praise, but special interest attaches to that of Mr. Choate. Americans admired Lord Russell as much as did his own countrymen ; his statue was freely subscribed for on the other side of the Atlantic, where he enjoyed more than one signal triumph ; notably, perhaps, at Saratoga, in 1896, where he delivered an address on " Arbitration " to a mighty assembly of American lawyers. He was never tired of advocating what Mr. Choate called " the gospel of peace and goodwill between England and America," and no man did more to lay the foundations of a friendship on which a stately fabric has begun to rise. This was not the least of Lord Russell's achievements, and we are glad to know that his bust is to be placed in the Bar Library of New York. Here in the Royal Courts of Justice his statue will act both as a memorial and as an inspiration.

THE POT-POURRI

I love the dead rose better far
Than that which fresh and sweet
Dreams through the blue of summer skies
And drinks the summer's heat,
O Rose ! for I foresee you fall
A dead rose, at my feet.

I gather white and pink and red,
Your petals as they lie,
And place in rose-leaf fragile bowl
Their fine perfumery,
So that, when lives the rose no more,
The rose no more may die !

HARRIET KER LLOYD.

AMEN CORNER

II

THE PRAISE OF STRANGERS

WE are happily familiar with the affectionate tributes paid to our Blessed Lady by her devout clients within the Church of her Son ; but there is a special degree of force and interest attaching to the praises bestowed upon her by certain persons outside the Church. Let me quote five, of whom two especially surprise us by their generous enthusiasm.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is not one of these two most unlikely clients of Mary. On the contrary, we seem to detect many Catholic tendencies in the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, the foremost man in American literature, and (according to some) the only man of genius that the United States have yet produced. His Catholicity broke out in the next generation : Rose Hawthorne, his daughter, became a Catholic, and so did her husband, George Parsons Lathrop. In her widowhood she has become a Religious, and is now the head of a community whose special work of charity is the care of the poor victims of cancer. Her gifted father evidently gave expression to his own feelings when he makes one of the characters in *The Blithedale Romance* say :—

“ I have always envied the Catholics in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother who stands between them and the Deity ; intercepting somewhat of His awful splendour, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman’s tenderness.”

When John Ruskin was issuing his *Fors Clavigera* in numbers of some thirty or forty pages, the instalment which was dated May 1st, 1874, contained a passage singularly appropriate for that month which the pious faithful associate very specially with the Blessed Virgin, calling it the Month of Mary. Ruskin no doubt did not advert to this circumstance when he published, at that particular date, a passage which has often been quoted, but which I should not be at all surprised to find that I had

been the first to put in circulation ; for I discovered it for myself in *Fors Clavigera* very soon after its first appearance, and sent it at once on its travels by printing it in an American religious magazine along with the briefer parallel passage just quoted from Nathaniel Hawthorne. Many will see it now for the first time, and those who are familiar with it will read it again with pleasure.

But why does Ruskin say that he does not wish to defend the historical position of the Madonna any more than that of St. Christopher ? What Christian or semi-Christian can dispute the position of Mary as Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ? This attitude, however, shows still more plainly the overwhelming force of Mary's claims, since they thus impress a high-minded and pure-minded man who had not the happiness of possessing the treasure of Catholic faith :—

“ Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood, which even through all the cruelties of the middle ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

“ To the common non-Catholic mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have always been a violent offence. They are one of the parts of the Catholic faith open to reasonable dispute and the least comprehensible by the average realist and materialist temper of the Reformation.

“ But after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend of the influences of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or the fallacy of the idea. I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher ; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies, we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature.

“ There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe, during the whole period of vital Christianity, in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials, of the lives of women ; and every

brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden : ' He that is mighty hath magnified me ; and holy is His name.' "

The Englishman, John Ruskin, was much nearer to the Faith than the Irishman, William Hartpole Lecky. The historian of Rationalism was unfortunately himself a rationalist yet in that very work this passage occurs :—

" Because of her [the Virgin Mary] and through her woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness became recognised as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or tool of man, no longer associated only with the ideas of degradation and sensuality, woman rose in the person of the Virgin-Mother into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealised, the moral charm and beauty of female excellence were fully felt, a new type was called into being, a new sort of admiration was everywhere fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and purity unknown to the proudest civilisations of the past. . . . In the many millions who in many lands and many ages have striven with no barren desire to mould their characters into her image, in those holy maidens who out of love of Mary, have separated themselves from the glories and pleasures of the world to seek in fastings and vigils and humble charity to render themselves more worthy of her benediction, in the new sense of honour, in the chivalrous respect, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of society—in these and in many other ways we detect the influence of the Blessed Virgin Mary. All that was best in Europe clustered round this ideal of woman, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilisation."

This tribute is remarkable, coming from an Irish Protestant who, I fear, did not preserve the faith of his childhood. But surely a still more unlikely person to pay such homage to the Blessed Virgin is the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who shows in many of his writings an ugly, un-Catholic spirit. Yet he says :

" Our hearts and reasons tell us, and have told all Christians in all ages, that the Blessed Virgin must have been holier, nobler, fairer in body and soul, than all women upon earth."

Lastly, Mr. Robert Buchanan, author of *God and the Man*, wrote in one of the newspapers not long before his death :—

" The worship of the Virgin is to my mind—the mind of an

unbeliever—full of holiness and beauty. We owe to it a great deal that is ennobling in life, in art, in literature. I myself see in the Virgin the exquisite incarnation of Divine motherhood, well worthy of the reverence of any man, whatever his theological belief may be."

III

A FEAST OF PRAYER

A SISTER of the great Dominican preacher, Father Thomas Burke, who was, perhaps, the most eloquent Irishman of the nineteenth century, told me once that their mother sometimes on a winter's evening, while they were all sitting together in the family parlour, would suddenly say, "Come, let us have a feast of prayer," and then and there she would kneel down and say aloud the "Jesus Psalter" and other long prayers which many of the old folk had off by heart. Would that we could look on prayer as a feast, a pleasure, a delight, instead of turning to it with more or less reluctance as a mere matter of duty. If Mrs. Burke had not been a woman of prayer her son might never have become the man of God that he was. Before going on with the subject that has reminded me of him, I will set down here an unpublished testimony to the rich store that he possessed of a virtue in which few have had a better excuse for failing a little. It occurs in a letter written by the saintly Bishop of Dromore, John Pius Leahy, O.P., January 26th, 1879:—

"The news about Father Burke's illness will cause very wide-spread grief. Every one who knew him liked him, indeed I may say loved him. God enabled him to employ his great abilities to the best of purposes, and bestowed on him the surpassingly precious gift of true humility. He and the late Cardinal Cullen were the most deeply humble I ever knew." (But I should fearlessly pit against them one whom the Bishop did not know—himself.)

One of the things that make prayer for us more of a fast than a feast, a penance rather than a reward and a recreation, is the hard, narrow idea that we form of prayer; and another is the selfishness of our prayer. We should go out from ourselves and feel an interest in the interests of God over all the earth. We should pray for others, not merely those who are in some measure identified with ourselves, but for those whom we know not and have never seen, those who need the help of

prayer in various ranks of God's Church and in various countries, according as their wants come up before our minds through the newspapers, or in other ways. If we forced ourselves gently to address our petitions to God on behalf of different individuals and different classes, it would help to break the lifeless monotony that too often benumbs our prayer.

Is any part of our shyness about prayer, our want of readiness to pray, due to a mistaken notion about the formality and reverence required in prayer? Have the forms of prayer in our prayer-books warped our ideas concerning the proper style for prayer? Many of these prayers come down from times when Dr. Johnson was considered the best model, when simplicity, plainness, directness, were not so much valued as they are or ought to be. If we force ourselves to express our wants and feelings simply, naturally, and earnestly, our language, however poor, however broken, will not fail in the respect that is due to Him whom we address in prayer.

Some would be served by setting their petitions down on paper. One who was chosen Prioress of her convent at a very early age wrote for herself, in her new position, the following very beautiful prayer on the Retreat Sunday after her election. Though she is dead many years, I am forbidden to name her or her convent; but her successor has given me leave to print this prayer:—

“My God, my Love, my All! Again I come to lay my poor heart and all that is mine at Thy sacred feet, and to ask Thee to bless again the most loving renewal of all my vows and resolutions. I want new graces from Thee, my Spouse, to render my poor soul pleasing in Thy sight and to assist me to discharge my duty to all the souls Thou hast given into my weak hands. O my Love, as I shall have to answer to Thee in Judgment for each one of them, help me now to do my duty so faithfully that then Thou mayest be able to satisfy the loving desire of Thy own heart by sparing me. Be with me at every moment, unite my mind more than ever to Thee, so that all my words may be dictated by Thee, my judgment on all matters great or trifling formed by Thee, my directions and decisions given directly from Thee. O God of my soul, by the precious blood Thou didst shed for me, do not leave me to myself in the exercise of a single duty of my office. Thou knowest Thy poor Prioress. O my Love, again I plead, leave me not one instant without Thee, or I shall make the most terrible mistakes. Help me also to become a cheerful servant of Thy Spouses;

make me willing to give up to them every personal convenience, all control over my time, etc. Make me submit to be constantly interrupted and enable me in all things to set aside self and my own gratifications for their sakes. Help me also, my best Beloved, to bear most patiently their defects; remind me always how much they have to suffer from mine, and do not permit that my esteem and love for any one shall be lessened by the knowledge and experience I may have of their failings. Remind me also continually that they are all Thy Spouses and worthy of the highest honour and respect. Bless me now, my God, with a new blessing, and grant the one yearning of my heart by enabling me to become as holy as Thou dost wish me to be."

One is not surprised to learn of the Nun who wrote this prayer that

"Prayer was her strength and refreshed her in soul and body. She was not an advocate (we are told) for binding a soul down to set methods of prayer but inclined more to a childlike approach to God by heartfelt and humble prayer of petition. Her prayer was not a concentration of thought about herself but of sacrifice for the Church, for sinners, the souls in Purgatory, etc. She often urged her nuns to self-forgetfulness in prayer, saying that the constant recommendation of our personal wants leads to self-contemplation and loss of time. When weighed down by affliction, she would go and stay at our Lord's feet and let Him look into her heart and read all her feelings; nor would she ever withdraw on account of aridity but persevered as long as duty left her free to do so. She assured others whom she instructed on this point that she seldom made a lengthened prayer in darkness without afterwards feeling grace and help given to her in a marked manner. In prayer her great heart embraced the whole world; and it was an incentive to recollection to see her make even the sign of the cross or take holy water. A glance at her as she knelt in the chapel was a reminder of the Divine Presence. Prayer before the Tabernacle was her greatest attraction and delight. Her remedy for every trial and difficulty was a few moments before the altar; there she went and sent others to learn God's will, to conquer nature and beg any assistance necessary for the moment.

This is a long extract, but, if I had my will, it should be much longer; for the pages I transcribe are only type-written for the community over which this saintly Prioress once presided.

EXILED FOR CHRIST'S SWEET SAKE

Oh, fair thy fields, Kildimo,* fair !
 And soft the summer sun is glowing
 On stream and vale and castle there ;
 And sweetly still the tide is flowing.

A child I roamed by field and stream,
 Nor dreamt of path o'er ocean going.
 Oh, exiles see but in their dreams !
 And still I hear the water flowing.

The chapel bell I sometimes hear,
 The wayside laugh, the cattle lowing ;
 My own old home, I think, is near,
 And by them all the tide is flowing.

The sunset beam o'er Shannon's bed
 As silver on the wave is glowing ;
 The broom is red on Cratloe's head ;
 And sweetest there the tide is flowing.

Oh ! angels, waft me back again
 Where woodbine and wild rose are blowing,
 Oh ! let me see my own old glen,
 And hear once more the water flowing.

My heart I bow to God above ;
 He pays our pains beyond our knowing,
 In heaven I'll see all now I love,—
 And there the tide is ever flowing.

Oh, fair thy fields, Kildimo, fair !
 And soft the summer sun is glowing
 On stream and vale and castle there ;
 And sweetly still the tide is flowing.

R. O. K.

* Kildimo is a rich pastoral district in the County Limerick, where the Mague enters the Shannon, opposite to the Cratloe Hills in Clare.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Gospel applied to our Times*. A Sermon for every Sunday in the year. By the Rev. D. S. Phelan. Herder : Freiburg, Vienna, Strassburg, St. Louis (Missouri). (Price 8s.)

In his preface to this fine volume of five hundred ample pages Father Phelan proves that this is not an ordinary set of sermons. He has been a parish priest these forty-two years, and he has edited a newspaper for forty years, and in these two characters he has acquired experience and facility in presenting his views. Many of our priests will object occasionally to his tone and to some of his expressions ; but this very unusualness, and what will seem to many the impropriety of certain passages, will keep their attention awake. There is energy, clearness, freshness ; and, even when read, these are effective sermons. Father Phelan tells us that they were not written but taken down in shorthand as spoken. We suspect, however, that the reporter's notes were very thoroughly revised before being sent to the printer, and afterwards.

2. The same very active publisher gives us for 3s. 3d. a very readable translation of Père Caussade on *Progress in Prayer*. It does not treat of ordinary sorts of prayer, and is not very suitable for readers of the ordinary sort. More practically useful by far is the little threepenny treatise on Perfect Contrition which is called *The Golden Key of Heaven*. It is written by the Rev. J. Von den Driesch, and Father Lehmkuhl, S.J., recommends it strongly in a brief preface. *The Catechist in the Infant School*, by Father Lambert Nolle, O.S.B., is warmly recommended by Cardinal Logue, the Archbishop of Westminster, and the Bishops of Birmingham and Salford. Its price is 1s. 9d. Finally, *The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers*, by Anna T. Sadlier (price 4s.), is meant for boys and girls who, we hope, will enjoy the succession of exciting incidents that this clever writer has ingeniously woven together. The more than harmless nature of the tale is guaranteed by the writer's name, and by the fact that it ran serially [through the juvenile department of the *Ave Maria*.

3. *His Share of the World*. By Amy Griffin. London : Greening.

Mrs. Griffin is an idealist, and her book is an Irish idyl. It breathes sympathy for the country and the people and for all that is most dear to them. It is a very simple story this, which tells of how John Donovan is supplanted at first in his fortune and later in his love by his brother Connor ; but the atmosphere is one of such sweetness, the story is told with such directness and tenderness that it may be heartily recommended to Irish readers especially. Mrs. Griffin has a delicate style and diction of her own, and artistic restraint comes natural to her. For a first book *His Share of the World* is singularly free of faults. Indeed, if one has any fault to find with the book, it is that it is too idyllic. One might object also to Miss Poppie's easy acclimatization in an Irish cottage ; but then who looks for realistic truth in an idyl ? There is humour in the book, which is a pleasant variation ; and Mrs. Griffin must be congratulated on her delightful picture of an Irish peasant mother.

4. We fear we did less than justice last month to Miss Cecily Fox Smith's volume of poems, *Wings of the Morning* (London : Elkin Mathews). We ought to have made it plainer that Miss Fox Smith is above the level of the commonplace versifiers who so often mistake themselves for poets. We have read several of the poems over again with higher appreciation, such as "The Comrade," "Queen Radegund," "The Dust of the Way," and "Merchant Men," and we recognise in them more inspiration, more spontaneity than seemed to us at first reading to run through the book.

5. The February number of *St. Stephen's* is very good, with plenty of wit and common sense. Mr. Thomas M. Kettle, Mr. John P. Doyle, "Chanel," and others will do good work for their country, please God. But "Chanel" and "Audax" (writer of an excellent paper on the Poetry of St. John of the Cross) ought to give their names. Such signatures are out of fashion, or ought to be. The February number of *St. Andrew's Cross*, which is to be had for a penny from St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland, is very interesting. A good summary of the life of the recently beatified Curé d'Ars is followed by accounts of Paisley and of the survey of the lakes of Scotland.

These papers are particularly well done ; and an edifying little tale is prettily told by Mr. Joseph Carmichael.

6. We are glad to see that *Aliens of the West*, by Miss Charlotte O'Connor Eccles (Cassell & Co.), is duly appreciated by the British and North British critics. The *Academy* pronounces the book "a masterpiece in its way, because of the perfection of the sketches in detail and form of expression." The words "humour" and "pathos" turn up in nearly all the reviews of the book, whether published in Glasgow, Bristol, or Newcastle—the *Chronicle* of the last of these describing Miss O'Connor Eccles' stories as "dainty sketches with pathos that is never forced and humour that comes upon us naturally," while the *Morning Post* discovers in the different tales "imagination and tenderness, and a rare pictorial and spiritual charm."

7. There seems to be no flagging in the interest taken in Irish publications. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have published for fourpence *Maire ní Eidin*, a comedy in Gaelic by Thomas MacAmalgaid (MacAuley), which was acted by the members of the Columban League in the MacMahon Hall, Maynooth College. Messrs. Browne and Nolan have published at a penny each Parts I. and II. of a collection of Irish Songs, the words in Irish set to a Tonic Sol-fa notation, with a little dictionary at the end of each of the parts. Number I. of Volume I. of "*An Leabharlann, the Journal of Cumann na Leabharlann*," is dated January, 1905, and is also published by Messrs. Browne and Nolan, Ltd., free to Members, and price to Non-Members, 6s. net. It is the organ of an association recently formed of persons anxious to promote the establishment of public libraries and reading rooms and to encourage reading and the proper use of books. The articles are written in English and Irish alternately, two valuable articles in English being by Mr. T. W. Lyster, Librarian of the National Library, Dublin, and by Mr. E. R. M'C. Dix. Mr. Lyster asks in the course of his paper: "Who can rightly value the smallest crumb of innocent human happiness? People talk a great deal about the waste of time spent over novels, and they talk about 'useful books,' as if 'useful books' were a term which excluded novels. But surely good and wholesome novels *are* useful books." Most certainly if they increase the sum of "innocent human happiness."

8. Benziger (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) has published

for 1s. 6d. *Ceremonial for Altar Boys* by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B.—everything that altar boys take part in, from everyday things like the way to put on and take off a surplice up to out-of-the-way things like pontifical vespers. Burns and Oates are the publishers of *The Wisdom of Foolishness*, a little drama by Mona Mora. It is dramatised, rather crudely and unskilfully, from a good book, Miss Anne Manning's *Household of Sir Thomas More* (now issued by Burns and Oates for two shillings). Anything about Blessed Thomas More is interesting.

9. The *Dolphin* for February (Philadelphia, 825, Arch Street) is a brilliant number, with Canon Sheehan's new novel of Irish life, *Glenanaar*, increasing in interest and power with each fresh instalment. Dr. Hugh T. Henry is discussing more thoroughly than has ever been done before the multitude of English versions of the *Dies Iræ*. Professor W. F. P. Stockley enters so fully and earnestly into the Irish University Question that at the end of a long and able article we read the words *To be continued*. And there are several other noteworthy items in the February *Dolphin*. We hope the *Messenger* (27, West 16th Street, New York) will adopt permanently the cover of this number, which seems to blend well the *utile* and the *dulce*. The costly fad of a new cover every month ought to be stopped. The use of two kinds of type enables the *Messenger* to give an extraordinary amount of matter in its 120 royal octavo pages; and this abundant matter is of high merit and interest. There are half a dozen finely executed illustrations. The *Messenger* is a most instructive and valuable periodical.

10. Father J. Moore, S.J., announces that with the Christmas *Mangalore Magazine* he retires from the editorship, probably because he is called to labour elsewhere. So much the worse for Mangalore and its Magazine. Beside the solid historical matter of local (and indeed of general) interest the bric-a-brac department has always been lively and varied. But did Alaric A. Watts write the famous "Austrian Army awfully arrayed"? The only number of the *Alpha-pi-mu*, edited by the pupils of the Academy of Our Lady, Longwood, Chicago, that has ever come into our hands, is the issue for December, 1904. It is particularly rich in sonnets, and very good ones, chiefly about the three last months, October, November, and December.

But Lesedas (De Sales ?) robs her third line of two syllables, and Mary Margaret Griffin ends an otherwise excellent sonnet by asking us, it seems, to take *gifts* and *joy* as a pair of rhymes. Very pleasant bits of prose, with such good Irish names signed to them as Griffin, Dargan, O'Connor, etc. God bless them all. The *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* began the year 1905 with an admirable number ; and on the other side of the Atlantic, in a different department of literature, Santa Clara College, California, distinguished itself by the splendid number of the *Redwood* issued by its *alumni* in honour of the Golden Jubilee of the Proclamation of the Immaculate Conception.

11. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., died last December, when the Art and Book Company, Cathedral Precincts, Westminster, were issuing his last translation from his favourite spiritual writer, Louis Blossius, O.S.B.—*The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul* (price 2s. 6d. net). Under the title of *Sinless Mary and Sinful Mary*, Burns and Oates have published in a tasteful volume Father Bernard Vaughan's beautiful sermon in Rome on " Mary's Social Mission as the Second Eve," and his earlier sermon at Cannes on " The Woman who was a Sinner."

12. Messrs. Fallon and Company, School Publishers, Upper Liffey Street, Dublin, have published in a well bound and well printed volume of 300 pages *The Elements of Practical Pedagogy*, by the De la Salle Brothers. It will be extremely useful in convents and for all who are engaged in the pre-eminently holy and useful work of instructing the young. It teaches well what it purposes to teach, it is elementary, and it is practical. It is evidently the fruit of the experience of many, and we are sure that this book has a long and useful future before it.

WINGED WORDS

A man ought to act as if he could do all, and to be resigned as if he could do nothing.—*Joseph de Maistre.*

There are times when a hot temper and a sharp tongue are good servants to the Kingdom of God.—*Rev. John Watson.*

The only man that I despair of is the man who thinks that all things are easy.—*Bishop Westcott.*

You are not likely to win a man over to your opinion by first treading upon his toes.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Correction is a very indigestible sort of food, and requires to be well cooked in the fire of charity.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

Nothing is gained, and dignity is lost, by fighting with hedgehogs.—*Westminster Gazette* (to a Kitten).

God is truth, and every truth won by man brings man nearer to God.—*Archdeacon Wilson.*

To keep the machinery of life from jarring, one must sometimes make concessions. Other people have rights, too.—*A. M. Davies Ogden.*

All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe ; and he who keeps back the truth or withholds it from man for motives of expediency is either a coward or a criminal or both.—*Max Müller.*

There is a certain impertinence in praise.—*Lord Coleridge.*

As I get older, I cannot understand the world. I cannot comprehend its frivolities and littlenesses : it seems to me as if they were all a little mad.—*Queen Victoria.*

The whole cross is more easily carried than the half. It is the man who tries to make the best of both worlds who makes nothing of either.—*Henry Drummond.*

The tooth of a child is easier to draw than that of a man, because it has no fangs ; so it is with his evil passions.—*Augustus William Hare.*

The first fall is the child of innocence, the second is the offspring of guilt.—*Dr. Primrose* in the *Vicar of Wakefield.*

Women more readily forgive grave faults than trifling errors. In this they are wise. Occasions for great virtues are rare ; those for mere etiquette arise every day.—*Anon.*

Religious feeling lies very deep in the Irish character and

contains a singularly small infusion of superstition. The Catholic Church understands, as no other does, how to distil a pure religious essence from the rankest superstition; but with the Irish no such alchemy is required. Among Catholics they are early Christians.—*Charles Booth's "Life and Labour in London."*

Science is the most speculative and romantic thing I know; it is cram-full of the most colossal assumptions.—*Laurence Houseman.*

Without the blessing of Almighty God, which can only be obtained by obedience to His laws, no legislative measures passed by any parliament can secure peace, prosperity, honour and happiness for this realm.—*Baron Richard Dowse.*

One of the good things one learns by absence from friends is seeing the folly of being huffed or affronted at trifles.—*Lord Edward Fitzgerald.*

A life fervent after a fall is very often more pleasing to God than innocence growing torpid in its security.—*St. Gregory the Great.*

Poetry is the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions.—*Abbé Joseph Roux.*

War is the most futile and most ferocious of human follies.—*John Hay.*

There is nothing insupportable to a heart that loveth God, and to him that loveth not everything is insupportable.—*St. Clare.*

The greatest of all pleasures is self-denial.—*Father Anderson, S.J.*

Some people are irreproachable because they are unapproachable.—*Bernal Osborne.*

We should be better religious if we were silent; for silence causes recollection.—*Mother Emmanuel.*

The best way in which [some people] can help literature is by not trying to add to it.—*G. F. Monkshood.*

The very idea of Purgatory linked with this world by a long rainbow of prayers is sublime.—*Jean de Bonnefon.*

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APRIL, 1903

THE DAHLIAS

NOT twenty and dying !

I will tell you all about it. It was consumption ! She grew up a gentle girl in our midst ; she was a tall child for her age, as she came to our little rural school or rural church ; slight and shy, with a modest downcast look in her eyes, and a soft sweet voice on her lips. Day after day she came to school ; week after week to church ; and month after month to the children's confraternity. Confession and Holy Communion on the second Sunday. She grew up among us, and was just as much one of ourselves as the fields or trees. She made her First Communion one year, was Confirmed the next, continued still a year or two more going to school ; and then we missed her from the pathway, that led through the long succession of fields to the little hill, on the slope of which stood her parents' home. She had gone to the city to business.

Ah ! there was the sorrow of it ! She got on at her business " in a way just ;" not that her heart was not in it ; not that she was not anxious to get on ; not that she had not hopes and aspirations like us all ; but the old gentleness hung around her ; the old shyness, that made the country-side her natural home and not the city, still clung to her ; and while she would not admit it, or even breathe of it, to any—not even to herself—her heart still yearned for the country. Oh, the country is sweet, and the city rough ; there are birds and bees and flowers in the country, and sunshine and pure air and gentle

winds ; and she longed for a look of the sweet dahlias, that stood erect and drooped their modest heads before her bedroom window.

It is little that makes us think of childish days ; a fly buzzing in my room will, to this day, make music sweeter to my heart than piano or organ. It reminds me of a little fellow, that was lying in a bed almost half a century ago, complaining of some slight sickness, and the fly kept on making sweet music for him. Ah, the look of those dahlias haunted her ; and well they might, for their summer and autumn velvet-red was like the tint of her virgin cheek ; and the stem was not unlike her own slight stature. And like them she faded with the coming of the frost.

She came home to us, complaining of a cold and a cough ; and she felt a chill ; and there was from time to time like a shivering ; and the teeth would chatter. We were just beginning the winter. It was a thing that we felt might grow worse, and though there was nothing to be feared, it was better to be careful. The fields in the winter time are wet, and the pathways slippery ; so, it would not do to come two miles along these, and then sit on in wet boots for perhaps an hour or so. And then wet clothes, and draughts, and the heavy atmosphere of a little country church that is packed with people, worshipping oftentimes (thank God !) like their fathers before them in dripping clothes.

I do think, that if I were not a Catholic, and if I saw an Irish country congregation gathering for Mass on a wet Sunday, trudging in bad boots along slobby roads, dragging over fences, and hastening through wet fields, taking a moment's shelter under a hedge or a tree from a north-west shower, and then hurrying on to "overtake Mass," and there kneeling or standing or sitting reverently in these drenched and dripping garments ; I say, if I saw it, it might not convert me ; but I would certainly look upon the God they worshipped as unjust, if He did not bless such a people temporarily and eternally. It is to my mind, in many cases, an heroic act of religion. One, who was not a Catholic at one time, told me, that while a Protestant the action of the drivers of the jarvey-cars in Dublin, in lifting their caps when passing the Catholic churches, struck her most impressively. She now, thank God, understands the

reason (blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar).

You see, we thought it better that she should not, under such circumstance, go to the Sunday Mass. But the Feast of Christmas, and the Crib in our little church, were too much for her. And so she came on Christmas Day ; but she looked pale and changed. The colour of the autumn dahlia was gone from her face, and her fingers looked white and long and thin ; and there was a short unruly cough, which she did her best to keep down, but it struggled like a rebellious child that for shame sake is at length let have its way. In the country it is happy and pleasant at Christmas time as in the city People's hearts are glad and joyous. There is something festive in the air, and sorrow comes with a doubly keen edge at Christmas. There was a sorrow over her, and over her parents home at Christmas. If we, at that time, are glad ourselves, and have glad friends about us, we think that all the world are glad. Alas ! it is not so.

We pushed into the new year, and the days began to get long ; and we said cheerily : " The summer days will come soon, and the dahlias will bud and blow, and then her colour will come again ; we will see the velvet lines streaking her face once more." You know, we all remember that March lay before us—March is our dreaded month—but we did not so much as breathe our fears to one another. The thought of March, the pitiless lion, lay silent in the bottom of our heart. Ah, but March came, and we weathered through. Our old people say : " March comes in like a lion, but goes out like a lamb." They add, however, that " Ould March takes a big bite out of April." It was a mild March, an unusually mild March, and we rejoiced for the lion had passed, and the lamb had come ; " the voice of the turtle was heard in our land." It was too soon, too soon ! " Ould March " began to roar fiercely. Black and bitter blasts began to whirl along the highway, and drove pitilessly across the open fields and round corners. In the middle of the night, she got a weakness and towards morning threw up blood.

Then we were alarmed. Prostration followed, loss of appetite for days, and (saddest of all) swollen feet and hands. She lay for the most part stretched on the bed ; she got up far out

in the day, and sat on the chair, silent, and to all appearance listless. Oh, what a little world of disappointed hopes was there ! We all, young and old, build castles in the air ; the castles of the aged are sometimes (heaven knows) gossamer enough ; but the beautiful dreams of the young laugh and glow like the rosy morning in the eastern skies. Ah, who would ruthlessly pull the opening bud off the rose ? Who would strike off the spring-blossom from the apple tree ? Alas ! alas ! it is a vale of tears indeed, when we see tears on the cheek, or sadness on the brow of the innocent and the young !

On the Sunday she saw from the window the girls pass with a light step and a lighter heart in their gayest colours to Mass. Only a few short weeks ago and it was her own case ; and the fleet stealing of a few short weeks, or a few short months, what a change did they not bring ! On the weekdays she heard them getting up and " going to the cows." It was early, almost unnaturally early, for the cows had to be milked early, and the milk had to go early to the creamery. And she had often thought, when she herself had to do it, that it would be lovely and snug to be left lying in bed, especially if the rain was falling and the morning cold. Now, she would have arisen cheerfully at cock-crow, and gone out in a blizzard of frost and snow ; if only the short breathing and the prostration and the swelling in hands and feet would leave her, and she had her health and the power of her limbs again. Oh ! it is sad to see the early blossom fade, the budding rose wither, the young falter by the way.

The summer came, and the dahlias began to open, and the sunshine lingered on the doorstep. The sunshine is delightful to the human eye and heart. She asked to be put sitting by the door, where she could see and touch her beloved flowers, and sometimes in the heat they pretended to faint and fell towards her, and she leaned her cheek to meet them ; and you saw the two dahlias meet. Sometimes the light breeze of evening would bend them to her lap ; and the Virgin Mary's thistle would sigh amid its crisp and mitred leaves, as it cast a saddened look towards her.

Our Lady's thistle often brought thoughts to the poor patient of Holy Mary and the Divine Child. She knew the

legend of those immaculate spots of white on a ground of silvery green. It was, when nothing was in the desert to shelter the Adorable Babe and His Blessed Mother, in the Flight into Egypt, while the Mother gave the Child nourishment, that the thistle, seeing none other offering a shade, timidly came forward, and opened out its broad leaves over them ; and some of the drops of milk in gratitude fell upon it. From that day to this, as families of long descent boast on their heraldry of some noble deed of one of their ancestors, so the humble thistle displays to the sun this blessed deed of the lowly to the lowly. Many think that they could prove the ancient Catholicity of Ireland even from this simple plant. It is an exotic, and must have been the child of a warmer climate. It is generally found in the neighbourhood of ruined monasteries ; and quite likely was brought originally by the members of some of these religious orders from sunnier lands. With us it still loves the sun and flourishes best when turned to the south, and sheltered from the northern blasts by the debris of old castles and abbeys. She would look from one to the other. In imagination the Flight of Egypt would be realized again before her,—Holy Mary and the Divine Child, and the dread of their pursuers, and the hot desert-sun, and the kindly thistle, and the hasty rest. She would dream and dream, and angels from heaven would, like Murillo and Raphael and Michael-Angelo, paint entrancing pictures, that her fancy and (as she thought) even her bodily eye could see. Oh, God is good ! “ Draw us after Thee, O Lord, in the odour of Thy ointments.”

Then she would take her beads in the soft sunshine, or she would read from a holy book. She bent and read from the book resting on her lap,—it was the Life of Blessed Margaret Mary : “ Once, about five weeks before Ash-Wednesday, our Lord appeared to her under the figure of the *Ecce Homo*, carrying His Cross, and covered with bruises and deep wounds, from which His Sacred Blood flowed abundantly. ‘ Is there no person,’ He said, ‘ who will have compassion on My sorrow ? Is there no one who will take share in this grief, that sinners cause Me ? ’ Prostrate at His Sacred Feet the blessed servant offered herself with tears ; and He laid on her a heavy cross bristling with thorns and nails. She was overwhelmed by the weight of it ; and learned then, more truly than ever before,

the malice and evil of sin. In the horror she felt, she would have preferred to cast herself into hell rather than willingly to commit one fault. 'O accursed sin,' she would cry, 'how detestable you are, since you do such injury to my Sovereign Good!' Our Lord made her see that it was necessary not alone to carry this cross, but to be fastened to it, and thus to bear Him faithful company. She gave herself without reserve to His good pleasure, and He Himself fastened her to the Cross by a most painful malady, in which she felt all the agonizing pains of the thorns and nails, but in such a way as to cause only the railery and the laughter even of her physicians."

The patient laid down the book, and her eye fell on the dahlias; and there, plain as daylight could show it, she saw the *Ecce Homo* in the velvet-red petals, and the Thorns and Nails, the heavy Cross, and the sacred Body bending beneath the weight, and the Blood flowing from the Scourgings and open Wounds in large drops. With that strange fascination, with which, sitting by the peaceful fire, we look into the gleaming hearth, and watch in the slumbering coals figures and faces and forms, and we gaze and gaze, and all seems so real and attractive; in such a way, and with a like attraction she kept gazing on the petals of the blood-red dahlias. "Who is He, that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments of Bosra? He was clothed in a robe sprinkled with blood; and His Name is called the Word of God. Why is Thy vesture red, and Thy garments as theirs who have trodden the wine-press? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and out of all the nations there was not a man with Me."

Hours passed, and for hours she watched the *Ecce Homo* on the blood-red dahlias. They wondered that she was saying nothing, that she was not wanting to be taken in to the house and to the company. When they came out and put their hands under her arms to help her, they noticed a strange silence about her, as if a spell of peace had been cast upon her. The only word she said was: "I wonder will the priest come again to-morrow. He said he would come again to give me Holy Communion." And her mother said: "Oh, he will surely come." "Thank God!" was all she murmured; and she rested her face on her mother's shoulder, and gave one look back at the dahlias. They laid her on her bed, and oh! but she was

a slight figure—thin hands, long transparent fingers, dark hair, and worn face. Her eyes looked towards the window. They thought she wished to have it curtained, that she was tired and might wish to sleep. Oh, no, no ! She did not wish to have it curtained. One of the dahlias looked in at the window, and she wanted to gaze at the *Ecce Homo* on its blood-red leaves.

With the last rays of the evening she beheld the bent Figure and the Crown of Thorns on the Head, and the Cross, "His Sovereignty laid on His shoulders," and the Nails and the Scourgings and the Wounds, and the heavy Blood-drops trickling down. The gentle twilight faded, and the solemn shadows came on ; and then sleep stole over the eyelids and the wasted frame. But still in her sleep the blood-red rose peeped in at the window ; and her dreaming fancy saw the Sacred Figure and the Cross. But it was not bent, that is, the Figure under the weight ; it was sitting on an ivory throne, which was whiter than snow. And the Cross stood there, and the Thorns and the Nails ; but there were no bruises and no trickling blood ; and the divine Face was beautiful as on Thabor, when Peter said in joy : " Lord, it is good for us to be here."

In the morning the priest came. She received the Holy Viaticum. *Viaticum* means something for a journey. Lawyers, from old Catholic customs, will still use the word here with us, when one is cited by them to give evidence in a cause. In the language of the Law Courts it means money to meet the expenses of the journey to the court. *Viaticum*, then, is something for a journey. There is a mysterious journey before us all ; and God Himself comes to us ; and better even than the Archangel Raphael, who conducted Tobias, He not only conducts, but becomes even our support and our food for the journey. It was a joy to see her receive Holy Viaticum that morning. Oh ! the beauty of her face !

She thought, towards noon, that she might get up ; but a spasm came and blood gushed forth. Then they laid her back, and her eyes rested on the dahlias at the window. So the day passed ; she never uttered a word, but her eyes rested with such a strange gaze on the blood-red dahlia, that they doubted whether she had her senses or not. Evening came, her mother was sitting beside the bed. Twice she attempted

to rise, then with an effort throwing out her arms—"Oh, mother, don't you see Him on His throne," she cried—"as big as the Cross in the chapel-yard?" These were her last words; she lay back, "and rested in the joy of the Lord."

R. O. K.

THE YOUNG YEAR

THE year is at its exquisite turn,
And April's in the air,
Primrose the early sunsets burn,
Dawn earlier grows fair.

Although the greenwood's not yet green,
I need no bird to pipe
"Cuckoo, 'tis Spring!"—the air is keen,
And with its promise ripe.

And thin, like stripling maids whose eyes
Hold vague and eager quest,
Those silver birches seek the skies,
Lean on its austere breast.

The low grey landscape, deep in mist,
To far horizons creeps—
Earth like a woman love has kissed
Smiles wistful as she sleeps.

But 'tis the sleep beyond midnight—
Her tiring-maid, the moon,
When wild-birds mate, bestirred by light,
Will wake her, very soon.

ISABEL K. LLOYD.

ROBERT CARBERY

PRIEST OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

II

THOUGH I have in these biographical notes left Father Carbery's school-days far behind, room may be found here, out of its proper place, for a reference to them made in one of his letters long afterwards. One of his contemporaries at Clongowes was James Jones, younger brother of Father Daniel Jones, S.J., the first Master of Novices in Ireland, and brother also of several Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity. Father James Jones, too, joined the Society, but his work lay in England, where he filled the offices of Professor of Theology and of Provincial. Father Carbery wrote of him to a friend: "I remember when we met after his return from Demerara, we were talking of our school-days, and he said to me that he often thought, with amazement and with gratitude to God, of the wonderful innocence and modesty in conversation of all our old companions in Clongowes."

But, as I have said, we had reached a further point in our story, where Robert Carbery had made up his mind to abandon the idea of the Bar, or any other worldly career. He did not, however, enroll himself at once under the banner of St. Ignatius. Most of the twelve Apostles were called twice, the first time not involving so complete and permanent a renunciation as the final *Follow Me*. This dual vocation has its counterpart in many lives. "Show, O Lord, Thy ways to me, and teach me Thy paths" (Psalm xxiv. 4). First, *via*, the road that turns the traveller's footsteps in the proper direction; and then *semita*, the path that leads him straight to his special destination.

Robert Carbery had made up his mind that he was called to serve God in the ecclesiastical state; and his parish priest, Father Maurice Sheehan, who had great influence with his father and mother, urged him to join the ranks of the clergy in his native diocese, Cloyne. Accordingly, he entered Maynooth

College as a student of the diocese of Cloyne, on the 19th of September, 1849, and satisfied the Board of Examiners so well in Logic that he was placed at once in the Physics Class, then taught by the holy and singularly gifted Dr. Nicholas Callan. His professors of theology were Dr. Furlong (soon afterwards the Bishop of Ferns), the Rev. George Crolly, Dr. Murray, and Dr. O'Reilly, with whom, as Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., he was afterwards to have closer relations. Father O'Reilly, like himself, had been a Clongowes boy, and after a long theological course in Rome, and thirteen years as Professor of Theology in Maynooth, he joined the Society of Jesus in 1851, and, with high reputation for wisdom, learning and sanctity, did eminently useful work therein till his death in November, 1878.

Through all his five or six years in Maynooth Robert Carbery won the first or second place in nearly all departments of study, his chief competitor and also his closest friend being a saintly youth from Derry, Patrick Kearney, though I suspect that the third of the triumvirate who were "called to the first premium" was the most solid theologian of the three; this was John Ryan of Cashel—the holy and learned priest of that southern archdiocese who was considered by his fellow-priests "most worthy" to succeed the Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Leahy. Dr. Croke, then Bishop of Auckland, who was appointed Archbishop by the Holy See, had the most profound confidence in Dr. Ryan as his Vicar-General. Another very valued and distinguished contemporary was Patrick Feehan, afterwards Archbishop of Chicago, beloved and revered by all. Nearly forty years later, Father Carbery writes: "I have the picture of Archbishop Feehan always on my mantelpiece. All who come in admire the head. His appearance is quite changed from what it was in Maynooth days. He was a very fine young man with open, florid face. He and Father Ronan were like brothers." Father Ronan, S.J., is almost the sole survivor of that generation of Maynooth students, and he is still hale and hearty in Mungret College, Limerick, for which he has done so much, being indeed the founder of the Apostolic School attached to it which has already prepared many Irish youths to be excellent priests, especially in the United States.

As an excuse for bringing in some worthy names, two of

which would otherwise never be mentioned, I will let myself be reminded here of the very unimportant circumstance that the admirable prelate just referred to, Archbishop Feehan, happens to be my first link with the great *Alma Mater* whose loyal son I am proud to be, the first "Maynooth man" I ever heard of. Two of his Castleknock classmates, Stevenson and Mulligan, had stayed on behind him in that College between the two hills to study theology along with "the young Vins," two of whom survive, Father Malachy O'Callaghan, C.M., of Cork, and Father Daniel O'Sullivan, C.M., Mill Hill, London. Stevenson hardly lived to join his uncle, Archbishop Carew of Calcutta; and Father Mulligan died in Marlborough-street, Dublin, at the beginning of what promised to be a distinguished career. It was to Stevenson that the Maynooth student wrote; and the opening sentence of the letter, read aloud to a group on the playground at Castleknock under the old castle, chanced to fix itself textually in the memory of the youngest of the group. "It is so long since letters have passed between us that I do not know whether I ought to begin by excusing myself or abusing *you*." What a mysterious faculty is memory!—to hold such a trivial, casual thing in safe keeping for sixty years.

It is needless to say that for piety and virtue Robert Carbery stood very high in the esteem of his superiors and his fellow-students. One proof of the character that he had gained for himself is the fact that in September, 1852, at the beginning of his third year of theology, he was one of the two prefects placed in charge of the Junior House, which comprised the classes of Humanity, Rhetoric, and Logic. As I was then a member of the last of these classes, I was one of his subjects; but not a single word ever passed between us. My most vivid remembrance of him regards the speech that he made at our festive dinner in the Junior Refectory on St. Patrick's Day, 1853. To set his eloquence off to greater advantage his colleague happened to be Peter Foley of Killaloe, afterwards a Jesuit also—he died at St. Stanislaus College, Tullabeg, February 1st, 1893, aged sixty-seven—a holy man, and one of the subtlest of thinkers, but one of the worst of speakers, and till the end of his life the most inaudible of the race of articulately-speaking men. On the other hand "Carbery of Cloyne" proved that not in vain had he won the prize of excellence in the Clongowes Debate. He

electrified his youthful audience, one of whom guarantees, after fifty years, the almost verbal accuracy of one passage : "The greatest military genius of modern times, addressing his army before the Battle of the Pyramids, exclaimed : 'Soldiers of France ! from the summit of yonder Pyramids four thousand years look down upon you !' And to you, students of Maynooth, I will say, fourteen hundred years look down upon you. From their place in Heaven our forefathers in the Faith"—but if I went further, my guarantee for literal exactness would fail.

In the middle of the preceding month he had made, with great applause, his first trial in an art in which he was afterwards to distinguish himself ; for, writing from University College, Dublin, February 16th, 1889, he says : "It will be thirty-six years to-morrow since I preached my first sermon at Maynooth. Many a Saint was only half that time in the world."

In the autumn of that same year, 1853, he received Sub-deaconship. I do not know why Holy Orders were conferred at that unusual time of the year. His father and mother had a remarkable escape on this occasion. They came up to Dublin in order to be present, having resisted pressing invitations to spend another day in Queenstown, which would have let them still arrive in time. On the next day a terrible railway accident occurred at Straffan, which was, I think, the worst catastrophe that has ever happened on any railway in Ireland.

Meanwhile it had gradually become clear to him that it was God's will in his regard that he should serve Him in the Society of Jesus. His parents were too pious to resist God's designs when they became convinced of the genuineness of his vocation. His good P.P., Father Sheehan, held out the longest, for he had reckoned on his young parishioner for doing much good work in his native diocese ; and till the end he would say, when the young Jesuit's name was mentioned, "Oh, that renegade fellow ! I will never forgive him for deserting us in such a manner."

In the beginning of October, 1854, the Jesuit postulant bade good-bye to his home, and took the mail coach for Cork, accompanied by his mother, who wanted "to see the last of him." One who witnessed the final parting of mother and son remembers Mrs. Carbery standing in Patrick-street, Cork,

looking with streaming eyes after the jingle (the Cork name for a two-wheeled covered car) till it was lost to sight beyond the bridge on its way to where the railway terminus then stood. Then she turned away with her usual self-possession, saying, "God's holy will be done." Strangely enough the anguish that her son also felt at the separation found a little comfort in these lines, composed on the way to Dublin :—

Were I an infidel at heart,
No thought of God above me,
For all this world I would not part
From those who dearly love me.
Yet, though hot tears run down my cheeks,
They are not tears of sadness,
But tears of love and gratitude
Which fill my heart with gladness.

With the wistful fondness for the special commemoration of past favours or trials, of which we have already had examples, it is not surprising that Father Carbery often notes the recurring anniversaries of this important epoch in his life. He refers to it also under other dates. Thus, February 11th, 1889, he writes : " This sacred anniversary of my mother's death is always a day of great peace and gratitude to God. However much I appreciate it, I shall never understand in this life what a blessing it was to have such parents. Indeed the thought is often a stimulus to me that they may not be disappointed when we meet in Heaven. It would not do to have them find that I was not what I left them to be." He might have recalled the story of the monk who had fallen off from his first fervour and whose deceased mother appeared to him in a vision and reproached him, saying, " Was it for this that you broke our hearts, tearing yourself away from your loving home to give yourself to God ? Was it to be no better than you are now that you inflicted such pain on yourself and us ? " Again, in August, 1891, the same train of thought suggests itself : " How grateful I must be to God for having such parents waiting and watching for me in Heaven ! And still more grateful for having had the grace to leave them for Him, since it is certain that everything given up for His glory will, in spite of all our weakness, be restored a hundredfold for ever. This was an immense consolation for me when my dear mother was dying,

and I am certain that it was a source of special graces for her and of inexpressible joy in Heaven."

October 10th, 1854, Feast of St. Francis Borgia, third General of the Society of Jesus, was the day on which Robert Carbery was accepted by the Vice-Provincial, Father John Curtis, who sent him to make his noviceship in France, at St. Acheul, near Amiens, which he did not reach till the 28th of October. During his sojourn there he was visited by his father and his brother John. The latter made a short retreat at St. Acheul, and astonished the good people at home by telling them that once, looking out of his room, he saw Robert sweeping the corridor. Probably none of them had seen old George Herbert's "Elixir":

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, "*For Thy sake,*"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

His friend, Patrick Kearney, continued another year or two in Maynooth, on the Dunboyne Establishment, before joining the Vincentian Fathers. After he had come to an understanding with his confessor, Dr. Thomas Furlong (afterwards Bishop of Ferns) on this important point, he told me at the time that he sometimes wavered in his choice of a religious order, casting a wisful glance towards the Society of Jesus on account chiefly of his love for St. Aloysius and Robert Carbery—this was precisely the way he put it—but whenever he ventured to moot the matter in confession, Dr. Furlong would say : "Beware of the pillar of salt ! Beware of the pillar of salt !" —an admonition that would have been more pertinent if the young priest had borne a closer resemblance to Lot's wife by "looking back," instead of merely turning his eyes in a slightly different direction.

At this time Father Kearney showed me a letter he had

received from the Jesuit novice, of which one phrase happens to survive in my memory after so many years. "Well, we shall see what Mary's sunny month will do for us." It was in that "sunny month" in the preceding year that he had shown his devotion to the same Blessed Mother in the only sample of his Muse that I have ever seen, except a very slight specimen given already.

Oh ! Mother of Jesus ! sweet Mother of love !
 In mercy look down from thy bright throne above,
 Where cherub and seraph in ecstasy raise
 Loud peals of thanksgiving, sweet anthems of praise
 To the Lamb that was slain ; while all prostrate before Him,
 The angels in myriads fall down and adore Him.
 O merciful Queen ! from those regions of bliss,
 Look down on thy child who is exiled in this,
 Forget not the hour when that Jesus, whose brow
 Is resplendent with beams of Divinity now,
 All bleeding and bruised, from His hard bed of death
 To thee, who stood nigh broken-hearted beneath,
 Bequeathed my poor soul for whose ransom He bled :
 " See, Mother ! thy child," in faint accents He said.
 Oh, yes, dearest Mary ! for sake of that Son
 I pray thee to make my poor spirit thine own,
 My sole wish is to please thee, to love thee, no more
 To offend thee—too oft have I done so before.
 Each day shall I beg of thy Jesus, thy Child,
 To make me more humble, obedient, and mild ;
 To teach me to love thee from morning till night,
 In sickness or health, in darkness or light,
 To follow thy beacon, sweet Star of the sea !
 Which shall guide me to Heaven, to Him, and to thee.

The conclusion of his noviceship is fixed as All Saints' Day, 1856, by the following extract from a letter dated October 31st, 1892 :—

" It will be thirty-six years to-morrow since I made my first vows at St. Acheul. I thank God for having given me the great grace of having had the light and strength to wish to sacrifice for our Blessed Lord whatever I really loved. Whatever my weakness may be, it was an immense blessing to have been allowed to do this for Him. And whatever pain it may have occasioned to those I loved, it was a great source of merit for them to have accepted it in the full spirit of Faith, in spite of the suggestions of nature. This they did with their whole hearts. I could not tell what a real consolation it was for me, when I was with my

mother at her death, to remember this, and what a constant source of joy it is when I think of her and my father, as I constantly do. It was from their goodness and prayers that this cross and this blessing were granted to them and to me."

After this event he was called home immediately to Ireland by the new Vice-Provincial, Father John Ffrench, and was ordained priest in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin, on the 13th of November, in the presence of his proud and happy father and mother and his youngest brother, Joseph, then a child. According to his custom he ever after kept the anniversary of this day with very special devotion, and alludes to it tenderly in his letters to a friend on whose sympathy he could reckon securely. Thus on November 12th, 1887, he asks for

"a memento for St. Stanislaus to-morrow, anniversary of my ordination, thirty-one years! He was only eighteen, was always sweet, calm, and sunny, making no effort but from the heart, living and dying of love. We should let the brains rest, and only exercise the heart in everything concerning our loving Saviour. It is much easier to find devotion in the merciful familiarity of the Sacred Heart than by looking too closely to ourselves. To place ourselves continually in the Sacred Heart, and be there entirely consumed with love, is the shortest and easiest way to destroy self, and to learn, like St. Stanislaus, that spirit of childlike simplicity which is the very soul of perfection as it is of happiness in the religious life. Death to all thought of self, and to every confidence in oneself, or in our own ideas, is the true life, and when we arrive at it, or near it, we come to a turning point as it were, in full view of perfection. No doubt Providence is always drawing us to this point, and using every apparently accidental circumstance to aid us in reaching it."

"Nov. 10th, 1894. The greatest feast of mine is near at hand. It is no wonder that St. Stanislaus is the patron not only of novices but of grey-haired saints. There is not the least exaggeration in the letter of Lancicius to his Provincial on the wonderful effects of devotion to the Boy-Saint, for all who can catch up as the ruling power of life, the Saint's sweet spirit of love."

"Nov. 7th, 1896. We are nearing the feast of St. Stanislaus, anniversary of my ordination in Gardiner-street, in the year 1856. Forty years: which means offering the Holy Sacrifice nearly 15,000 times! How prodigal, in the highest sense of the word, is our Blessed Lord in His tender mercies! How many priests have been born and have passed away in that

period! But thanks be to the Divine Mercy I am still able to work for His glory, and for the increased happiness of those who have gone Home before me. I delight in the Octave of All Saints, as it seems to increase a hundredfold our power of union with the dead, and of helping them, if any of those we love still need our help."

M. R.

(To be continued.)

FOR THEE

" My God, for Thee ! " 'tis sweet to say
When sunshine reigns, and life goes gay ;
And sweet to think that Thou dost take
The cares borne gladly for Thy sake,
The common cares of every day,
My God, for Thee !

Though not for me the lofty way
Of great deeds done, or works that may
Thy glory show, or souls awake,
My God, for Thee !

Yet does this cheering thought hold sway ;
" All done for Me, I will repay."
Strong truth on which our hope to stake !
More pure each action deign to make,
My God, for Thee !

S. M. C.

DEAR SPRING

DEAR Spring, you're coming back again.

After the Winter's frost and snow,

To smoothe away our cares and pain

And bid us glad and happy go.

And I must not ungrateful be,

Nor grieve that you're already here,

Though never again you'll be to me

What you were many another year.

Dear Spring, 'twas you I always loved

'Midst childhood's days, in girlhood's prime,

The dearest friend you ever proved,

In happy time, in weeping-time.

But now you, too, must fail me, Spring !

Since he is gone, my only dear,

No Springtime gives my heart a wing,

This year, or any other year.

The earth lies green and dewy-sweet,

Thy bloom is over field and lea,

I feel thee stirring 'neath my feet,

Thy voice is heard in every tree.

Heavy of heart alone am I,

Bowed down with loneliness I fear.

O Spring, why is it I cannot cry

My joy, like any other year ?

Yet earthly days must pass, and then

Will come another Springtime bright,

God's happy Springtime, free from pain,

Filled with His sunshine and His light.

Dear Lord, look not to my poor worth,

But deign my lonely prayers to hear—

Grant me Thy grace while here on earth,

This year, and every other year.

NORA O'MAHONY.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER XII

DUNMARA AGAIN

THE next night Mr. Aungier called at the Largie to drive Ellen back to Dunmara. He looked brave and stalwart, this Saxon Egbert, as he stood in the little hall wearing a cloak hanging heavily from his broad shoulders, and his black roundabout hat crowded down over his auburn locks. He looked well in this dress. The hat, with its projecting leaf, made a good finish for the bold outline of the face, threw shadows softly and heavily under the brows and about the eyes, sheltering their cold beam, and the stately figure carried the massive drapery well.

So he stood when Ellen came to meet him, looking pale in her black dress, but flushing nervously when presented for the first time to the gentleman who had saved her life, whose bread she had eaten, and was henceforth to eat. She thought him very proud and stately as she stood in the shadows watching his quiet decided movements and hearing his few words. And her fancy performed a little pantomime on the instant, changing the hat into a spired crown of gold, and the cloak into a regal mantle with jewelled clasps and ermine on the hem. "Every inch a king." That whimsical idea of the Heptarchy was not forgotten.

The night was dark and utterly starless. Mr. Aungier's trap was very comfortable. Ellen was bestowed in the snuggest corner, and wrapped in a friendly rug; her eyes soon got accustomed to the darkness, and she saw that they sped through miles of a solitary highland of bleak moors and mountains. The road looked a faint whitish track, tossed zigzag by the billows of a black noiseless ocean. As they drove along Mr. Aungier asked some polite questions of his companion as to her enjoyment of the drive to Dunsurf. Ellen replied in a few quiet words, for she felt fear of his cold abstracted voice and rather hard manner. And, in truth, from whatever cause, Egbert Aungier's mood was not soft that night, when he turned

away from that pleasant little crowd in Dr. Drummond's hall, and drew the rug over his knees in the chaise. Ellen felt a chill, and was warned by instinct to make very short and sober replies to the questions asked her.

In the silence her thoughts went back to the red sunset, and the purple hills of the evening before.

"Did you admire the scenery?" Mr. Aungier asked, still recurring to the trip to Dunsurf.

The question struck home; Ellen forgot her common-sense resolves, and cried, earnestly,—

"It is magnificent!"

"You are an enthusiast."

Ellen felt stirred; something in the tone made her indignant, and she answered, quickly,—

"I hope so; I believe all good people, certainly all great people, have been enthusiastic about something."

"And may I ask under which class you rank yourself, the great or the good; also, what is your particular madness?"

✧ Ellen's cheek burned, and a hot moisture pained her eyes. Holy ground had been profanely trodden, and yet she was no match for the cool, stinging tongue which had spoken. The consciousness of this made her answer with even more heat than before.

"I don't know; I am not sure that I understand you. I love everything that is beautiful, true, good; I have also an enthusiastic hatred of all that is narrow, cold, and heartless!"

She was sorry she had said it before the words had well passed her lips; she knew what she had half meant to imply, and wondered at her own audacity. During the past half hour the impetuous side of her nature had been getting roused from the sleep in which it had lain since that evening when she had dreamed such brave bright dreams on the deck of the doomed ship. It had asserted itself all at once and unawares, and finding it had spoken and betrayed itself, Ellen sat trembling, half wishing and half not wishing those last words unsaid.

There was no reply for some time, and she had begun to think that her speech had been either unheard or unheeded, when Mr. Aungier suddenly said,—

"And so you have come to the conclusion that I am cold, narrow-minded, and heartless."

Ellen was silent.

"Is not that what you meant?"

"I did not say so."

"But you meant it; and perhaps it is true. What then? Fire is a dangerous master, unusual width of mind entails ambition; hearts are cumbersome appendages. Cold, narrow, selfish—a safe character."

Ellen felt grieved and indignant. She had wished to be grateful to this gentleman who had saved her life, and yet at the very first she had been provoked to say something offensive. She said,—

"I had rather never have been born than that it were my character. I had rather live in perilous freedom than be chained in a dungeon, even were I sure I should there be invulnerable to all harm. Fire, if it sometimes burns, always warms and cheers. I think a noble spirit requires a wide space to breathe in; and, besides, hearts can rejoice as well as grieve."

"You are too young; you have caught an epidemic that is prevalent among children. I perceive the symptoms,—you speak hotly and your voice shakes. Enthusiasm! tush, it is a coloured bubble, a painted screen. a cloud of dust to blind young eyes! You point to your poet. See him measuring out rhymes on his fingers. He is thinking much more of how many bits of coin he will get for each twisted line than of the agonies and ecstasies of his hero and heroine. He turns from a love-ditty to bark at his wife. Then your artist! He sits among his paint-pots muttering slang, with a clay pipe between his teeth; his hands are sticky, his clothes are slovenly; he has learned the trick of staining canvas, and, by-and-by, children of all ranks and ages, young and old, and middle-aged, all raving in the delirium of that fever, will crowd around it, and sigh, and clasp their hands, and hail a great soul, and cry aloud, 'Where is the conqueror that we may crown him?' And then Potts or Snooks will throw away his pipe for the nonce, and grin in his sleeve behind his laurels."

"I do not think that your sketch is altogether correct. You have only given one side of the picture. But even so, I don't see why Snooks should not smoke his pipe if it comforts him, right up through his very laurels. Perhaps he might use a cigar if some poor dependant were

not by to need his shillings as he gets them. Then he may well have a smile behind his laurels when they come, for it will surely be repeated with tenfold brightness by other faces around him."

"Ah! you have got off to another question. You are taking for granted the existence of disinterested affection."

This was too bitter. Ellen held her peace; she had been so unprepared for a conversation like this, having unconsciously deduced from the fact of Mr. Aungier's having exerted himself to save her life, the conclusion that he must be a very benevolent and amiable man. She began to understand what she had heard of the Aungiers being eccentric people; and, besides this disappointing surprise, the scoff at so much that she held sacred wounded her very sorely. She felt more grief than she could well account for, and a lonely dreariness of spirit at this introduction to her new state of existence. Her thought went back to that evening when she had said so triumphantly, "A new life; indeed, a new life!"

She remembered Monica's warning, which had followed those words of hers. And now the new life had come, and in loneliness and sorrow she was going forth to meet it, cold and ungenial as it promised to be. Everyone, the bravest, can recall periods of such depression when it has seemed too hard to have to grope on through a dark world, and when our momentary suffering is not induced by any immediate calamity, nor by any cause, which we know of, great enough to cause its intensity. We are apt to call such a sensation presentiment, but it is rather the pain of ignorance weighing on the soul which would fain know the lines and waymarks of its future, the gloom of blind anticipation, and is seldom followed by anything so painful as itself.

Ellen shrank farther away from Mr. Aungier, and as she stirred in her seat, he drew the rug more closely around her, and asked in a kind voice if she felt cold. The humane impulse made a chink in the man's seeming cynicism through which the true light of his nature glanced. It surprised Ellen into remorse for the hard thoughts which had been strengthening within her, and made her feel still more uncomfortable than before. She was weak as yet, and a choking sensation pained her throat and a few tears slid down behind her veil.

They travelled swiftly and silently through a realm of shade ; Ellen ranked her sober thoughts among the black level files of the mountains, or watched the speed of the horse, which went like the Phooka, striking flame from the flints and puffing hot breath on the air.

"There is a star !" said Egbert Aungier, pointing above a far mountain with his whip ; "should you not get down and worship ? It is one of the gods of your sect."

Ellen saw it ! Mars, red and full, and strong of ray.

"It is not a god," she said, "but to me it is an old friend, and has many times been a comforter."

"Indeed, yonder bit of shine a comforter ? I should like to hear how that could be." Silence. "Will you not enlighten me ?"

"I dare say you will not understand, indeed I know you will not. Perhaps you have never toiled all day through hard work and trouble in a weary town, and longed for a little quiet rest at an open window when night came ; if you had, you would know what it is to have a star looking kindly at you. I think all who believe in God, and have known sorrow, can reverence the stars without being fools."

"And you have had such work and trouble ?"

"Yes."

Ellen would say no more ; the allusion to past days, with the echo of loving words and the vision of loved faces had again brought tears, and in spite of self-control the fraction of a little stifled sob escaped her which mortified her so much that she forgot the trouble that had occasioned it, and kept hoping that it had not been noticed, and reproaching herself for her silliness during the rest of the journey.

It was late when Mr. Aungier slackened his horse's speed down a long avenue. Dunmara House showed few lights when he reined in at the door. An imperious pull of the bell quickened feet that were already audibly coming at sound of the wheels ; they were only servants, however, when they did come. Ellen looked in vain for affectionate sisters running impatiently to the hall. The housekeeper appeared and beckoned Ellen upstairs ; supper was waiting, and Ellen learned that she had yet to go through the ordeal of being presented to Miss Elswitha Aungier before she slept.

Coming downstairs, she overheard Mr. Aungier asking the housekeeper in the hall :

“ Is there a fire in Miss Ellen's room ? ”

She had somehow felt prepared to have her surname thus set aside. The little circumstance brought a return of that strange feeling which had possessed her during a whole night and day at Dunsurf ; but this was no time for pondering bewildering thoughts, and with an effort she banished the idea. She found a housemaid waiting to conduct her to the dining-room, and entered an old-fashioned, very large room, where evidently nothing had been done in the way of furnishing for many years. It was so large that the light of four tall candles wandered dimly into the distant corners ; the walls were hung with flutings of sad drapery, and the windows were clothed with hangings in the old tester fashion. Supper was laid, and a wood fire blazed up the chimney ; an elderly lady sat bolt upright in a high-backed chair near the hearth ; her hair was very grey, shaded at one side and rolled in large puffs on her cheek-bones. She had an iron jaw, a stoney eye, and a mouth so thin as to be almost lipless. Her figure was large and masculine ; she was dressed in a cold-coloured silk gown, and worked at an antique-looking piece of embroidery.

Mr. Aungier was standing near her, looking very stern ; he introduced Ellen, formally, to his sister, Miss Aungier ; she bowed stiffly and went on with her work,—a faded tapestry-like affair, which suited the grim maiden well. He then placed a chair for Ellen near the fire, and threw himself upon a sofa, while Miss Elswitha's needle clicked and clicked. Ellen felt the air of the fire pleasant on her cheek, and employed the silence in wondering at herself and how she came to be there ; thinking of how many years she had lived, and how far she had travelled, in order to form a trio with that brother and sister, at that precise moment of all the ages, from the Beginning to the End.

When supper came, Miss Elswitha laid aside her tapestry, and moved to the head of the table. Mr. Aungier treated Ellen with marked politeness ; Miss Aungier addressed her without much cordiality, whereupon a glance that was not loving passed from the brother to the sister. A tightening of the mouth announced that the man was master of the house,

and would be master, and a stonier grimness in the other face suggested that this maiden was not an example of feminine dependence and yieldingness. It was clear to Ellen that her presence was not welcome to the lady, and that the gentleman, having seen fit to bring her there, also meant to make her stay permanent. The silence was dismal. Every mouthful seemed to choke her; she did feel under shelter of a strong wing, but that was little while encouragement from her own sex was denied. This open manifestation of dislike froze her with a chill depression.

When supper was finished, Miss Elswitha bade them a frosty good night and left the room. If Ellen had known the woman's character, she would not have been amazed at the unamiability of her behaviour, but rather at the fact that she had waited in that room for her arrival, and supped at the table with her; but this concession had been wrung from Elswitha at the sword-point of a moral force which was seldom turned against her, but which, when it was once exerted, she had not the power to withstand.

For this sister, her want of soul, her stoniness of heart, her grimness of countenance, her hardness of speech, had blighted the life of her younger brother, given him a cynic's eye to look at the world with, and a hardened spirit which shunned that world's softer side. Egbert could remember yet, broken-hearted returns to school after dreary vacations, and the anecdotes told by schoolfellows of happy homes which it had been grief to leave, but which it was gladness to remember. And he could recall the black moments when he had slid away from the crowd of the loving and beloved, and sat alone at the corner of a desk to study the bricks in the courtyard wall outside, and wonder why the world was so happy for others and so wretched for him. And yet, with a keen recognition of duty, Egbert Aungier had clung to the dreariness of Dunmara, and while his whole youth was darkened, had stood there, in the eyes of the world, as the natural companion and protector of the woman who had so sown his boyhood with tares that the rich wheat of his nature had been stunted in its natural luxuriance and nigh choked down to the earth.

Elswitha knew all this, and, at times, there was an agony of command in Egbert's blue eye that appealed from the depths

of all she had made him suffer and stunned her into subjection.

When Miss Aungier left the room, Ellen also rose to go, but Egbert, who was leaning against the mantelpiece with a clouded brow, spoke to her, and she paused. Her fresh, modest face, and eyes full of womanly sympathy, had made a startling contrast to that other female face at the table. His heart warmed to the stranger's sunny youth, and smote him for his sour words of the hour before.

"Let me, at least," he said, "wish you a friendly good-night, and welcome to this house. You can perceive that we are not an amiable family. For your sake I am sorry for it."

Ellen was pained that the proud man should apologize to her. She would rather he had not noticed what had passed. She wanted to be left alone to fight her own battle quietly. She looked up and was touched to see so much grief under the sternness of his countenance. He was gazing at the candles, his bright hair pushed away, his forehead wearily white, and his eyes full of sombre trouble. And yet the face looked like one which should well become happiness, not agreeing with gloom, but pained and fatigued by the habitual presence of oppressive thoughts.

"I am not afraid," said Ellen, bravely. "I trust I shall win Miss Aungier's goodwill when she knows me better. I have, at least, to thank you for kindness, and, indeed, I am very grateful for all that has been done for me."

There was a proud sweetness in her manner of speaking these thanks which she had before wished for an opportunity of offering. Mr. Aungier's gaze came back from the flame of the candles, and rested upon her as she stood, slim and straight in her black gown with a graceful dignity in her attitude, and faith, hope, and charity, all shining in her face.

Involuntarily the gloom unbent. Ellen, whose glance had sought the fire, did not see the smile which for a moment sunned the man's eyes and lips. But it was only a moment, and then the trouble all came back.

"No," he said, "I have not been kind to you."

Before Ellen could think of any reply to make, he went on,—

"It is hard for one so—one like you to endure the sour

humours of an embittered man. I am sorry for having pained you to-night with my savage mood. The truth is, I envy every one who is happy—those bright-faced children at Dr. Drummond's, the good doctor himself, and you, for having already won so much affection. And then I envied you your fresh enthusiasm, and selfishly did my best to spoil it. But you had far the best of it. Do you forgive me?"

"Oh yes!"

"Thank you. Good-night."

Ellen ran upstairs, feeling more kindly disposed towards the Saxon Egbert than two hours before she could have thought it possible to be, and, finding her room glowing with firelight, sat down on the hearthrug to think and ponder and realize all the changes. She felt much interest in the inmates of this strange household. She acknowledged to herself no little fear of Elswitha's cold face, and shuddered as she remembered all she had heard at Dunsurf. In the master of the house she felt that she had a friend, and unconsciously placed a tranquil trust in his goodwill and power to protect. In her eyes, Egbert Aungier was much more her senior than he really was; he was so grave, so wrapped up, and his manner to herself had been from the first quite that of an elder. Even when she had known him in his younger character this idea was long in wearing off.

Ellen put out her light and opened the window. The night had cleared, the "plough" glittered overhead. She saw surges on surges of trees, rocking and murmuring a lullaby to the sleeping earth. Where they were not, she saw something dreary and gaunt against the bare horizon. It was a mass of hard blackness with ragged outlines. "It is the ruined castle," she said, "where Athelstan was burnt!" And shuddering she closed the window.

She could not rest for long, thinking of Miss Elswitha, trying to fancy how she must look now, with her head on a pillow and sleep on her eyes. Did she look softened or gentle, or did her face carry those iron lines into the land of dreams? Ellen could only conjure up one image. A rough English history wood-cut of an effigy queen lying upon her stone pillow, above a tomb in Westminster Abbey. She kept wondering how Elswitha had looked when she was young. Had she ever worn a pinafore, and played at romps with Harold and Athel-

stan ? Had school-friends ever written letters to their " dearest Elswitha ! " Sleep at last put an end to all her questioning.

She awoke early to see the red waves of dawn breaking over those steepes of ruined wall opposite her window. She dressed carefully, with a hope of pleasing Miss Elswitha, thinking,

" She will see that I am unpretentious ; she may remark that I am neat."

Her toilet finished, she opened the window and held counsel with her book-friend, repeating in the morning sun,

With a heart for any fate.

The view was very beautiful ; mountains robed in purple bloom, with an embroidered hem of whin-blossom gold. A thick gathering of autumn trees to one side, and a wide spread of the singing blue sea on the other ; a foreground sight of cultivated land consoled the eye for the wildness of the distance. She could see over a garden wall with its green door, and flashes of autumn flowers nodding in the sun within it. A gravel sweep lay under the window, bordered on either side with flowers and shrubs, whose floating breath was very sweet. Numerous little ones travelled from this main path through what seemed a winding shrubbery. This morning glimpse of Dunmara out of doors was very bright.

Ellen was still quaffing nectar when she saw a stately head, unhatted, crowned with its own gold in the sunshine, moving in the shrubbery. She knew the king at once, also the grey princess who walked by his side. Egbert and Elswitha were early abroad. It seemed that this was an early household ; Ellen was glad of it ; she wanted to enter at once on her difficult duties. She withdrew from the window as they approached, seemingly in earnest conversation. The air was very still, the window was low and open ; she heard words distinctly uttered before she had presence of mind to perceive that she was an eavesdropper.

" I desire " (it was a monarch's decree) " that I shall hear no more of this. You know I meant to bring a stranger here, and you know my motive,—to provide more care, and, if possible, a little amusement for the poor thing confined in yonder room. The only objections you can urge against this young lady are

two, and they are easily disposed of. I have gathered from you that you have a painful association with her name. This, I have no doubt, you exaggerate; a ward of my father's once married a man of that name, and died soon after. Of course this was before my time, and I know nothing of the particulars. They may be painful to remember, therefore we will not call this young lady by her surname. The second objection is her youth. Now, I believe that an elastic young girl is the person we want. She is much better suited for us than, I am afraid" (bitterly), "we are for her."

This on the gravel before they entered the house. Ellen heard no answer from Elswitha, but from her face, coming down the walk, guessed that she meant to stand siege. She hastened to descend, thinking that she knew enough of human nature to warrant a larger faith in her own gentler weapons to combat the lady's humour, than in any more threatening ones. Entering the breakfast-room she found Mr. Aungier alone, and bade him good morning pleasantly, resolving to appear undaunted.

"I must beg you to excuse my sister's presence at table," he said. "She is indisposed, and wishes to take her breakfast in her own room."

Ellen was startled; truly she did mean to stand siege; she was a good general, and had retreated to her citadel, leaving the enemy to batter fruitlessly at her ramparts. Ellen thought, "Might not a subtle step steal to her retreat, and by stratagem carry the day?" She petitioned to be allowed to carry Miss Elswitha's breakfast to her chamber; Mr. Aungier forbade her doing so.

"It is better not," he said; "it would not be of any use. You must perceive that my sister is eccentric. You will find it difficult to please her."

"I have a good deal of courage," Ellen said, fearlessly.

"You will need it all. My other sister is afflicted." Here Mr. Aungier's eyes clouded, not so much gloomily as sadly this time, and he turned a moment abruptly to the window.

Recovering himself, he went on speaking, not however finishing his broken sentence, but simply saying,

"I suppose Dr. Drummond has told you what the nature of your duties will be?"

Ellen answered, "Yes," quickly, and looked away to the fire, appreciating keenly the speaker's difficulty, and feeling the truth, that Egbert Aungier's heart was tender for this poor sister.

"Well, then," he said, "I have only to advise you to keep as much as possible to that part of the house where your occupation lies, and to attend exclusively to that occupation, without seeking to make overtures of good will to Miss Aungier. She would not meet them well, and you would only vex yourself with disappointment."

"I fear," Ellen said, with hesitation, "that Miss Aungier considers me too inexperienced a person to have charge of such an invalid; but indeed I will exert all my powers to do my duty, and I feel quite equal to the task."

The clouds had been gradually betaking themselves from his face while Ellen spoke. Now they were all gone, and a foreign warmth softened the eyes.

"I have no doubt you will do her good; you are a brave child."

Ellen looked up in surprise, with an almost unconscious increase of dignity in her carriage, and Mr. Aungier with a grave smile added,

"Pardon me for calling you a child, but you seem like one to me. May I ask how many years you have been worshipping stars and feeding on sunbeams?"

"I am more than seventeen," said Ellen, with involuntary emphasis.

"A short life, and not all idle sunshine, if I understood you last night."

Ellen glanced at her black dress, and then at the fire which spread out like a red mist before her wet eyes. Mr. Aungier observed her change of countenance, and said quickly,

"I did not mean to allude to your late heavy trouble. Forgive me for paining you. I spoke of your life in former years."

"On the whole, I have been very happy. I think so now, looking back. I have had some troubles, but one must have sorrows in this world, and if we are only patient, it is sure to come all right in the end."

Ah! Ellen, where were the shining hopes, the restless dreams,

the lofty aspirations of the motherless girl-artist, whose impetuous spirit had scarcely heeded Monica's gentle check? Where were the impatient longings for the glory of a vague sunshiny future, which had possessed the worldly-ignorant girl while she stood on the bridge that spanned her life's current, separating the old from the new; looking back on childhood as a thing past, and forward, towards womanhood as a season of fulness and sunshine to come? What a mighty tamer is a great sorrow! Such a one as alters the whole aspect of life, and paints the world in new colours. How its cold breath blows away the golden mists of fancy; how its dull rain beats down the luxuriant blossoms of an ardent hope, and the little sweet buds that nestled low in the dew, waiting for fuller beams to unfold themselves in beauty, and bask in the light of life, little buds which are better snapped away at once than left to slow blight in nooks where the warmth may never come.

That wise lesson of patience just now uttered had been learned by Ellen on her sick-bed in the dead of wakeful night, and on long silent days of grieving. It had been learned hardly, but it had been learned for life. Now, to others who had not got the task by heart, it sounded stern on her lips. Egbert Aungier saw sublimity in her girlish face, where the bright energy of the will struggled with, and shone down the gravity of sad recollections.

"May I go now," she said, "and commence my duties?"

"Not just yet, I think. You had better go to the drawing-room for half-an-hour. The maid will tell you when you are required."

Ellen left the breakfast-room, and wandered down the long wide hall. It was paved with mosaic tiles, and aired by a stove. Coloured mats lay at the drawing-room and dining-room doors which fronted one another; high, oaken, and ponderous-handled. Ellen almost feared to open either, dreading to thrust herself on Miss Elswitha's harsh presence. Thinking it most probable, however, that she still lurked in her stronghold, she ventured to look into each in turn. The dining-room, despoiled of its brightening accessories, the candles, the supper-table, and the blazing fire of the night before, looked a vast desert of a room, cold, faded, voiceless, whose coffin-

shaped windows expressed melancholy as speakingly as ever did human eyes. The drawing-room looked like its more refined and bedizened sister. The same cold, formal taste had arranged its adornments. The same blighting hand of time had driven the colour from its countenance. Ellen shivered, entering, for it looked more like the reception chamber for ghosts than an apartment where flesh and blood were wont to breathe the breath of life. The pattern of the paper seemed to have retired into the wall. The carpet was a cold tract strewn with the corpses of dead flowers. The furniture was stiff and skeleton-like, the ceiling was fantastically moulded, and the black marble mantelpiece had a ghastly glitter. Miss Elswitha's tapestry lay on a spider table, and a chair and a footstool were placed near. This then was the grim maiden's place of sojourn by day, and Ellen hurried from the chance of an encounter.

She went out of the hall door, and almost danced over the broad gravel, so glad was the morning sun, so pure and buoyant the air, which ever and again brought spicy gusts of ocean-breath, and scarcely preceptible suggestions of musk. A rush of exultation tingled through Ellen's blood, and there leaped into sudden strength within her a surety that nor man nor woman could rob her of the exquisite enjoyments of her inner life, the gifts that were her own of God's giving.

She strayed a little way into the shrubbery to get a fair view of the house from the outside. It was not a very grand or imposing building. It looked hardly the lawful successor of yonder frowning ruin, which even in its disfigurement faced decay with a noble front. This had been a castle with vaults and turrets, batteries to the sea, and battlements. But the present house was only a wide extent of irregular, two-storied building, part of which seemed of a great age. This was the western wing, and was literally buried in ivy. It faced the sea and the castle battery, which was still perfect, with its sentinel towers and loopholes filled with rusty cannon. Ellen guessed that the desolate parade, and the once handsome hothouse with its fire-shattered windows, must be seen from the upper story of that western wing.

Coming back from her ramble, she met the maid seeking her, and returned to the house. She passed up the oak stairs which

led to the second story and ended in a rambling corridor, off which were many rooms. At the upper end of this passage, another low, wide flight of steps led through an arch to an upper landing. On this landing the servant opened a door the threshold of which Ellen crossed timidly.

CHAPTER XIII

MISS ROWENA

THE room seemed dark, very large and fancifully furnished. One end was occupied by a bed with solemn hangings drawn round and round its carved poles, a handsome dressing-table and other toilet appointments. This was the end of the room at which Ellen entered. The other was arranged in a kind of drawing-room or boudoir style. The mantel was crowded with curious ornaments, there were portraits round the walls, coloured Indian mats about the floor, and many kinds of toys and litter on the table.

A fire burned brightly, and partly lit the room, for the Venetian blinds were down, only shot open. A tall screen stood apart from the hearth, and in its shelter a listless figure was sitting, stringing beads from her lap. She sat so that the mirror reflected her. It gave Ellen her face before she looked up, pale and inexpressive, with the remains of a striking but characterless beauty. Her light brown hair hung in plaits over her shoulders, and her gown was very rich and very old-fashioned. As Ellen advanced, she beheld, to her dismay, Miss Elswitha emerge from behind a screen. She would not tremble, however, but drew near with an unflinching step.

Miss Rowena glanced at the mirror and beheld Ellen's reflection. She sprang up, and clasped her hands, crying,—

“Oh! Dolores, have you come at last?”

She flew to meet her and threw her arms round her neck. Ellen glanced involuntarily at Elswitha and pitied the look of terror which, for a moment, struck life from those stoney eyes. She laid her hands on the poor maniac's hair, and kissed her forehead.

“Yes, dear,” she said, “I have come. Sit down and let us talk about it.”

Rowena allowed herself to be led like a child to her seat. Again Ellen pitied Elswitha's angry and terrified glance.

"I think, madam," she said, "that the lady mistakes me for some friend; this is fortunate, as I shall, perhaps, thus have influence with her."

It seemed that she had made matters worse. Elswitha's strange frown grew darker, when, to the girl's inexpressible relief, she heard Mr. Aungier's voice, low and imperative, at her side.

"Elswitha," he said, "you had better leave the room: you always excite Rowena, and this young lady evidently understands her management much better than you. I should recommend you to leave the room."

Resistance was useless; she was impelled to submit. Once again, with tone and look, he had mastered her will. She bestowed an unlovely glance at Ellen, and quitted the room.

All this time poor Rowena had been holding Ellen's hand, and murmuring words of affection. Egbert stood looking on, with something very like moisture glistening on his eye-lashes, and then abruptly left the room.

Ellen sat on a low stool by the invalid's side, soothing and pleasing her with plays and tales, as she would a child. At three o'clock, Trina, the maid, brought dinner, with a cover for Ellen; having done so, she said, by the master's orders. After dinner, Rowena slumbered on her sofa, and Ellen wandered exploringly through the room. The portraits, she guessed, from their resemblance to Mr. Aungier, to be some of the other monarchs of the Heptarchy. The foreign ornaments and mats had, perhaps, been brought from abroad by the brothers in their wanderings. Studying the physiognomy of the room, she judged that the sisters must always have had very dissimilar tastes. Weakness and frivolity, and a leaning towards the beautiful, seemed to characterize this chamber and its inhabitant, whereas the elder maiden's surroundings were all hard, monotonous, and formal. Looking through the blinds, Ellen rejoiced to find herself in possession of the very view she coveted—the ruin and the sea.

She learned from Trina that she might have for her own an apartment which opened from this one. She examined and liked it much better than that in which she had passed

the night. She purposed keeping entirely within the precincts of these chambers, had her trunk conveyed into the inner room, and employed an hour in arranging her clothes in her drawers, looping the curtains to please her eye, and doing various little things to make her bed-room look her own. She then brought out her work-basket and all her small materials for employment, and assigned them a home on a window table. These little ceremonies concluded, she sat down and felt herself permanently established at Dunmara House; and when there was no more to be done, she sat at the fire long, thinking of her new name, Dolores, singular and soft. She had only known of one other Dolores.

Days went on, and Ellen saw no more of Miss Elswitha. She began to feel much interested in her charge, who was gentle, affectionate, and harmless, and only required to be constantly amused. She was variable; sometimes spoke quietly and almost sensibly; at others she rambled wildly, calling on strange names, speaking affectionately to her brothers, imploring her mother not to frown on her. She spoke most of Harold, oftenest gently, but sometimes she would break into the bitterest reproaches, and weep piteously. She always called Ellen "Dolores," and clung to her with loving fondness. Curious scraps fell from her at times. Often again Ellen sat in the firelight, pondering strange words till she grew bewildered.

Egbert Aungier still remained at Dunmara. Now and again Trina would bring a bouquet of hot-house flowers arranged by an educated eye, which he had given her for Miss Rowena's room. Ellen could not guess what kind of life the brother and sister led together, or, indeed, whether they ever saw one another. For herself, she took good care never to travel down that small flight, even as far as the corridor, too happy at being left unmolested in her retreat.

The time did not hang heavily. She had got a pencil, and some sheets of such paper as could be had at Dunsurf, and could sometimes draw while Miss Rowena dressed her faded beauty in the mirror, strung her beads, or played with her toys. Sometimes Rowena delighted in watching her, and would sit still, absorbed in following the pencil as it moved over the paper. Then, at evening, she always slept an hour or so before tea came up, and this time Ellen had for reading or meditation,

feeling exceedingly the want of books. Longfellow had been studied, and her mind craved new images.

One evening Miss Rowena slept earlier than usual. It wanted yet an hour of dark, and Ellen longed for converse with some new mind—longed for a book. She thought of venturing to the library. Prudence warned her of the possibility of an encounter with Miss Elswitha on the stairs ; but the forbidden fruit was sweet.

She reached the library without accident, and opened the door. Mr. Aungier was sitting at the table, looking absorbed, among papers and writing materials. Ellen felt inclined to turn and run away. She had expected to find the room empty, as the lighted candle in her hand attested.

He laid down his pen, and threw the hair back from his forehead. There was a universal clearing of countenance, a smoothing of lines, a softening of eyes. He looked up inquiringly, and rose.

"I beg your pardon," Ellen said, confusedly ; "I thought, perhaps, you would be kind enough to lend me a book."

Having said this, it occurred to her that hercoming to ask for a book was, perhaps, not such a dreadful proceeding after all, and she became more at ease.

He paused a moment, then went to the shelves, selected three, and laid them on the table before her. They were a Homer in the original, a Greek Testament, and a complete edition of Euclid.

Ellen glanced ruefully at them, one after another. Had he, indeed, none better suited to her present need than these ? She chose the last one and said,—

"Thank you, this will do. The others I could not understand."

"Good !" he said, with a touch of sarcasm. "May I ask what you will do with that ?"

"I will read it, and I trust profit by the study."

He looked at her piercingly.

"Pray," said he, "may I play schoolmaster ?" And he opened the book.

She answered doubtfully,—

"Yes ; only do not expect too much from me. I am not very far advanced."

"How far? Let us try this one."

Ellen glanced a moment at the proposition, and felt at home. She lifted his pen from the table and a slip of paper, and worked the proposition readily.

"Quite right!" he said; "who could have suspected you of being a blue-stocking?"

"I am not, indeed. I have very little information. I am not well educated. But, for that reason, I try to pick up what I can. I have tried to puzzle out a little Euclid as an assistance to perspective and other matters relating to art."

"I can scarcely fancy the stale geometrician honoured with a niche among the gods of a young maiden-enthusiast. Young ladies generally become enamoured of the pastry and confections of art. You have been taking strong nourishment."

"Yes, for a strong purpose. I have had the prospect of bread to earn."

A momentary pause. And then he said,—

"You seem happy."

"Yes," she answered, brightly, "I am happy. I have many pleasures."

"Pleasures here! What can they be?"

"They are friends who live in a kingdom of happiness called Dreamland; a kingdom which is mine in spite of all chances."

Ellen was beginning to feel and speak like her old self. Fancy, after lying for a time frozen in the winter of grief, had arisen and sunned itself in the spring of content, and now it began to feel fervour as of the summer that had shone and might shine again.

"Dreamland!"

"Yes; it has gates of crystal. Within them, the spirit moves on air, the feet do not feel the ground. Pain, loneliness, grief, are forgotten. Beauty comforts the eye, music gladdens the ear, whispers that cannot be repeated elsewhere, speak courage and strength to the soul."

"You rave like an enthusiast, as you are. Are you not afraid to talk in this strain to me, whom you have heard sneer at it before?"

"No; I cannot fear any one who has shown me kindness. I think you are not really cynical."

"You cannot know that. But this Dreamland of yours? I should like to visit it. May profane feet enter?"

"They may, if they first shake from their feet the dust of the outer world."

"And how is that to be done? And where is the entrance? How should one find these wonderful gates?"

Ellen felt puzzled and amused.

"I don't know how you had best get in. I am afraid my little private doors would be too narrow for you. You would need a great gateway."

"Your little private doors! You have a latch-key, I suppose. Will you not lend it to a friend? Who knows but I might get my broad shoulders squeezed in."

"Should you like to try?"

"Very much."

Ellen flew upstairs and fetched Longfellow. When she returned to the library, Mr. Aungier was standing thoughtfully on the hearth, and she put the book in his hand.

He opened it.

"Now," he said, "for the 'open sesame!'"

He turned over the book, paused on a page, and read some time.

"I remember this," he said. "It is like a dream to me. I never understood its beauty before."

He turned back a leaf, and read aloud, lingeringly:—

Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

* * *

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

* * *

And that smile like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

Ellen said, dreamily,—

"I remember having seen a picture of that."

"I have seen one, too."

"Perhaps it was the same."

"Describe it."

"It is not easy :—A lovely, soft, wistful face, with shadowy eyes looking afar off. Golden-brown and purple drapery. Delicate hands enfolding a lily branch bearing a rosy blush from the sunset upon their silvery petals. An evening sky with crimson gleams. In the distance a dreamy purple glow on heath, and a mist of river foam. The harmony of mingled luxuriance and gravity in the colouring was very exquisite, but the greatest charm lay in the expression of the face."

"My picture is a more domestic one. It represented a maiden with a trustful face, standing by a fireside."

"And the lily?"

"Oh! that stands for purity. It lay on her brow."

"Will you lend me another book, Mr. Aungier?"

"Yes, if you will leave me this one. That maiden has cast a spell upon me. I should like her company this evening. I want to ramble in search of Dreamland. Can you part with your talisman for a while?"

"Gladly. But I also should like to make a condition."

"Name it."

"The charm will not work unless it be used in the right spirit. You must read with faith."

"Faith in what?"

"In human charity, in disinterested affection, in the beauty of goodness, and the goodness of beauty. Unless you do so, you will be like the man in the *Arabian Nights*, who forgot the magic words, and could not make the rock open to him."

"I shall remember your words, young monitress. But my faith is not like your faith. Lest I go astray, wave your wand over the pages. Take your pencil and mark out my route, that I may follow where your feet have been."

This was said half solemnly, half smilingly. Ellen liked the task and speedily accomplished it. She thought she knew the subtle chimes that could best ring music to a nature like what she conceived this to be. One after another she marked her favourites, travelling all through the book, while Egbert Aungier looked with grave satisfaction.

"Now," he said, "for your book."

He placed a small ladder against the shelves and Ellen mounted. What a tempting array was there! Her hand

trembled on Tennyson. She peered into it, shook her head, and shut it up. It was too sweet for her then frame of mind. She passed on and fastened resolutely on a sober book of travels, and came down.

"Is this your choice?" Egbert said.

"Yes, I am satisfied. Good-night, Mr. Aungier, and thank you very much."

And Ellen closed the door, and hastened home to her retreat.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

LAVENDER

LAVENDER sheaves, lavender sheaves,
Mauve-blue blossoms and silver leaves;
Flower of memory, stored and dry,
Fainter but sweeter, as years go by.

Lavender flower, lavender flower,
Swayed by the brown bee hour by hour—
Memories old, memories sweet,
Echo of voices and children's feet.

Lavender bush, lavender bloom,
Traced by spice in the night's young gloom;
We are old, grey lavender, you and I,
And our flowers of memory sweet and dry.

AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

THE FRIENDS AND THE ENEMIES OF BOOKS *

II.

Now for the third division of our enemies. Alas, that the worst class should be rational man ! At this point let me ask you to give me your most careful attention, because I regard this part of my subject as of prime importance. For if we have a clear idea as to the different ways in which books may be injured we shall be better able to take care of them : and I am most anxious that we may learn this evening some useful lessons and derive some practical advantage from an enumeration of the many ways in which people who are really fond of reading often seriously damage the very books they like and enjoy. Some persons take umbrage when such things are pointed out to them, and they declare, with a little warmth of manner, that books are meant to be used. Very true indeed—but it is equally true that books are not meant to be abused. I want to tell you how books may be abused, and I assure you that one of the distinguishing marks of a man of refinement and culture is the careful way in which he handles his books and avoids injuring them. Now it is more than likely that some of you may at some time or other have committed against books one or two of the different offences I am going to describe : but please remember that there is nothing of any personal nature in what I say ; and, moreover, I do not think that a single person in this room has ever voluntarily damaged a book in his life, unless indeed he has done so in his schooldays, and I shall be delighted, if so, to believe that he has long ago done penance for his misdeeds in sackcloth and ashes. Further, many people injure books quite unconsciously : they have not the least idea that they are doing harm : on the contrary they are most willing to learn what is right and most anxious to treat books as they should be treated. Indeed I am afraid that most of you will think that what I say is very obvious :

* A lecture given to the members of the Young Men's Society, Leeds, January 18, 1905.

if so, I can only plead that what is most obvious too often the most easily escapes notice in everyday life.

Error is indeed manifold, and there are at least fifteen ways in which the human enemy of books can operate. First of all, then, he reads with a pencil in his hand, and makes comments in the margin as he reads. Now, I do not for one moment mean to say that no mark should ever be made in a book. A man with certain restrictions may do what he likes with what is his own, and when he is studying it is permissible, and very often advisable, that he should mark a passage which is specially important or to which for some reason he wishes to return ; but that he may do this with a clear conscience the book *must* be his own, and the mark should be lightly made so that it can be easily rubbed out. Again, it is right to correct an actual error as to fact, as, for example, a wrong date, or to put a reference to another page which may be usefully compared with the one which the student is reading. But under no circumstances whatever is anyone justified in marking in any way a book which is not his own.

I shall now proceed to give some examples of comments made in books belonging to an old library in this city. At the end of a volume of tales by the Ettrick Shepherd I find that one reader has written, "What ridiculous stuff ;" a second has added, in condemnation of the first critic, "He is a fool that has written 'What ridiculous stuff,' can he compose as well ?" Not to be behindhand in this passage of arms a third reader, who unconsciously condemns himself, writes in severe rebuke, "It is vulgar to scribble in library books." These choice remarks were written in the year 1818, when the book in question was first published. In a novel, written in 1825, the author says of the hero, "Poor man ! His sufferings and his penitence have surely half-effaced his crimes." The reader underlines the words and savagely writes at the side, "Vile doctrine." This affords an example of what I may describe as the theological critic. A third variety of comment is that of the sentimental young lady who, on reading an ardent love-passage, delicately writes at the side, "How charming, how sweet !" I shall next introduce to you the stickler for accuracy who, on reading that the hero has given a soldier a fatal wound, refers one three pages back. On turning back I find that the hero so far from

killing the soldier had in reality saved his life. An author with so short a memory must surely share the commentator's guilt.

I now come to the cynical critic who on finding a chapter entitled "Woman's devotion," says, "There is very seldom any such thing." In the same book one of the characters remarks, "Few people marry their first love." Our commentator from the depths—or the shallows—of his knowledge of life replies, "Certainly they do in the case of a long engagement." Being pleased with this criticism, he adds to his remark the date 1867. Next comes the sarcastic critic. An author, in whom knowledge of grammar is not a strong point, says, "The heroine, escorted by a friend, roamed about on Welsh ponies." "What!" cries our critic; "Did she ride more than one at once?" There are of course always plenty of such puerile remarks as "Bravo," "Good," "Go it," "How vulgar," "Gammon," and so forth; and of course there are plenty of critics who cheerfully amend the author's grammar, sometimes correctly, but sometimes very incorrectly, indeed. This is, however, just what we should expect, for as has been well observed, "It is easier to criticise than to correct." Allusions to Catholic practices often puzzle the non-Catholic reader: thus, a request in Latin for prayers for the repose of some one's soul elicits two annotations, one being a translation of the words, the other, in a feminine hand, "I don't understand this ponsense," the first part of which statement was remarkably true. Then one finds notes in French and Latin—such Latin!—an example of the former being a spirited objection to the author's far too frequent use of the words, "a sardonic smile;" and of the latter a sarcastic observation that the author is a very learned person indeed. At the end of another novel I read, "Thanks! What wretched stuff! Who ever heard of an inveterate gambler becoming a Plymouth brother?" It is needless to say that no other reader has undertaken to answer this question.

My last examples are taken from a book, an Indian story, written in 1793, and added in that year to the library which has furnished me with the specimens I have given you. The hero, the author tells us, has just drawn some pictures in an out-of-the-way place. First commentator: "Pray, where did you get your drawing utensils?" Second commentator: "I

bought them, you fool." On another page the first commentator writes, "What silly nonsense!" to which the second commentator replies with some truth, "When a book is written for your entertainment, you should take it as it comes." But really the whole book is covered with notes in different hand-writings, and some of the comments are quite unsuited for repetition. Indeed, the only redeeming feature is the following note written on the flyleaf: "The Borough of Leeds humbly apologizes to the world of thought, and to the noble races of India in particular, for the insulting remarks which some antediluvian coxcomb has written in this volume belonging to her ancient Library." I leave this subject with relief, and I am quite sure that after this evening we shall none of us ever feel the slightest temptation to scribble in any book at all whether belonging to ourselves or to anyone else.

A far more numerous class of offenders than the puerile or self-conceited scribblers on margins consists of those who sit down to read a book with dirty hands. Such people bequeath to every book they touch and read a horrible legacy of dirt, grease, and often the yellow stains of nicotine. These marks are impressed upon the leaves of the book with threefold force when the reader's hands are not only dirty but perspiring, and no book-lover would care to have in his library any book so disfigured. There is, too, an indescribable odour which clings to a book which has been held for any length of time in dirty hands, and the combination of dirt and smell is quite sufficient to make some book whose market value would ordinarily be reckoned by guineas be not worth as many pence. Very different certainly is the feeling with which we should regard a book whose leaves are discoloured by the normal wear and tear of everyday use, and we should, for example, look with reverence and affection upon some family prayer book or primer worn out by daily usage by some member of an old Catholic house in the days when the mere possession of such a book infringed a Penal law. It will, however, be found that these books, no matter how worn and discoloured, are free from that dirt and smell which are so objectionable. Let me, then, lay down as a rule, which I beg of you to keep, that no book shall ever be read or handled unless the hands first be washed if they are not quite clean. This rule is indeed im-

portant, and it is unfortunately very generally broken, so much so that I fear that out of a hundred readers at least ninety are habitually or occasionally guilty in this respect. I will also venture to suggest that it would be an excellent training for children in the care of books, and also in self-respect, if they were always made to wash their hands before learning their lessons or reading a book.

It is really a little difficult to speak calmly of the next variety of the human enemy of books. He is the man who instinctively moistens his finger or thumb in order to turn over the pages of the book he is using. He does this quite unconsciously and from sheer force of habit, acquired very likely as soon as ever he came—theoretically—to the use of reason. He gains little or no assistance from the habit, but he certainly spoils the book. In these days we all talk very learnedly about microbes. I will follow the fashion, and say that in many cases this enemy bequeathes to the book he reads the very undesirable legacy of a little troop of microbes. Pardon me if I venture to speak of his practice as especially horrible and, to a book-lover, quite repulsive. I have been disagreeably surprised to find this shocking habit widespread and existing sometimes amongst people of superior education and attainments. But no matter who furnishes us with a bad example, the habit is a very uncultured one, and should be sternly and ruthlessly repressed.

I shall suppose that every one here this evening knows how to turn over the pages of a book, but for completeness' sake I will remind you that the proper thing to do is to lift the right-hand leaf by the top right-hand corner. Our enemy does not do this. He turns over the leaves by vigorously grasping the bottom of the page—often with a moistened finger or thumb or both—and sometimes to save his precious time he does this before he is ready to turn over, and then holds the leaf tightly in the middle of the margin, thus creasing or crumpling the page. When this man says he has read such and such a book, the condition of the copy which he has used quite corroborates his statement.

Another enemy possesses more heart than head. He or she—generally she, I am glad to say—has a very sentimental nature, and likes to preserve dried flowers in memory of some sweet and happy event. The most suitable vehicle that she

can think of for her gushing feelings is a book. Into this she puts the fresh flowers with their juicy stalks, and closing the book places a weight upon it, perhaps the family Bible or a flat iron, and retires full of that sweet melancholy in which she revels. But I wish she would collect her botanical specimens elsewhere than in books, whose green-stained pages bear too vivid an impression and souvenir of the happy events of the day.

It is also injurious to books to make them a receptacle for various odds and ends, such as letters, postcards, and photographs. The damage done is in direct proportion to the number and bulk of the articles placed in the book and to the vigour with which they are pushed between the leaves and sections, which are forced apart and gradually weakened, a process which ultimately tends to loosen the cover in which the book is bound. I can only conclude that people who do this sort of thing do not really care for books at all. Yet let me hasten to assure you that for sufficient and obvious reasons I definitely and explicitly exclude from the force of these remarks those who are in the habit of placing in prayer-books devotional pictures and the like.

The next offender of whom I wish to speak is the reader who combines the process of satisfying his mental appetite with that of filling the vacuum which nature abhors, but who, unfortunately, is far from being neat or tidy while so doing. One feels a sort of sympathy with the man whose devotion to literature is so great that he must read while he eats and drinks, and at first sight one is inclined to deal tenderly with him. And certainly if he has no other time to read except at meals he deserves some respect. Now, I am only speaking of the untidy man. By all means let us read during our meals if there is no one present with whom it is our duty to converse. But why is it necessary in absence of mind to place our coffee-cups upon the open book, and not upon the saucer? That brown circular stain will never be effaced. And why do we let our fingers transfer the butter which they have accumulated to the pages of the book? And jam? Truly it is appalling to open some valuable book and find between a beautiful double-page illustration a quantity of jam spread out (when pressed by the closing of the book) into a stain of the size of a penny-piece

on either page. There is, I assure you, a shocking amount of harm done daily by the transference of food from the plate or the cup to the book which is being read.

I shall merely allude in passing to the dropping of snuff between the pages of a book. The habit of snuff-taking is now so little prevalent that hardly any harm is done to books in this way. Yet the possibility of damage from snuff still exists, and will do, as long as Taddy and other manufacturers of snuff continue to carry on their business.

We shall find our next enemy to books in the strong-minded practical man who wishes to read without what he regards as the distracting inconvenience of having to hold the book open. To him no book ever yet printed seems to open satisfactorily, and so his first care on taking a book into his hands is to grasp firmly half of it in either hand and force it open by very nearly literally turning it inside out. Not satisfied with this he next proceeds to place it on the table open at the part where he has forced it, and then he heavily draws his palm or fist down the centre. He repeats this process in various parts of the book, and so, having aided the pursuit of literature in this way, and feeling probably just as much satisfaction as the village blacksmith did after a hard day's work, he proceeds to read the volume. Now, however well-intentioned such a man may be, he certainly has no idea how a book should be held or treated, and he deserves to be regarded as one of the most formidable enemies a book can have. Not unlike this man in mental characteristics is the railway traveller who cuts open a novel or a magazine with his finger, because—at least so he would doubtless explain—a paper-knife is not accessible, and his ingenuity can suggest no better method. There is practically no excuse for him : he is constitutionally impatient, or indolent, or both, and he would more likely than not still use his finger, even if a paper-knife lay at his very side. This enemy of books, and the man who forces the sections apart, are neither more nor less than murderers of books.

A culprit of a less guilty complexion, but still a very great culprit, is the reader who turns down one corner of the page he is reading either in order to earmark the page for ready reference at a future time, or in order to mark the point he has reached when he puts his book aside. Real damage is done

in this way. The practice is as widespread as it is reprehensible, and I specially ask you to note this form of injury to books as one to be particularly avoided. Another common failing is that of the man who, when interrupted whilst reading, places his book open, face downwards, upon the table. Whatever dust or dirt there may be thereon is rubbed into the book, and it may be remembered that soot and grease are not wholly unknown, even in this progressive city.

What shall I say of the man who lets a book fall? Well, our grandmothers used to tell us that every time a silver spoon was dropped, its value was diminished by sixpence. I am afraid this would be very far from being true to-day when silver is so cheap, but at any rate the saying serves my purpose as an illustration of the principle which should animate us with regard to books. Every time that a book is dropped it sustains some damage which is on one occasion almost imperceptible, on another to be measured by much more than sixpence. There is, unfortunately, wilful damage done sometimes. There are grown-up people who either in an outburst of temper, or from some other cause, fling books about. I pass them over without comment. However, the mischievousness and thoughtlessness of children have to be corrected: unfortunately they are not always discovered as speedily as is desirable. Some years ago the authorities at the British Museum made the experiment of employing boys to dust the books. Owing, however, to the impossibility of exercising the necessary supervision—for their large staff is far too small for their requirements—the boys could only be inspected at occasional intervals. In due time the discovery was made that the lads constantly amused themselves by throwing books at one another. In spite of that sympathy which of course all good men feel with the gaiety of youth and the spring-time of innocence, the authorities were compelled to dismiss the boys and again entrust the work to men.

The reader who uses a bicycle sometimes displays a woful and probably a culpable ignorance when he either straps his books so tightly on attaching them to his machine that they are injured, or so loosely that they slip out and fall into the mud. Sometimes, too, they securely attach them in such a way that they are constantly frayed by some part of the bicycle. I have

seen books ruined by carelessness of this kind. Cyclists are occasionally accused of acting without a conscience, most often very unjustly, I am sure : but the accusation which I am now bringing against certain members of the fraternity can be proved up to the hilt. If books are to be carried on a bicycle and attached by a strap, let them first be wrapped up in several thicknesses of brown paper, and let care be taken that the strap is not drawn too tightly. Again, in tying up a parcel of books, it should be remembered that the string must not be fastened too tightly round the parcel lest the binding of the book be injured. While speaking of the carrying of books out of doors, I should like to urge that, whenever possible, they should be wrapped in paper, so that they may not be injured by rain. We have all of us, unfortunately, seen books of which the cloth covers have been spotted by rain and their appearance utterly spoilt.

Let me add one word about the shelving and the dusting of books. In placing your books on the shelves do take care that they are never squeezed. They should always be sufficiently slack for any book to be taken from its place or put back with ease. When they are packed too tight, the covers, especially of books bound in leather, are liable to be loosened. No book should be dragged from its place by the top of the binding, as it will be if the shelf is filled too full. A book so ill-treated soon presents a frayed and bedraggled appearance. On the other hand, it is well for books not to be too slack so that dust may be prevented from making its way between the leaves.

As regards the removal of dust, the top edges of a book should be brushed firmly but not roughly with a hard brush : a clothes-brush with hard bristles answers the purpose very well : the edges, the back, and the sides of the cover should then be rubbed with a cloth or duster. On no account should the book be opened during the process, and above all, books should never be knocked together or beaten so as to clear away the dust. Anyone who knocks books together or strikes them singly against a table with the same object is liable to do much damage to the books.

Our last and very evil enemy of books is the man who cuts an extract out of a book or a bound volume of newspapers.

From the point of view of injury to books he is really worse than the thief who merely changes the position of a book and removes it from your shelves to his own home. The book when recovered from the thief is possibly uninjured by its travels, but the book from which a cutting has been taken is ruined. A book-lover regards with horror the doer of the deed, and looks upon him as quite devoid of conscience.

Well, gentlemen, such are some ways in which damage to books is constantly being wrought. I can only hope you have not been wearied by my melancholy catalogue. Let me ask you to do all you possibly can to protect and care for whatever books you have or use or borrow. I feel so sure that you do not wish to lag behind in the race of progress that I am certain that you all are and always will be not the enemies, but the true friends of books. I wish to conclude by quoting to you Hannah More's charming description of a book :—

“ I'm strange contradictions ; I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found ;
Though blind, I enlighten ; though loose, I am bound.
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white ;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form too I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin ;
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin ;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute
I sing without voice, without speaking confute ;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch ;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much ;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.”

D. A. CRUSE, M.A., Oxon.

MESSAGES

Oh, spring winds that blow o'er Ireland and that loiter in her valleys,

Hasten over sea and ocean to the richer lands afar ;
Tell her children in the crowded city squares, and streets, and alleys,

Oft and oft, how green the woodlands and the hills of Ireland are.

Tell them that the larks are singing over gorses blazing brightly,
Such a song that makes the hearer feel no more of joy than pain,

That the thrushes sing in chorus where the willows blossom whitely,
That the blackbirds in the orchards rich in bloom join the refrain.

Tell them of the countless daisies nodding in the tender grasses,
Of the violets waking slowly from their sleep in wood and dale ;

Of the buttercups o'er which no truant sunbeam lightly passes,
Of the purple mists of bluebells in each hollow and each vale.

Tell them of the pale primroses underneath the hawthorn hedges,
Of the skies as blue as sapphire, of the clouds as white as curd,

Of the flush upon the heather, of the reeds and of the sedges
When each yellow flag and pennon by some passing breeze are stirred.

Tell them since they left the old land many a heart and joy are strangers,

Tell them of the homesteads lonely for a footstep or a tone,
Tell them of the prayers that aid them in their sorrows and their dangers,

Tell them o'er again and over that there's no land like their own.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Tragedy of Fotheringay*. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford. Sands & Co., Edinburgh and London. (Price 3s. 6d. net).

We have given only the first words of the title-page which goes on to inform us that this account of the last days of Mary Queen of Scots is "founded on the Journal of D. Bourgoing, her physician, and on unpublished MS. documents." This is a new and much cheaper edition of a valuable and interesting work which fitly comes from a Catholic Abbotsford. Is it only as a compliment to the Scottish Queen that the Publishers put first their Edinburgh house, 13, Bank Street, and treat London as a secondary concern? Mrs. Maxwell Scott devoted much time and pains to the collection of authentic and original materials; and she acknowledges very fully and gratefully valuable help received, especially from the very learned Father Joseph Stevenson, S.J., who died just after enriching her from his wonderful stores of Scottish historical lore. All the pathetic details of the last year of Mary Stuart's life are given here in the fullest and most satisfactory way. It is an extremely interesting and valuable work.

2. *The Pulpit Orator*. Translated from the German of Zollner by the Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B. Pustet.: New York and Cincinnati.

Frederick Pustet, B. Herder, and Benziger Brothers are the three great European firms of Catholic Publishers that extend their operations on a large scale into the New World. No Paris or London house competes with them in this matter. The most active publisher of English books is Benziger; Pustet is chiefly a liturgical publisher, having establishments in Ratisbon and Rome. But the work named above is one of many solid ecclesiastical publications that bear his imprint. It consists of six large octavo volumes, and the present issue is the tenth revised edition. It gives seven elaborate skeleton sermons for every Sunday in the year, and also for the chief festivals and other sacred occasions. The German author, the Rev.

John Evangelist Zollner, wisely allowed the English translator not only to translate but to adapt his work for the use of priests in the United States and other English-speaking countries. Large as the work is, the first edition of a thousand copies was soon exhausted, and, as we have mentioned already, the present is the tenth edition. It has established itself solidly as an invaluable addition to the library of a hard-worked priest whom it will often enable to turn to good account his personal experience and reflection, leaving his sermon at the end more original perhaps than if he had sought no such guidance and assistance for his thoughts.

3. *A Second Thebaid : being a popular Account of the Ancient Monasteries of Ireland.* By the Rev. James P. Rushe, O.D.C. Dublin : Sealy, Bryers and Walker. (Price 7s. 6d.)

The title-page of this large and exceedingly cheap volume reminds us also that Father Rushe has already given us a history of *Carmel in Ireland*, and it associates with the firm that has produced it Messrs. Gill & Son of Dublin, Burns & Oates of London, and Benzigers of New York. Father Rushe has collected with pious diligence all the notices of the monasteries of the different religious orders in Ireland, the number of which is indeed amazing. Amongst the ample pages which are crammed with names of places and persons are interspersed numerous illustrations of the holy ruins at Loughrea, Clonmacnoise, Glendalough, Kilmallock, Cashel, Ennis, and Kilconnel. Portraits of three Irish Carmelites are reproduced from oil-paintings of an early date in the eighteenth century, preserved in the monastery of the Discalced Carmelites at Piacenza. Most useful of all the illustrations is a large and clear map indicating the religious foundations in each of the counties of Ireland. We congratulate Father Rushe on the completion of his great labour of love, and we repeat the expression of our wonder that so expensive a work can be offered to the public for three half-crowns.

4. *A History of Irish Music.* By W. H. Grattan Flood. Dublin : Browne and Nolan, Limited. (Price 6s. net.)

This thick volume of more than 350 pages is filled with minute information which probably Mr. Grattan Flood alone could furnish concerning Irish music and musicians from the early Christian centuries to the end of the eighteenth. The

Organist of Enniscorthy Cathedral and Vice-President of the Irish Folk-Song Society is evidently an enthusiast about Irish music, and has devoted long and earnest labour to his researches ; and his easy and spirited style communicates agreeably his stores of knowledge. His list of subscribers is in itself a guarantee for the value of the work which has enlisted the interest of ten bishops, a cardinal, a king, two dukes, eight lords, six members of parliament, many priests, professors and librarians, together with many gentlemen who do not come under any of these categories. Strange to say, the catalogue contains the name of only one lady ; but that lady has herself done something for Irish music.

5. *Plain Chant and Solesmes*. By Dom Paul Cagin and Dom Mocquereau. London : Burns and Oates, Ltd., 28, Orchard Street, London, W. (Price 1s.)

Readers of the *Tablet* are aware of the spirited discussion that is raging about the subject of this volume. The Benedictines of Solesmes have an important part in the difficult work of restoring the ancient Gregorian chant in the offices of the Church. The recent iniquitous legislation in France has banished the community from Solesmes to Appuldurcombe House near Wroxall, in the Isle of Wight. Dom Mocquereau is the present Prior. An English layman who does not give his name has translated an essay of his on the Solesmes School and its methods ; to which is prefixed an historical sketch of the movement by Dom Cagin. Portraits are given of Dom Guéranger, the first Abbot of Solesmes, of Dom Mocquereau, and Dom Pothier, another restorer of Plainsong ; and there are other illustrations also, yet the price of the pamphlet is only a shilling. At page 4 we are informed that the Sarum Gradual gives thirty-eight notes to the middle syllable of *aperis*. We hope it will not be *piis auribus offensivum* if this provokes the exclamation, " More shame for the Sarum Gradual to tolerate so absurd an arrangement ! "

6. The Abbey Press, Port Augustus, in the north of Scotland (which we never like to call North Britain, though Scotch people seem to prefer it) has printed and published *A Calendar of Scottish Saints* by Dom Michael Barrett, O.S.B. It consists of 180 pages and costs only sixpence. Our readers will like it all the better for the fact that many of these Saints were natives

of Ireland, as the compiler takes care to tell us. It is a very learned little book.

7. Messrs. Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard Street, London, have issued a fourth edition of *The Triumph of Failure* by Canon Sheehan—who, by the way, has a new story of Irish life, *Glenanaar*, running through the fine American magazine, the *Dolphin*. It increases in interest and power with every instalment, and will soon be published in Europe in volume form. It is known that Canon Sheehan's own favourite among his novels is *The Triumph of Failure*. This fourth edition has his picture (by no means a flattering one) as frontispiece, and there are four or five illustrations by Mr. Healy.

8. R. and T. Washbourne, 4, Paternoster Row, London, have published two good books, each at the price of half-a-crown, which is cheap for a well bound and well printed volume of 200 pages. One of these is *The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*, by Canon Fleming of Moorfields, the successor of Monsignor Gilbert—whose name we are glad to recall even in this casual way. Canon Fleming no doubt is, like him, an Irishman, and he dedicates his book to the Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster, Dr. Patrick Fenton, as Irish by nationality though not by birth. He has spent years of labour over his well loved task, and has gathered together the result of all modern researches. In discussing the birth-place of our Apostle he does not refer to the admirable essay that John Cashel Hoey contributed to the first volume issued by the *Academia* which Cardinal Wiseman inaugurated in London. The omission is the more strange as Mr. Hoey strenuously upholds Canon Fleming's opinion. The other half-crown book is a translation by Miss Lilian Ward of a work by a Passionist Father, Seraphin Giammaria, of whom Father Arthur Devine, C.P., very properly gives a brief account. Though an Italian, he wrote in French *The Suffering Man-God, or the Divinity of Jesus Christ resplendent in His Sufferings*. It is a solid and pious treatise on the Passion of our Lord. Father Devine applauds the translator for having dispensed with a good many of the exclamations which seem more natural in French than in English. We may mention here a very pretty and pious little book published by Herder of Freiburg, *The Mysteries of the Holy Rosary* (price sixpence), consisting

of devout reflections and prayers, and neat little pictures for each of the fifteen mysteries.

9. *The Red Inn of St. Lyphar*. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. (Price 6s.)

Miss Sadlier could not tell a story otherwise than in a graceful and interesting manner; but we are not sure that in her new tale she has been as happy as usual in the choice and management of her plot. The scene is La Vendée in the early years of the terrible French Revolution; and we have the ordinary combinations of faithful Catholics, nobles and peasants, and of spies, traitors, and revolutionary despots. There are trials with very little show of judicial impartiality, and there are desperate rescues and escapes. Many readers will enjoy all these vicissitudes, which end happily of course; but we think Miss Sadlier is better inspired when her heroes and heroines belong to her own side of the Atlantic.

10. The original Catholic Truth Society (69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.) still keeps ahead of all its namesakes in literary activity. In its long list of publications there is hardly any more attractive volume than one of its latest publications, *The Lord's Ambassador and other Tales*, by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Every one of the nine stories is delightful for the mingling of humour and pathos, piety, and the most exquisite literary skill. Though Mrs. Blundell is one of the brightest and most popular of contemporary writers of fiction, all her books are perfectly pure and innocent; and in these short stories she gives vent to the feelings of her Irish Catholic heart without, however, obtruding the religious element. The price of this book is 1s. 8d.; and the stories are also issued separately in the penny series. *Winnie's Vocation and other Stories* (price one shilling) pleases us better than anything we have seen from the practised pen of Miss Frances Noble. The book would be improved by the omission of *The Pedlar's Ghost*; it is quite unworthy of being placed between *Winnie's Vocation* and *Elsie's Sacrifice*. There are other publications of the C.T.S. of which we must reserve our notice till next month; but it is necessary to mention the penny book which gives all the Sunday and Week-day Gospels of Lent, except those of Holy Week which form a separate book. The Gospel for the Fridays of Lent are those occurring

in the special Mass assigned to those days connected with the Passion of our Lord.

11. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has added two very interesting and valuable essays to its Historical Series, each costing only a penny. The Archbishop of Tuam has perhaps never used his marvellous stores of Irish antiquarian learning more effectively than in treating here of *Two Royal Abbeys on the Western Lakes*, namely the Abbey of Cong and of Innismaine. The picture of the former shows what a strikingly beautiful ruin it is. Dr. Healy is about to publish a *Life of St. Patrick*, which is sure to throw new light on a great many questions connected with our glorious Apostle. The other pamphlet is *Ireland as the Teacher of England and Scotland*, by the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J., F.R.U.I., who lends a new charm to the story of Columba, Fintan, Colman, and Cuthbert—for he holds it to be almost certain that the last also was an Irishman. He carries the subject down to the time of Goldsmith and Burke.

12. We hardly ever thank the kind critics who in the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Independent*, the *Irish Times*, *Catholic Times*, *Glasgow Observer* and other journals, speak kindly of this Magazine. Of the latest notice in the *Monitor*, we omit the first and last sentences, while thanking the writer of them for his generous praise:—

“In ‘The Warnings,’ Miss Alice Furlong has given us one of the most touching and beautiful little poems we have read for a long time, though some of the lines do not scan at the first reading. Mr. Daniel Sheild’s poem on ‘A Brook’ is an advance on his previous efforts in verse. It has the breath of the mountain and the sea in it, and the echo of the hills is in its music.”

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

AUBREY BEARDSLEY showed genius of a somewhat fantastic kind, and first came into notoriety from his black and white illustrations in *The Yellow Book*. He died of consumption in his twenty-sixth year. Some time before his death he became a Catholic. He wrote after his conversion : " I feel now like someone who has been standing waiting on the doorstep of a house upon a cold day, and who cannot make up his mind to knock for a long while. At last the door is thrown open, and all the warmth of kind hospitality makes glad the frozen traveller." His death took place on the 16th of March, 1898, and less than a year before he had written to a friend from Bournemouth : " this morning I was received by our Father B. into the Church, making my first confession with which he helped so kindly. My first communion will be made next Friday. I am feeling so happy now." And on the 27th April, 1897, he writes : " the Blessed Sacrament was brought to me here this morning. It was a moment of profound joy, of gratitude and emotion. I gave myself up entirely, utterly, to feelings of happiness ; and even the knowledge of my own unworthiness only seemed to add fuel to the flame that warmed and illuminated my heart. Oh, how earnestly I have prayed that that flame may never die out ! "

* * * * *

A month ago Dr. Crossle, a distinguished physician residing in Newry, treated the members of the United Protestant Young Men's Association in that town to a lecture on " Old Newry Folk," embodying evidently the fruits of years of laborious research. It was given in full in the *Newry Reporter* of January 28, and two or three days following. In one part of it, after describing several charitable bequests, ending with the admirable Quin Charity, " which has been the means of bringing comfort to the home of many a one who has seen better days," Dr. Crossle added these words :—

" The foregoing deeds of benevolence have all assumed the form of posthumous bequests ; but a worthy citizen, still in our

midst, whose philanthropy is only equalled by his modesty, has enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing with his own eyes the fruits of his munificence. The new building connected with the Home for Aged and Orphans in Kilmorey-street, erected in 1899, and which has since then proved such a boon to those for whose shelter it was intended, will form a lasting memorial of the liberality and benevolence of Thomas Fagan."

It is extremely creditable to Dr. Crossle and his audience that the only living citizen of Newry singled out for praise by a Protestant lecturer, addressing a Protestant society, should be a Catholic who has provided generously a refuge for the helpless young and the helpless old under the care of the Sisters of Mercy.

* * * * *

The same post by which Father Nicholas Walsh, S.J., sent me a pleasant sketch of an Italian trip fifty years ago (which will be an item in our next *menu*) brought me the *Saturday Review* of February 4th, in which Mr. Alexander Innes Shand gives his "Memories of the Old Riviera." In one passage he almost uses Father Walsh's words. After denouncing the slowness of the diligence, he goes on: "But travelling by vettura was delightful, though its pace was little better. If you made your bargain, you could stop where you liked at a fixed sum *per diem*, and you cast all financial cares on the shoulders of the vetturino. It was he who did all the haggling with the landlords, and was bound to do his best for you if he hoped for a satisfactory certificate in the book that was his best recommendation."

* * * * *

The last Report of the Dublin Typographical Benevolent Fund bore as a motto on its title-page some words of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Writers and readers are not grateful enough to printers. Writers especially ought to remember that their very unsatisfactory handwriting has to be transmuted into legible print by men working hurriedly, often under unfavourable circumstances of light, air, etc., and they ought to show their gratitude by contributing to this *really* benevolent fund. Now for Dean Stanley:—

"Those of us who have written, those of us who have read, any of the innumerable works which come from th

teeming press of our day must remember that behind the countless sheets and the vast mountain of type, and the constant whirl of machinery, there stands an army of living unknown and unseen friends, through whose close, attentive eyes, and ever busy fingers, the light of God—the light of the world—the light of knowledge—the light of grace—stream out in countless rays to every corner of our streets and homes. It is for us to repay that anxious labour, that straining care, that wasting vigilance; and to see that when their day is over, into the dark corners of their bereaved homesteads there shall flow the light of consolation and cheerfulness, and comfort; and thus in the humblest form, but yet not unworthy of its great original, the Divine command shall be repeated for their poor widows and orphans: 'Let there be light.'"

WINGED WORDS

1. The shortest road to victory over the enemies of God is that of personal kindness; and, as regards their opinions, a sympathy, not of approbation, but of comprehension; a glad insistence on points of agreement, a calm steadfastness against error—free from all heat, bitterness, and personal estrangement.

—*Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J.*

2. The power of simple goodness is the greatest in the world.

—*Mandell Creighton.*

3. One of the nuisances of the present day is the attempted revival of the "prophet." Carlyle, Froude, Ruskin—all are one in their prophetic capacity. It is a cheap line to denounce.

—*The Same.*

4. If you take away the Scotch accent and the insolence from Carlyle, there is very little left. He is a man of one idea, but what that idea is no one is able to discover.—*Anon.*

5. It is so much easier to criticise others, classes or individuals, than to examine one's self. The others are at a convenient distance for a good view; but how can you see a thing which is close against your eyeballs?—*Rosa Mulholland.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

MAY, 1905

ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES

FIFTY YEARS AGO

IN the year 1857, travelling in Italy was much slower but much pleasanter than it is in these railway days. Take, for example, a journey from Rome to Naples which the writer made in the above-mentioned year. The *vettura* was somewhat like an old mail coach but smaller and drawn generally by three horses, not abreast in the French manner, but in the form called the unicorn. The *vetturino* contracted for a moderate sum not only to carry you the whole way, but to board and lodge you ; for this latter purpose he had halting places on the road, generally small and poorly appointed inns. This did not matter much, as the delay was short in each, the food fairly good, and the beds not uncomfortable.

We began the day's journey after an early breakfast and ended before sundown, travelling at the rate of about thirty-five miles. I took nearly five days to do then what in 1883 I did by railway in one. It was slow but pleasant, seated on the top of the coach, you could enjoy the beauty of the country through which you passed, and Italy is singularly beautiful. The climate is also very good. Midwinter days in many parts—for instance, Rome and Naples—though somewhat cold in the shade, are generally bright and warm in the sun, not unlike a fine early spring day in Ireland.

Another advantage of this mode of travelling was that you could arrange to stay for a day or two in some interesting

place, and part of the contract was that the conductor should allow this break and then continue his journey. In this way I saw the great Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino. A small town called San Germano lay on our road. We arrived here at evening, and the next morning ascended on donkeys the hill over the town on which this celebrated monastery is built. It was founded on the site of a pagan temple by St. Benedict, in it he died, and we visited the shrines of himself and his saint-sister Scholastica, in which their remains rest at a short distance from the great house. We were a mixed party, Irish, American, English and one Sicilian, of different religions and one or two without any. We, men, were offered three days' hospitality, which, however, we could not accept as the ladies of the party could not be admitted into the monastery. These were, however, entertained for the day in a room adjoining the church, the beauty and organ music of which they were allowed to enjoy. The male contingent were shown through the monastery, spent a few hours in its great library and in its magnificent church. In this I remarked that mother-of-pearl was tastefully utilized in its decoration, inserted here and there in the marble walls and pilasters. We also heard its fine organ played for our special pleasure. In Monte Cassino, St. Thomas Aquinas spent five years of his boyhood. It has a splendid collection of MSS. and is still the head, if not the parent house of the Order. When evil days came and the Piedmontese, led by Garibaldi, robbed the Popes of St. Peter's patrimony and went in for the destruction of religious orders and the confiscation of their property, so great was the prestige of Monte Cassino, particularly in the matter of letters and literature, that an appeal in its favour was made in the English House of Commons, and amongst others by Gladstone. The appeal was successful. The monastery still stands.

From San Germano we passed on to Naples, seeing on our way, perched on a hill, the castle of Aquino where St. Thomas was born ; also Capua so fatal to Hannibal.

A moment ago when alluding to the outbreak in Italy against the Pope, I laid the blame of it on the Piedmontese, and I wish to say, in passing, that the Romans themselves had nothing to do with it. I knew the city of Rome, knew it well—as a visitor first, and then as a Jesuit living in it from 1857 to 1860—and I

must say, from my own experience and on the authority of others, that there was no happier or more contented people than its inhabitants. There was no poverty, all had abundance of food and next to no taxation, and the Pope did everything to amuse them, particularly by displays of fire-works in which they delighted. They were peace-loving and made no use of fire-arms except to fill their market with birds, wild boar, etc. They would, of themselves, have never made a revolution, and when a revolution was brought about by outsiders it ended in their very chairs and tables being taxed by the conquerors.

The author of the saying "See Naples and die," must, I think, have had in his mind not the heart of the city, but its immediate suburbs, along the coast of its beautiful bay, north and south. These are of surpassing beauty and interest. Picturesque, no doubt, is the hill of St. Elmo which overhangs the city, on which there is a fortress, and also an old suppressed Carthusian Monastery, now a museum worthy of a visit. The monastery is still represented by a small establishment beside it, presided over by two lay brothers for the sale of its celebrated liqueur.

From Naples we made excursions to various places in the neighbourhood. To the north are many spots most interesting to the classical student. We visited the tomb of Virgil placed on an eminence over the tunnelled passage called Posilipo. Farther on we came to Lake Avernus, Lake Acheron, Cocytus, Styx, names given by the poets to lakes and rivers, in this quarter, in accordance with the myths and poetry of Greece. We also passed through a dark passage to the grotto or cave of the Sibyl, and also saw the Cave of the Dog—called so because a dog is placed in it and then, after a moment or two, drawn out of it just before he would become perfectly asphyxiated by the carbolic gas. It was amusing to see how well the dog again and again did his part. Here, too, are Baia and Lake Lucrino, where the ancient Romans cultivated the oyster and where we got some of these delicious bivalves and washed them down with Falernian wine.

We passed on to Puzzuoli, with its beautiful well preserved temple of Serapis built in the Greek days, a place also which has memories of SS. Peter and Paul. Along this road for a good distance, hot steam-like gases are for ever breaking up

under your feet, and they leave deposits of a beautiful green colour which, however, lose their colour if you remove them. We saw a small lake, covered overhead, of boiling water. It is said to have been used by the ancient inhabitants for what would now be called a Turkish bath ; and some small recesses round about, in which a person could recline, gave colour to this report.

But now let us turn to the beautiful localities, south of Naples. We first visited Sorrento, a small town built so immediately over the bay of the same name that a stone dropped from my window fell into it. The town is in the centre of olive and orange trees. The former, though very valuable, as oil is so much used in Italy, has to my eye neither beauty of leaf nor blossom, whilst the orange, valuable also, has both. We stayed in a hotel, "The Villa Nardi," and as the wife of the proprietor was a native of Kingstown we were well looked to. We had the intention of going from Sorrento to the island of Capri, but the boatmen would not take us as the sea looked to their eye, though not to ours, somewhat rough. It struck me that they were not brave or bold sailor-boys. We then moved along the coast mounted on donkeys, by a narrow bridle path, to Amalfi. I remember the uncomfortable feel I had, with hills on one side and the edge of a precipice sheer over the bay on the other. Amalfi is built on an eminence over the bay of Salerno. The hotel in which we stayed, originally a religious house, toppled over and fell down a few years ago. We were entertained one evening with the "Tarentalla," a dance to music, special to the locality. If I remember rightly the music was produced by whistling or breathing through an ordinary comb.

Amalfi has a history. In the Middle Ages it was an independent republic. The population of the city was then thirty thousand, having dependent territory ten times larger. It was governed by doges and was the great centre of Eastern trade, and also the greatest authority on maritime law. But it fell away, lost its commercial influence, and was at the time of our visit in 1857, a small town with about five thousand inhabitants. In the cathedral are the remains of St. Andrew the Apostle, and we Catholics of course paid reverence to and prayed before them.

In Amalfi is the largest manufactory of macaroni, and as the Neapolitans have a craze about this eatable, let me say a word about it. We studied the making of it, going on under our eyes. It is composed of the best flour worked into a dough by the best and purest water. This is placed in a cylinder, the upper part of which is open, the lower perforated, having small round knobs surrounded by a narrow open space. This is hung before and near to a clear red-hot fire, pressure is then brought to bear above and the dough is slowly forced through the perforated portion. It gets little of the fire, for when about a yard out it is cut off, ready for the market.

The Neapolitans have a craze about it, as I said above. In the streets you are beset by a number of gamins called *lazzaroni*, who ask for money that they may show you how they eat macaroni. Having got some they lie down, hold the macaroni as high above their heads as possible, and then beginning with the lower end eat it as slowly as possible. (It may be remarked, parenthetically, that they are adepts also in stealing pocket handkerchiefs—as Murray's *Guide Book* warned us. I lost two, one on each of the two first occasions I went out. I carried them afterwards in a breast pocket.) The cry of the sailors who rowed us to the island of Capri might be turned into English as "Pull along, hi ho for macaroni." Even in religious houses, when brought into the refectory on feast days, it is received with applause and clapping of hands. I heard a Neapolitan say, life would not be worth living without macaroni. When staying in the Sorrento hotel we were invited to see how Neapolitans eat macaroni, as we had already seen the performance of the *lazzaroni* in the street. We were brought down to an underground cave, in it was a fire, and on the fire a pot full of macaroni, whilst standing round the walls were eight or ten decent looking men. The pot was then placed on a small low table in the centre, and on a signal given the men rushed to it, took the contents with the hands and began to devour it, tearing it at times out of each others mouths. I and others left when we saw the first minute's work, and we did not thank our host for this disgusting exhibition.

On another day, when the sea seemed gentle enough to the men, we went in row-boats from Amalfi to the island of Capri, in which the infamous Emperor Tiberius gave himself up to

dissipation of the worst kind. The great sight is "the azure grotto"—a wave is its door, and the boat is shot in when the wave for a moment retires. It is beautiful to look at, and what I recollect best is that a man swimming in it looks exactly as if he were of molten silver. In the year of our visit, 1857, there was no hotel or place of entertainment, now I hear there are many and it is a favourite resort for tourists.

From Amalfi we made our way south to Salerno. This city is much larger than Amalfi. It is beautifully situated on the semi-circular bay of the same name. It had a university and the most celebrated and most frequented School of Medicine in the Middle Ages. But what had most interest for me was that in its cathedral is buried the great Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII. Cardinal Newman, in his review of Bowden's *Life of Hildebrand*, gives, in a few awful facts, evidence of the low state to which the Church had fallen in the eleventh century. If it were not for divine promises, he says, persons would have supposed that the end had come. But God raised up Hildebrand to begin the great reform. The ecclesiastical miseries came from the temporal power usurping the functions which were given by our Lord to the Church alone. Hence came the appointment of most unworthy persons to positions in the Church—money-seeking and simony. This pretended privilege was commonly called the right of "Investiture," which Gregory VII tried to destroy root and branch. But this raised up, naturally, many enemies who did not like to abandon claims which gave them patronage and wealth and power. His great opponent was the Emperor Henry IV, who upheld his own usurped authority and supported disobedient bishops; in a diet held at Worms he even dared to declare Gregory deposed from the pontificate. Gregory most justly excommunicated him. Henry not wishing to remain a year under this ban, which would have involved his own deposition, went to Canossa and remained three days outside the castle in the garb of a penitent and received absolution there from Gregory. This is the origin of the saying "Going to Canossa" as expressive of a humiliating submission. It was applied to Bismarck a few years ago when he had to abandon his designs against the liberty of the Church in Germany. Henry, however, relapsed, besieged Rome, and obliged Gregory to place himself under the

protection of Robert Guiscard, the Norman King of Apulia, and to take himself to Salerno, a city of his kingdom, where he died on the 25th of May, 1085. Men regard him as a great historical figure—even those who were not of his Church say that “his theory was grand in its conception and unselfish in its object;” “that by his firm and unbending efforts to suppress the unchristian vices which deformed society and to restrain the tyranny which oppressed the subject as much as it enslaved the Church, he taught his age that there was a being on earth whose special duty it was to defend the defenceless, to succour the helpless, to afford a refuge to the widow and the orphan and to be the guardian of the poor.” Dean Milman, an historian certainly not prejudiced in his favour, speaks of him as “one who is to be contemplated not merely with awe but in some respects as a benefactor of mankind.” “His dying words are a deeply affecting but stern and unbending profession of the faith of his whole life, and of the profound convictions under which even his enemies acknowledge him to have acted. “I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile.” To say Mass on the altar and over the remains of this great and holy man, now a canonised saint, was a privilege which I enjoyed, and the memory of which still pleases me. The evening before I said to my companions, “I hope to say Mass to-morrow morning over the body of the great Hildebrand.” What was my surprise when I looked round me when preparing for celebration, to find all the non-Catholics present and not a single Catholic? One of the former showed me afterwards his diary in which I saw written, “One of the greatest events of my tour: I heard Mass to-day at the tomb of the great Hildebrand.”

Having “done” Salerno, we gave our last day to a visit to Pæstum, south of Salerno, leaving early and returning before nightfall. We were advised to do so on account of the brigands who infested the locality. Pæstum is remarkable only for the well-preserved ruins of three pagan temples built by the Greek colonists long before the foundation of Rome. They are very striking objects, of pure simple Doric, and picturesque, in a certain way, as they stand on a wild, barren, desolate plain with the waters almost breaking against their foundations. As we had been warned, we did see hanging about us some

men with the broadshaped, conical hat, etc., familiar to us from pictures as the get-up of brigands.

Before we left the sunny South, we visited Pompeii and Herculaneum and ascended Vesuvius. My first sight of Pompeii was in its way sad, the bright beautiful day and the clear blue Italian sky looking down upon and contrasting with the silent city of the dead. What struck me most were the street of the tombs, the sentry dead at his post, and the amphitheatre; but even more, in a certain sense, some writings, public notices on the walls, one or two shop sign-boards, and the shops themselves. Most of the movable things were taken away and are preserved in the Royal Museum of Naples. A few frescoes left in one or two of the houses, and others kept in a locked room in the Museum—which I did not care to see—give evidence of the sensual, voluptuous life of the doomed city.

Herculaneum is not so interesting to the ordinary visitor as Pompeii. It is covered over with hardened lava. It is like going into a dark cave by torch-light. At the same time many things more prized than those found in Pompeii were found here and removed, particularly articles in connection with its theatre, and some valuable busts and statues of great men. As to the ascent to the crater of Vesuvius, I did not attempt it in 1857. Those of my companions who made the ascent came back very tired and without shoes. In 1883 I ascended the mountain, but then there was a funicular railway which brought you within twenty feet or so of the crater, the rest of the way you were helped or rather dragged up by men. The sight of the crater was awful: volleys of stones issuing red hot continually thrown up, some of them falling at your feet. At times the smoke issuing from it was beautiful to the eye—white as snow, tinged rose-colour by the flame within.

When in this southern locality, I visited Nocera and places identified with the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori; the room where this great saint, to whose mild but solid theology we owe so much, died, his shrine, his instruments of penance, etc. We were very persistently and inconveniently beset by a crowd of young and old persons begging, some of the old carrying the young on their shoulders, all making the circular gesture about the mouth with both hands, significant in Italy of "grinding poverty." At this sight one of the party, a Protestant,

said to me, " Surely such as these were not here in the saint's time." He did not know of or had forgotten that divine saying, " The poor you have always with you," and had not in mind what the lives of the saints would have told him, namely, that the saints always loved the poor.

NICHOLAS WALSH, S.J.

OUR LADY OF THE BOYS

IN snow-white marble Mary stands
Gold-crowned as Empress and as Queen
Of all the heavens and all the lands
That angel-eyes have ever seen :
Upon the pole of this glad earth
Her Kingly Jesus doth she poise,
Smiling upon her children's mirth—
Our Lady of the Boys.

She is so fair and white and sweet,
This gentle Queen and Mother-Maid,
That players in the game's full heat
In spirit seek her hallowed shade,
Longing, if but for little space,
To leave the laughter and the noise,
And whisper, " Mary, full of grace,
Our Lady of the Boys ! "

She is the Lady of their heart,
They wear her favours day and night,
Each longs to act her page's part,
Aspires to be her squire and knight ;
They loathe all lower loves, and hate
Whatever their dear Queen annoys,
Early they kneel to her, and late—
Our Lady of the Boys.

She marks each truant for her own,
Over the wanderer she keeps
Long vigil through the night-hours lone,
Over the wilful oft she weeps ;
She woos him in the highway wild,
Fain would she wean him from hell's toys,
She hath no mind to lose *one* child—
Our Lady of the Boys.

She is the Mother of them all,
The love of each she longs to gain,
On bad and good her blessings fall
As on the earth falls summer rain ;
Each name she whispers to her Son,
Praying the Love that never cloy
May be the meed of every one—
Our Lady of the Boys.

She is the Mistress of their sport,
Their Teacher in sweet Wisdom's chair,
Their Pleader in the great High Court,
Their Guide unto the Golden Stair ;
She loves to listen as they pray
To her, the Cause of all their joys,
And chant her anthems night and day—
Our Lady of the Boys.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

A PLEASANT TRAGEDY

I WAS sitting near the counter in a "snack" shop in Church Street. I had spent the day—like many another day—in the fruitless search for "copy." Being chilled to the bone, I turned my damp shoulder towards the window, so as to avoid the sight of the rain that swirled and spattered past the half-open door, almost drowning the sound of the spluttering sausages on the gas stove. A Dublin "Jackeen," unaffected by weather that deadened all else in nature, stopped to shriek some local joke at us, and his laugh rang drearily through the empty darkening street. To my surprise, he was answered by a chuckle, somewhere in my neighbourhood, and now for the first time I discovered a genial companion. He was a little man, with a rosy dimpled face fringed with a scanty glory of white hair, and clad in such ancient rusty garments as belonged to the time of his early manhood. He smiled all over, and while I examined him with open curiosity, his round blue eyes twinkled. Before I had satisfied myself with the study of the "happy man," he began to rock himself with laughter that he made no attempt to control. "Excuse me, sir," he said with a fresh burst, "whenever I hear the jolly gutter-snipe I have to laugh with them, remembering when I was just as they are. Ha, ha! O Lord, but life is dhroll. Ha, ha!"

Something besides my sense of humour made me take a sudden interest in this simple type, and so, having ordered my "XX," I tried him with the diplomacy of my trade. But he needed no display of the interviewer's skill. "Have I a story? Indeed and I have, and a quare one too. Ho, ho!"

Divested of all its merry paroxysms, I give the narrative of the tragic adventure upon which his life had turned.

"I need not tell you the street I was born in," said the little man, "and indeed it has disappeared, and no loss. When I was a boy of twelve, my father and mother, who lived in a cellar where they sometimes contrived to sell oysters, both fell ill. In a week they were both dead, and I was a little more

'on the world' than I had been. But folk who live in cellars spend much of their time outside, and so, after my first grief, I took to the streets almost with pleasure. I held horses and did other little jobs, and in those days messengers were in demand, to carry marketing and run errands, and my rags lost me no commissions. So, sometimes I paid for a lodging, and sometimes I got it free; otherwise I slept in halls and lobbies. In spite of my love for adventure, after a while hankered after some less uncertain way of living. One day I was sent with a message to a coffin-maker in Cook Street. The sight of clean shavings and sawdust made me sigh for such luxurious bedding, contented as I was. The coffin-maker was a dry, rawboned man, like a scantling that had warped, and his colourless eyes were so uncertain that his attitude only told me he was watching me. At last he spoke; and instead of offering me a 'tester' or a 'hog,' I found him trying to find out my employment. 'Oh, masther,' said I at once, 'if you want a boy, here is for ye.' 'I believe I'll take ye, if I can thrust ye,' he said slowly; and so I was at last respectable.

"I received no wages, but I shared my master's plain food. He was so silent I could not bring myself to ask him for any money, but one day I looked ruefully at my rags more than once, and that night he handed me a parcel of clothes—evidently 'hand-me-downs' from Little Mary Street, and badly suited for an ill-grown lad of fourteen. A customer gave me a lark in a cage, and both the bird and I made the old shop ring with our singing—for I couldn't keep silent for the life of me—while I sawed and screwed and bolted the cheap shells of the poor. One afternoon my master sent me away on a weary errand that seemed fruitless, and I returned late, to find him smoking his pipe in the shop. He made a sign to me to put up the shutters, and then stood irresolute in the doorway leading to the back shed where he slept: 'If you hear any noise, call me,' he said at last. 'The dead speak!' I muttered to myself, as I snuffed my 'dip' and looked around the shop. I had learned to understand even his silence; what could he mean? Thieves? and I almost laughed aloud. Several coffins lay away from the door, and their lids were on. Finding one heavy as I idly handled it, I lifted the lid, and fell back gasping. It contained a corpse! . . . When somewhat recovered, I

looked about for a bed for the night. Until now I had taken my peaceful sleep under the bench. A sudden whim seized me to climb up on a stout broad shelf that stretched above my head, and, when I had done so, I crept into a large oak coffin that rested on it, and lay down. I quaked with my gruesome joke, while the bit of candle threw ghostly shadows round the shop, and went out. When at last I slept, what dreams I had of gibbering corpses armed with murderous knives, breaking from their graves—I could hear the crash. ‘Jimmy!’ The call came in a voice of terror, though stifled, that woke me. Some grey light came in through the broken shutters, and showed me two brawny figures closing with my master. They had him with his back to the wall. ‘Down, or we’ll make another *stiff*,’ growled one of the ruffians with an oath, and he seized a rope. The sacks on the floor—the corpses—ah, these were *body snatchers*!

“In two minutes their threat might be accomplished. I leant forward desperately, and down came the heavy coffin, crashing on their heads, which stunned them. In a second I was on my feet, releasing my master, and binding the two fallen ruffians, as they lay unconscious, while he looked on immovable with glazed eyes. Then I slipped out, and after a cautious search I found a horse and cart standing round the corner, in Rosemary Lane. So only the two men were engaged in this plot. Heading the horse to the shop door, I examined my victims. They were still half insensible, and bleeding freely, so with great labour I got them into the cart—my master being of no assistance—and at once I drove to the Infirmary in Jervis Street.

“When I reached it, and while the night porter was still fumbling with the bar, I began to think how I could explain the state of my patients? They were beginning to revive, for they were groaning. I hastily untied them, and trundled them down, and into the hall, and, muttering that they had met with an accident, and should be seen to at once, I drove off before the astonished janitor had recovered his wits.

“On my return to the shop I found my poor master staring as before, but when I lit his pipe and put it in his mouth, after a minute or two he sighed, and puffed, and I knew all was right.

“I got a carter in the neighbourhood to take charge of the

horse and cart, and I mended the broken shutters before the neighbours could observe anything. The porter's loquacity having spread the story of the mysterious visitors, the New Police actually arrived at the hospital before the 'snatchers' could get away, and as they were 'wanted' for various offences, we were soon relieved to hear of their excursion to Botany Bay.

"After this, business throve with us, and, you know, we had a horse and cart of our own. We never told our story; but sometimes of an evening my master would sit opposite me in the shop, looking at me (as I assumed), and turning his face towards the broad shelf upon which his fate had rested. He stored no more corpses. When he himself joined the dead, I found he had left me all his possessions, and the house was no more silent than usual. God's peace be with him! I now live on my rents—I keep tenements—and I laugh at care, as I would advise you to do, young man!"

And the little old man went singing down the street, like the boy of an hour before.

LUCAS MORE.

THE BLAZONRY OF PAIN

RED flowers beneath a small crossed olive-rod—
Lo, Sufferer! thy blazon here is found,
In symbols gathered from their native ground,
The garden of the agony of God.
For, 'neath an olive, prone upon the sod,
The Lord of life once bled; and all around,
From that red centre to the garden's bound,
With blood-red bloom like this the night was shod.

God only sees if, in their parent stem,
These sacred things had any part with them
That fringed the brink of that dread mystery:
Enough, O dove-like Soul! for thee to know,
When sorrow's floods are out, that flowers do grow—
And olive-branches in Gethsemane.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER XIV

ATHELSTAN'S ORGAN

THE month wore out, and the novelty wore off Ellen's life. She returned to her duties naturally day after day. She did not start in the mornings when her eyes rested on her surroundings, nor feel like a visitor when she went to her bedroom for the night. She did not dream so much about wrecking ships and stormy seas, nor start from sleep, fancying she heard the crash of the hurricane. She began to be familiar with the sounds of different doors and bells, to expect the hours of Trina's regular going and coming, and of the serving of meals—to note the sun's progress over the wall and floor, the shadows of the trees upon the lawn, and the gathering gloom at the distant curve of the avenue towards evening—to heed the chimes of the time-piece on the mantel—to know all the small signs and sounds that whispered time away in that quiet western wing of the dull Dunmara household. She was becoming accustomed to her niche wherein destiny had enshrined her.

Mr. Aungier sometimes came to see his sister, bringing her flowers and sweetmeats, both of which she liked. He answered all her poor foolish questions patiently, and for a man, showed much tact in humouring her. She seemed fond of him, and almost always knew him when he came in.

One day he came for a few minutes in a particularly dull mood, and the next morning Trina brought to Miss Rowena's room, with the breakfast tray, the news that Mr. Egbert had left home. No wonder that the house felt empty to Ellen, for she knew not what strange pranks Miss Elswitha's malice might play. Her fears, however, were disappointed, as our fears often are. Miss Aungier did try to annoy her in a few small ways, but some wholesome influence kept her from the girl's path. And this being so, Ellen was content.

She feared to provoke her, however, and for ten whole days

did not venture so far as the corridor. She saw no face that could look back meaning into her own except Trina's going and coming, and occasionally Mrs. Kirker's, who would come up with her knitting for a few moments, but always hurried away as if fearing to be detected in her visits.

Trina was a simple quiet country-girl who had been taught to attend Miss Rowena, to dress her in the mornings, to put her to bed at night, and to serve her at meals. Trina also discharged the duty of workmistress in the little mountain school close by, of which Miss Elswitha was patroness. This school was one of the grim maiden's mighty prides. Twice a year a feast was given, and Miss Aungier sailed down among the festive benches, and scowled at the little frightened faces thereat. And the poor schoolmaster, who depended for the bread of a small family upon the lady's humour, told the young scholars that they ought to kiss the hem of her gown, and love her in their heart of hearts. And wise mothers sent their little girls to learn to sew, and wise little girls came for the sake of the sewing and the low-voiced chat over the work, but no one thought of loving Miss Elswitha. Trina remembered a time when she herself was a small child, and Miss Rowena used to show her beautiful face in the school-room once or twice a week, and give smiles and pennies to the girls. She used to sit down and do their work for them, and chatter as simply as any, and kiss the little mites and nurse them on her knees, all of which extravagant condescensions did mightily provoke the two elder ladies of the family. Trina still loved the poor thing, and wiped her eyes when she talked of sundry kindness done her own friends long ago. "She took after the old master," Trina said. "He was the kind heart, though dreadful passionate."

The days were getting very short, and the evenings dull and long in that wide dimly-lighted invalid chamber. Ellen longed for a breath of air, and for want of it a listlessness came upon her which was worse than illness. She took strong book medicine daily, bracing for the mind like iron for the blood, and bent her thoughts resolutely on proposition after proposition of Euclid. This was all very well, but it did not hinder her from getting weary. She was not ill, only wanted a breath of air, but what if Miss Elswitha should espy her, taking an airing, from some of her observatories? She might come upon

her, and then ? Ellen did not feel equal to an engagement. At last one day she conceived the bright idea of going to give the work-lesson in the school while Trina remained at home with Miss Rowena. Trina directed her to go out by the back way, as she was accustomed to do, and along a bypath in the dense shrubbery behind the house, and Ellen found to her delight that she could at any time steal a ramble thus, gaining the high road, the sea-shore, or the slope leading to the ruin, without coming in sight of the windows.

Many eyes were turned on her as she entered the school. A few words in private to the master, and she was furnished with a seat, and went to work as if accomplishing a daily task. A smile, a word of encouragement when the work was brought up for criticism, a gay look when hers met some wondering eye, soon struck friendship from the hearts of the little lassies, and the business of the day went on satisfactorily. It was too soon over, but it did her good. She had read a new page of simple mountain life, and tasted pleasant novelty.

Ellen felt a different creature as she walked homeward, recalling the picturesque little mountaineers, in their red petticoats and bare ankles, with their fresh, shy faces and intelligent eyes. The keen breeze blew off the cliffs from the sea. She felt the briny breath saturating soul and body with its healthful savour. The shore's wide sweep of shingle lay temptingly before her, with its rock ramparts and little sandy shell-bedecked chambers, walled in here and there with a front entrance seaward for the mermaids. Relying on Trina's good-nature she rambled farther.

She travelled along by the cliffs for about half a mile, when a curve in the shore brought her right under the battlements of the old castle. She gained the parade and walked its length by the wall, where the open-mouthed cannons gaped idly out to sea with fruitless menace to dead enemies. She peered into the broken conservatory, and fancied Miss Rowena in her early beauty and white gala dress, receiving rare bouquets from the gardener before figuring as queen of some summer festival, or old Dame Aungier sweeping her haughty skirts over the tiles. She saw the seven young princes playing at hide and seek among the cannons.

She wandered to one of the towers, and looked down its

stair. She trusted her feet on the winding steps, and followed them down and down, dizzily to the bottom. And then she found herself on the sea-shore again. When about to reascend, she perceived an opening inward in the wall of the tower, behind the stairs. She leaned through the hole, and beheld only darkness, threaded by a single ray of faint light, levelled at her eye from the distance. When her sight grew more accustomed to the inner darkness, she concluded that these were vaults, and wishing to explore them, easily got through the opening, which was not above three feet from the ground. Having got on her knees upon the thick wall, she sprang down into the vault.

She went on straight, feeling the ground very damp under her feet, and a moist earthy smell in the air. She was in the main vault running from tower to tower of the battlements, and the light at the end was from the aperture corresponding with that by which she had entered. As she went on, many tunnel arches draped with stalactites invited her further earthward. She strayed down one of them, but the drop, dropping of the damp, and the thickening blackness of the air, scared her back. I know not how long she stayed wandering about this underground wilderness, but on reaching the opening, she found egress impossible, as the tide had come in and covered the tower floor, rising within about half-a-foot of the hole.

For some moments, Ellen felt no small degree of consternation, but reflection told her that there must be some other outlet. She could only turn back again, and brave some of those inky passages. Groping her way down the dark labyrinth, she went, till at last, having penetrated far, she felt that the grave-like gloom was growing by degrees less dense, and coming round a corner, found the light coming from above, showing another flight of flagged steps, crazy and broken. The daylight also discovered another arch of the usual dimensions, but guarded by an iron gate.

With her face to the rails she saw coffins on shelves, very grim, very dismal. This, then, was the family burying-place of generations of Aungiers. She shuddered and thought,—“I had rather lie under a hill, by the sea, than be laid to moulder here on a shelf.” The only things of earth that had not fled the dwelling of the dead were the brown November leaves which

had whirled out of the blast down the steps, and lay in heaps by the iron railing, and even inside, and on the coffins.

Ellen left the dead Aungiers and the dying leaves, and went up the stairway. She wound up a very great way, wondering no little where she should end her journey. If the stairs had led her to her old home in Spain, she could not have been more astonished than at finding herself where she did when the last step had been gained. She was in a chamber, unharmed by fire, untouched by decay, all except one side wall, half of which had been riven away, as if some impatient giant had swept it aside to get the magnificent sea-view, which awed one with its blue serenity smiling through the chasm.

Her wonder was not so much bestowed upon the broken wall or sunny sea, as upon the window of stained glass, which almost filled the end wall. A gorgeous oriel, it dazzled the eye as the setting sun shot an arrow of glory, winged with a coloured message, through every check of ruby, of amethyst, of amber. Also upon the organ which stood at the other end in still grandeur, with the chequered lights and hues playing over its front and setting its pipes with jewels. A mighty organ, standing grieving in its silence, like a great dumb heart mourning for utterance. It stood on a raised dais, approached by steps which were covered with purple cloth, while the long stretch of flooring was of polished oak. All the walls and the ceiling were richly painted in fresco. That rude smash had left the artist's work ragged and mutilated in its neighbourhood.

The window beamed down upon Ellen as a gracious empress might look upon her subject. It steeped her in a flood of tinted glory, and like an enchantress beckoned a host of thoughts that came bewildering fancy, in robes as rich, in smiles as radiant, as the coloured lights that trooped down the air, and moved about the chamber like living spirits. But Ellen turned to the organ. She thought of blind Milton with his great prisoned soul, bending under the load of his unuttered song, waiting for some hand to take the holy burden from his lips, and give it to grateful pages to tell to the world. She longed to unburden the great master of his sorrow, to open the flood-gates of his eloquence, to give the poet a voice wherewith to take up the echo of his mighty poem where it had broken off,

and recite it to the clouds, to the kindred sea, to the answering caves, the wind-harps, and higher, to the attentive angels, even to God's own ear.

She sat down by the broken wall with a feverish cheek and glittering eyes. Like a tide, the ardour and impetus of her old life came surging back through her veins. How was it that she was content to live quietly in this still corner of the world; she who had so toiled for one purpose, who had had such bright, never-to-be-realized dreams, who had felt such a mighty stir within her of love and energy for the creation of beautiful things; she who had so hoped and prayed that a power might be hers something akin to the power of those great dead ones who were the saints of her artist creed? Whither had this past life drifted? How short a time past, and yet how completely severed from present and future! Was there no path still to be found by which she might win her way back to the old grand highroad of life which had lain so temptingly before her, like the golden-paved, diamond-strewn avenue of a fairy tale! Should her dearest wish not be to regain that lost path? From childhood she had been intimate with that widening of the heart with which the brave meet difficulties, yet now she shrank from the idea of leaving this quiet nest which she had found in the shelter of her native mountains.

Had it then been a false echo, that musical call which had sounded as if from heaven? Was her mission after all to live her life out in an invalid's room, and tend an insane stranger? For were not these people all strangers? Why should she live for ever under a perpetual shadow, the fear of a malicious woman? Ah! but was she not protected, and it was good to be protected even by a stranger, when all nearer and dearer were gone.

She looked out on the sea, and the great world where she had meant to be an artist, seemed to lie just behind the blue rim which carried her gaze away to the white clouds that looked like snow-steps up to heaven. Her fancy pictured a boat waiting to bear her away to the great world beyond, and she thought of her dream and the stern helmsman. "I am glad his name is not Duty," she thought, "I hope his name may not be Duty. Out in that great world who could there be to say, 'I am your friend'?"

Ellen was aroused from her reverie by the grave coolness of the air which reached her cheek through the broken wall. The sun had gone ; the early moon came drifting like a white water-lily on a summer lake. She hastened away by an entrance towards the ruin. All the surroundings were scorched, and shattered, and crumbling away. Strange, that this music-chamber should have remained alone comparatively safe in the universal decay.

She made her way home quickly, where she found Miss Rowena sleeping, and Trina sitting by the fire in the dusk, and lost no time in inquiring of the girl how it came that an organ had been left to go to destruction in the ruin. Trina shook her head and looked mysterious.

"It's Mr. Athelstan's organ, miss ; Mr. Athelstan that was burnt in the old castle. It plays out at times, and every one's terrified when they hear it."

Ellen smiled.

"Have you ever heard it, Trina ?"

"As sure as you are there, miss—booming, away, awful ; and I'm not the only one, for the butler, and the housemaid, and whole lots of people have heard it, as well as me. Miss Elswitha has, I know, for one night when it was playing she came down out of her room as white as a sheet, and asked what way the wind was blowing ; but it wasn't the wind, I know."

Ellen smiled again so incredulously that Trina felt injured.

"Lord bless you, miss !" she cried, "I've heard it as often as I've fingers on my hands. I never saw the ghost, though ; but he's there regular among the ruins. Of a wild night it's awful sometimes to hear how the organ booms and booms up to the very windows."

—It was of no use to reason with Trina. All the people about believed that Athelstan's spirit haunted the ruin, and played his organ as of old. He had been an invalid, and all his whims had been humoured. He was passionately fond of music and painting, and his father had been at great expense to fit up the chamber of Ellen's discovery. There he had passed all his time, and, singular to tell, while he in his high bed-room perished on the night of the fire, little or no damage had been done to his pet retreat. It was beginning to fall away now,

Trina said, but she thought that the master, Mr. Egbert, was going to have it built up again. Mr. Egbert had such queer notions.

CHAPTER XV

A DOSE OF SWEETS

ELLEN was restless ; her spirit had met the ideal face to face ; she had been surprised into the power of the enchantress, fettered with the light silver chain of her fascination ; seen her smile, heard her voice, touched her robe, and, with a tantalizing thirst, the imagination craved her presence yet again. The spell was woven, and would not be rent away.

Her hands trembled as she laid aside her bonnet, smoothed her hair, and tied on her apron. Dismissing Trina, she sat down by the fender to think about this storm which had suddenly risen within her and shaken every nerve. So long as she could remember, a burning fancy had been the strongest power of nature within her to sway heart and brain. Many a time in her childish days it had dazzled, and blinded, and hurt her, giving early warning of danger. For a time, after her strange awakening at Dunmara, it had lain in a kind of trance, just sweetening stray words and looks of kindness, gilding dark days, and lightening the prospect of uncongenial tasks. It had neither tortured nor enraptured her, as it had done of old, as it would do assuredly in the future, unless time or despair should succeed in crushing its life out utterly.

That had been while weakness paralysed her. But on that evening at Dunsurf, it had leapt up with a dark face, crying, " I have got a suspicion to haunt you with—a suspicion which will go on growing within you till it become a conviction ; you may fight it off for a time, but you cannot get rid of it, nor can you ask any one to help you in the strife." And it had terrified her then, and at intervals ever since ; till of very late the tranquil atmosphere of her life at Dunmara had somewhat laid the apparition, and she had whispered to herself, " My enemy has left me in peace ! "

What had there been in the simple events of this day to cause a revolution ? The innocent flash from the shy bright eyes of children ; the salt breath of independence that the cold

breeze had blown in her face ; the sea by whose side she had walked, and whose beating waves came back on her ear with their throbbing echoes, like forgotten lines of some wild poem. A greeting with the dead in a damp vault ; a restoration to the sun in a forgotten music-chamber, the smile of a coloured window with a vista of fairy-land streaming from every tiny pane, and a sunny secret lurking under every sash. The vision of a silent organ ; the apparition of a mute psalmist ; finally a white moon on a serene sky and a path strewn with brown leaves stripped from complaining trees. These made the foreground picture of her day's adventure traced by Ellen in the coals, and behind all lay streaks of purple welkin and ragged white cloud-drifts.

This was all, and yet her trembling hands and beating nerves told her that, inspired with all its old power, fancy had leaped up again, not as an enemy this time, but with the irresistible smiles and becks of a friend ; " a dangerous friend," said conscience, " for, where life runs stilly, the pulses of the heart should be cool," but the friend was there, and clamoured to be fed with certain sweets denied before.

She paced the floor, she sat long with head bent on her arms, to wrestle with the longing. Tempestuous tears burst into her eyes, and she cried bitterly, " I am lonely, I need this pleasure ; surely it is no harm ! " And conscience surrendered, and said, " Be it so ; taste and beware ! "

She sprang up in the firelight with a flush on one cheek, and an eager light in her eyes, shook the tossed brown hair from her temples, and fled down to the library ; she had its key with permission to revel among the books. Now she mounted that small ladder for the second time, and saw eight gold letters glittering at her in the candle-light, with a sly triumph. " You passed us once," they seemed to say, " but behold, we have brought you back to our feet ! " She silenced them with a hasty kiss, extinguished their glory under her apron, and scarce feeling her feet upon the ground, found herself safe again by Miss Rowena's side.

She laid Tennyson near the tray while she filled the tea-cups. Snatches and gleams of colour and light driven hither and thither by fitful breezy echoes enchanted the eye and pleased the ear, while she buttered Miss Rowena's toast and carried her

little tray to the sofa. When Rowena was sleeping in her bed and the maid was going, she said, "Trina, will you leave me some more wood? I am not sleepy, and will sit up a little longer."

When she had gone, Ellen brought her little window table to the fire, and placed the candles upon it; by way of refreshment she brushed her hair and put on her dressing-gown, and then wheeled an arm-chair softly to the fender, and sat down to her feast. She opened the book, a rich edition with plates, and met "fairy Lilian," dancing an elfin greeting over the page; and following the flowery path, hailed in turn each of the fair sisterhood, the rare pale Margaret, the mysterious Adeline, the spirit Claribel; then on so far that she knew not by what path the delicious maze was threaded.

Ah! the earl was fair to see.

She skipped with a shiver over a page, and then she came upon Arthur the King, severely grand, majestic, god-like. Absently she touched in the outlines of a little sketch, and drew it to the fire. Mariana in the moted grange:—

She said I am aweary, aweary,
I wish that I were dead.

"Stuff and nonsense!" Ellen said. "She should have bestirred herself and helped the housemaid to make beds; that would have passed the time for her. I have no patience with her!"

How that "brand Excalibur" flashed in her eyes, it bewitched her into a trance, out of which she saw a grave shadow gazing on her, with reproach, saying, "Where is your allegiance?"

"Longfellow," she said, "you are the purer and sterner spirit; but dwelling in your cool crystal halls makes one love dearly a drowsy day *al fresco* among the damasks and lilacs. Leave me to sip awhile the bees' syrup, and I will go to you by-and-by for a draft of Alpine snow, to wash the thirsting sweet from my lips. I shall be smothered in roses, and will climb with you for a bit of rough heather. I shall be faint with the perfume, and will go to you for a breath of salt breeze!"

And the shade vanished.

She read and dreamed and scribbled sketches. At last

she thrust her papers aside. Pen and ink were dead and only tantalized. Colour, colour! and where is the artist who will make canvas glow at a moment's bidding; who can flash out a picture while the thought wrestles with it? Would he were here. Ellen closed her eyes, and fancy stepped forward with brush and palette, and contracted to do the whole business. Ellen knew her of old for a clever handmaid, and placed the affair in her hands.

She gathered the red embers together, and built them in a little heap, and said, "I must go to bed whenever they have burnt down."

Hush! there is a rolling in the avenue, and presently a crunching on the gravel. It must be the Saxon Egbert returning to his castle. Yes, there is the bell, a good peal. Ellen shut up Tennyson, and laid the book on the table. She put out her lights and sat in the dwindling shine of the fire, listening for sounds with that fascination upon her which unusual noises do have for silent hearers who dwell apart in quiet. A slight commotion in the hall, the hum of a deeper voice than is possessed by Trina or the housemaid, or even by old Martin the butler, a throwing off of boots on the tiles, a rattling of whips on the bracket, finally a clang of the library door, and then silence.

"Well!" thought Ellen, "he has got a cold room down there, at any rate. I wonder Miss Elswitha's teeth don't chatter in her head with the chill of self-condemnation. I wonder she doesn't quake and shiver to think of him down in that bare, fireless library after his journey. If I were Elswitha I would take my only brother by the hand, and lead him to a warm hearth, and say, 'Bask, Egbert, in the glow, and tell me, are you not glad to get home.' But, Elswitha, you are not made of flesh, I believe, and where your heart ought to be there is a stone!"

She did not hear, and so Ellen felt that her indignation was all wasted. She said her prayers and went to bed, placing Tennyson on the table where she could see it the first thing in the morning. Five minutes she had been in bed when she arose again and opened the door, so as to see a reflection from that still red bit of fire in the outer room. It had struck one before she fell asleep, and the library door had not opened.

In the morning, Ellen awoke with a vague happy conviction of something good having happened. What was it? Ah! yes; there had been a visitor. There he was—Tennyson on the table. She sprang from her bed and dressed merrily; so fastidious was she after her evening spent among the poet's delicate dames and damsels, that she laid aside three several pairs of cuffs in her drawer, looking for the whitest and best fitting. She thought, "I love to feel my own person irreproachable whilst I sojourn among the dainty people of Dreamland. It seems to make less striking the difference between them and me."

She enthroned the book in state upon her window table and drew the curtains a little, so as to let the light fall softly on the cover. She longed for the incense of flowers to offer at her shrine, but had none. She spread upon it some perfect decayed leaves, picked up in her ramble, with their airy, fibrous lacework.

Thought having thus honoured its glorious guest as best it might, turned from him, and bent all its energies upon the untheatrical duties of the day.

Rowena sat at the window, watching the falling rain, and talking softly to herself about a certain dress of white lace with crimson roses, which she meant to wear on Harold's birth-night. "And Laurence will be here," she said, "he said he would bring Laurence." Ellen had long since guessed who Laurence was. What was he now? Probably a comfortable family man, with a crowd of little Laurences about his knees; thinking little of the beautiful girl whose family had once slighted him. Who could tell? But to Rowena he was a tender shade haunting her path—I had almost said of the past, but there was no past or future for her. To Rowena, all time was one mazy shifting present.

Ellen sat in the shelter of the screen, pricking stitches into a tiny linen collar. The wind was moaning with that faint wail which it always kept up now through the day, waiting for evening to burst into hysterics and sob frantically round the house all night. A tap came to the door; it was Egbert Aungier, come to see his sister after his absence.

He looked better for his journey, frank and sunny. He poured a shower of bon-bons into Rowena's lap, and watched

her sadly, as she laughed and snatched them up. He left her absorbed in counting them into a bag which Ellen had made her of a variety of brilliant silks, and came cheerfully to the fireplace. He laid a pretty little French box full of sugar plums on the mantel, saying,—

“We have fed the child; this is the nurse’s share.”

Supposing they were meant for her, Ellen thanked him, and went on stitching her collar.

After a short silence, he said,—

“By the way, I am afraid I have kept your loan very long. The truth is, it is in the keeping of a friend of mine who has got a very stiff lock which he has been unable to fit with a key for a long time. He thinks when he has got rid of some of the rust that yours will suit him exactly.”

Ellen looked up puzzled. He said it so gravely that the speech did not seem to call for a smile.

“Meantime,” he went on, “lest you should be at inconvenience for your latch-key, I have got the wards matched. I hope you will be able to make use of this one till your own be returned.”

And he laid a book on the table; such a book! Radiant with gold and delicate colouring, and fragrant with that delicious smell of new, fresh-bound paper. Ellen took it in her hands, and read Longfellow on the side, opened it, and met pictures at every page.

“Will it fit?”

“The wards are perfect,” she said, “but the workmanship is very superior. My key was a common little thing to be worn on a ring, and carried in the pocket.”

“And this one?”

“This should be tied up with a silver ribbon and hung on a golden hook.”

“Have you sketched much since?”

“No.”

“Why? is your paper done?”

Ellen looked up in surprise, and said, perforce, “It is.”

“Look at this,” he said, “I got it for a particular purpose, and I am doubtful about it. Perhaps you will try it with your pen, and report as to the quality of the material?”

While he spoke he had been untying a broad flat parcel,

when the string came off, lo ! there emerged from the brown wrapper a paper block, temptingly thick, dazzlingly white. Ellen moved towards the table for a pen and ink. He said,—

“ Please do not mind it now. You cannot try it in a moment. I shall scarcely be content unless you have sounded its depths, several sheets down, at least.”

Ellen laid it aside with the book, and said she would take care of them for him. Again she went on with her work, while he returned to the window to Rowena. After some time he came back to the fire.

“ I have got something else,” he said, “ which I picked up in my travels. It is a novelty in the book-world, the production of one of your heroes, the poets. People are talking about it. Have you heard of it ? ”

Ellen smiled. She hear of anything ! She said, “ What is it ? ”

He laid a plain green volume on her knee. She saw *Idylls of the King* on the back, and seeking the title-page for further information, she read “ Tennyson.” She said, “ Oh ! this should be rarely good. Have you read it ? ”

“ No, I only dipped into it. I found it written in a foreign tongue, whose grammar and spelling-book had not been included in my early education. I guessed it to be the mother-tongue of your native country, and said, ‘ I have a little friend at Dunmara, who will perhaps translate a bit for me.’ ”

Ellen was wandering through the pages and hardly noticed his strain of speech. Speedily she had been transported to flowery lands. Colours came drifting, gusts came flying, from unseen parterres, from unknown woods. She did not know how long it was before she remembered to look up again.

“ Where have you been since ? ” he said.

“ I don’t know. A long way off.”

— “ Are you going to keep it all to yourself ? Will you not read out a word or two, the first you meet, just to let me hear the foreign accent ? ”

Ellen had shut the book, but now she opened it again at random. She gave him two lines :—

And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,
And, in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.

"Ah! that is something like! She was then a sensible person. I did not think the young ladies in that country ever made themselves so useful. Did you ever taste manchet bread?"

"No," said Ellen laughing.

"No? I thought, perhaps, it might be the usual diet in Dreamland. You see, I am a person going on a tour for information. I am anxious to know the manners and customs of the country. I like the flavour of those sweet cakes. Will you give me some more?"

Ellen glanced searchingly through the pages for a bit which it might please her to read aloud.

"I am afraid," he said, "that you would rather keep and swallow the good things in private. I am very hungry. Will you lend me the book?"

Ellen gave it to him. He said,—

"I am curious to see who this Enid is, and why they sent her for the bread."

He found the beginning, and read the poem aloud through, to the last.

Ellen could not stitch to the end of it; she dropped her work and shaded her eyes with her hand. For some length he got along as if he were in reality treading over unaccustomed ground. He paused now and again, as if to look about him, and say, "What manner of place is this?" and then, as though impelled by interest, he dashed at it again, with spirit. Soon he had ceased halting and snatching, and swept on with a quick majestic measure, almost as the poet might have done, when telling it all out of his heart for the first time, in ardent awe at the beauty of what his own lips uttered. Now he looked like a fierce conqueror, and again like one subdued by thoughts mournful or tender, while at times he read dreamily as if he did not hear the sound of his own voice.

He finished, closed the book, and sat for some time studying the cover. At last he rose, drew himself up like one shaking off sleep, and stood erect on the hearth-rug. Ellen picked up her work and went on stitching.

"I wonder," he said, "if there are any women like Enid in the world."

"I am sure there are," Ellen said. "Why should there not be?"

"I have never met with any."

"Perhaps you have met with, and not recognized them," she said, timidly. "I think you must have done so."

"It may be. I have never cared to inquire. I have never troubled myself to weigh female character. I early found the elements of the study dry and hard of digestion, and threw it up in disgust."

Ellen was silent for a time, and then said desperately, with a flush, from the effort of throwing off shyness,—

"Enid was too patient. No woman could possibly be bound to bear and suffer so, all for nothing but a man's overbearing whim."

Egbert Aungier smiled the shadows from his eyes in quiet amusement at her sudden heat.

"It may be so," he said, "but my reverence for Enid's character is given to her strength to endure and conquer. And now I have squandered an afternoon in Dreamland. I shall know best to-morrow whether or not the visit has done me good."

"Good-by, poor thing," he added, stooping his tall head and kissing his sister's forehead; "be you weak or strong, you have, at any rate, the biggest share of warmth in keeping that is in the world for me."

After he went Trina came with the dinner, and after that again Miss Rowena went to sleep on the sofa. These things followed one another as regularly as the sun set.

The evening was cold, which furnished a reason for Ellen's filling all the screen-enclosed hearth-place with firelight, and leaving Trina's candles unlit upon the table. She sat on a low stool by the fender and nursed the new Longfellow, hailing with delight all her old friends, and smiling to see how well they became their rich garnishing of wood-cut jewels, their satin pages, and handsome type.

And then she laid aside this book, and prepared to devour the remaining three parts of that other one, of which she had heard the fourth. She struggled through the fascination of Vivien, as one suffers to the end of an unquiet dream. She mused long over Elaine, beautiful, wild, quaint, and marvelled at the power of language. For surely here is a story, which, if stripped of the poet's drapings of clouds and foliage, of mists

and garlands, and told in plain fustian wording to the world, would be accepted as a theme for smile and jest. But the poet has wrapped his heroine in the glowing mantle of circumstances, and besides, he has made her die off in a song, a feat which poor human nature seldom accomplishes, even as an escape from its crosses and vexings. And withal we are bewitched into love, sympathy, pity. Fair lily-maid, you suit the chisel daintily, and look exquisite in Parian, but who would care to see you by the fireside? Ellen thought, "I am afraid you belong to the 'Mariana' sisterhood, in spite of all your picturesque witchery!" And then she passed on to Guinevere. And when the last line had been read, she closed the book, feeling a keen satisfaction that Mr. Aungier had happened on Enid. She was the only true woman in the book.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

THE BALM OF PASSIONTIDE

WHEN souls full of exquisite feeling
By ev'ry chance mood are controlled,
(Like wind-harps when zephyrs are stealing
Athwart them, now balmy, now cold)—

They thrill to each passing emotion,
Yield under the stress, if prolonged;
Respond with sweet strains to devotion,
But perish when wounded or wronged.

Ah! these are the hearts that must suffer
As the days of their pilgrimage roll.
No road could be darker or rougher
Than the way of the sensitive soul.

The sport of unscrupulous schemers,
The prey of the brutal and rude,
Earth's poets and mystics and dreamers
Are often maligned, misconstrued.

Who, then, can support them or aid them ?
Who fathom their feelings oppress'd ?
When fortune and friends have betrayed them,
Who, solace can give them, or rest ?

One Heart, and One only, can lighten
Their burden, if fancied or real,
One Heart can alone bless and brighten
Their gloom with a faultless Ideal.

The Heart of the merciful Master,
Who Victim of sorrows became ;
He wrestled with death and disaster,
He conquered want, anguish and shame.

Come with Him, sad souls, to the Garden :
Toil with Him up Calvary's Mount,
Would yours be the peace and the pardon
Of which His dear Heart is the Fount.

Pressing on through the thorns that surround It,
Athirst with Its ardent desires,
Close-clasping the Cross that hath crown'd It,
Aglow with Its love-kindled fires—

Flee unto your rest, past Its portals,
Where Sympathy's fulness is stored.
The home of all sensitive mortals
Is the suffering Heart of their Lord !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ROBERT CARBERY

PRIEST OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

III.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE put it too strongly when he said : " Read anything for me but history—*that* we know to be lies." Yet how many errors of fact must creep into the detailed and minutely picturesque accounts that historians often give of events long past and gone, seeing how hard it is to escape mistakes in describing transactions which have happened under our own eyes ! For instance, in the first instalment of these notes, mentioning Richard Lalor Sheil as the M.P. who had procured for " his youthful constituent " the privilege of being present at the opening of Parliament on a certain memorable occasion, which proved to be a turning point in Robert Carbery's life, I called Sheil " Youghal's brilliant representative in Parliament." It has been pointed out to me that he was member for Dungarvan—with which borough, however, the Carberys, as we have seen, were as closely connected as with Youghal.

Again, I misunderstood a phrase in one of Father Carbery's letters as stating that Father Ronan, S.J., and Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, had been close and intimate friends during their course at Maynooth. But a classfellow of Father Ronan's showed me that this was impossible, Patrick Feehan having been their junior, separated by an interval of years which seems nothing in the fifties or sixties, but which in the chronology of the youthful collegian is an impassable gulf. To make doubly sure, I have consulted Father Ronan himself, who tells me that he never saw Dr. Feehan till they met at the Council of Baltimore, in which the Irish Archbishop of Chicago was one of the leading spirits. He said once, in the parlour of an American convent, looking back to his college days (as " Maynooth men " are fond of doing), " Ah, there was no chance

of getting to the front in a class with such men in it as Patrick Kearney and Robert Carbery." And now let me go on with the uneventful story of the latter.

The first work entrusted to Father Carbery, after his ordination to the priesthood had given him a right to that sacred title, was the hard and engrossing duty of a professor on the staff of his old *nutrix pientissima*, Clongowes Wood, where he taught for many years with great success. It was noticed that, no matter how familiar the classical authors were that he was at the time concerned with, he prepared each day's work carefully; and I have heard a very competent judge speak long afterwards with warm admiration of the patient skill with which he trained his pupils to turn the various Greek and Latin writers into good English.*

Father Joseph Dalton, who has just died in Australia in amiable and venerable old age (January, 1905) after a long term of very useful work in that new country, was, during his last four years in the old country, Rector of St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore, from the year 1861. His Minister during part of that time was Father Carbery. Tullabeg—for that (or Rahan) would be the proper territorial title of the College, Tullamore being only its post town and railway station, five miles away—Tullabeg had a few years before been sanctified by the presence of a cousin of his mother, Father John Cunningham, who was born, like himself, at the Cove of Cork, twelve years before him. Father Cunningham was a man of great ability and very remarkable sanctity. The people soon learned to look upon him as a saint. His strength proved unequal to his zeal, and he died in his forty-second year at Christmas, 1858. The people used to take clay away from his grave as a sort of relic. When Father Alfred Murphy, who had been one of Father Cunningham's pupils, was Rector of St. Stanislaus College (1865—1870), he transferred the holy remains to the public church attached to the College, of which Father Cunningham was the first to have charge. There they rest on the Gospel side of the altar. Father Carbery, in some of his

* * * Those who knew Father William Moloney, S.J., as a saintly nonagenarian may be surprised to learn that Canon James Daniel of Dublin, himself a clever writer of the journalistic type, praised the elegance of Father Moloney's versions of Virgil, etc., when he was professor at Belvedere College.

letters just before this removal, speaks of often praying beside the grave of his saintly kinsman.

In 1865, Father Carbery was changed to Milltown Park, near Dublin. Here he was Socius (Minister and "understudy") to the Master of Novices, Father Aloysius Sturzo, who is still labouring in his earnest, quiet way, but further away than Ireland from his own sunny Sicily—at Sydney, Australia. Father Sturzo, being an Italian, stood in still greater need than an Irish Master of Novices might have done of a specially efficient coadjutor; and he found such a helper in Father Carbery. A novice thus partly trained by Father Carbery, tells us that the novices recognised a sharp line of distinction between the Father Socius and Father Carbery. The former was a rigid and implacable stickler for rule and regularity, on whose lips the admonition was frequent: "Brother, no innovations!" But if a novice fell ill, or in any other way needed a mother's tenderness, then Pater Socius disappeared and his place was taken by Father Carbery, who was unceasing in his kindness and patient care.

In 1870 he returned to Clongowes as Rector. During his reign the new dormitories and class-rooms and the present infirmary were built, the foundation stone of the new wing being laid and blessed by the oldest Clongownian then living, Dr. James Lynch, who was also the Bishop of the diocese.

In 1876 Father Carbery was relieved of the heavy burden of responsibility borne by the Rector of such an establishment as Clongowes. For the next three years Milltown Park was again his home. During this period his chief external work was the direction of souls and a share in the spiritual guidance of several religious communities. In the beautiful chapel of Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, Dublin, then the Novitiate of the Irish Sisters of Charity, his instructions were greatly valued, and are still remembered. To some one who had just been appointed to the charge of the novices in some convent he gave the following counsels about not trying to annihilate but rather to consecrate and supernaturalise the natural affections of the young heart:—

"The most pleasing holocaust in the eyes of God is the constant immolation of an affectionate heart that had strong

home-links, and broke them all to follow Him. The natural family affections which ever exist in such a heart supply that incense which is kept burning by the continual offering of those affections to the God of love and sacrifice. Some strenuous guides, who perhaps have never known such home-ties themselves, try to crush out those affections, instead of gently endeavouring to make use of them to give to God that glory which is of all the most pleasing to Him. To such inexperienced guides I would say : let the incense remain, and tactfully aid in keeping it burning. You will find before long that such souls superabound in joy and are ready for any sacrifice."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind;" and the reader already knows enough of Father Carbery to be aware that in the foregoing passage he drew upon his own experience. As we have seen how closely the members of this family were bound together by cords of Adam, we may note here how most of those ties were broken.

His brother, William, was the first to be taken. He had entered the Army Medical Service, and, while his regiment was at Honduras, in the West Indies, he was carried off by yellow fever in the autumn of the year 1860. Consoling accounts of his Christian death were received from the priest who prepared him for the last awful journey. In 1866 another brother, John, who had gained the rank of captain in the army, died after a very short illness at Enniskillen, where his regiment was quartered. In the same year his uncle, Andrew Carbery, died at Dungarvan, where he had done so much for religion and the Church that in the next issue of the *Irish Catholic Directory* his obituary appears among those of several Bishops (Dr. Dixon, Dr. Cantwell, Dr. Denvir, and others), many Vicars-General and other priests, he the only layman in the holy company. On December 22nd, 1868, Father Carbery lost his father, who was then seventy years of age. Twenty-five years later Father Carbery, with his usual fidelity to the past, remembers the date of his bereavement. December 18th, 1893, he writes : "The 22nd is the anniversary of a saint. How intensely grateful I ought to be for such a saintly father!" And the next year : "I have the most perfect confidence that God will reward me for the separation of a moment from my father by an infinitely increased union in the Eternal Years. After all, what else is there that I can desire? It is the greatest

happiness for me to realize even dimly the intense joy of meeting father and mother and all I love."

Another ten years after his father's death, and his mother was called to her reward. His own health had broken down towards the close of his term as Rector of Clongowes, and he had been sent to rest at Rhyl, though his rest included a good deal of preaching and other work. It was there that the announcement of his mother's illness reached him, not in very alarming terms at first. The doctors thought that she might recover from the attack. When Pio Nono of holy and amiable memory died, on the 7th of February, 1878, the attendants of the sick lady kept the news from her in order not to distress her. Unaware of this, some priest said, playfully, "So you've buried the Holy Father, Mrs. Carbery." Not understanding the remark, she said, "God forbid that I should bury him." As a fact, she died before the Pope's burial took place. Late on Saturday, February 10th, a telegram summoned Father Carbery to his mother's deathbed. Fortunately, he was able to catch the night mail, which at that stage of its journey is known as the Wild Irishman, from the impetuosity with which it rushes on with its living freight and its almost equally important cargo of letters and newspapers. He reached Queens-town early on Sunday, and spent the day giving his beloved parent all the consolation that her pious and affectionate heart could derive from the ministrations of a priest and son. At last he was prevailed upon to take a little repose lest the fatigue and excitement of his journey should upset him in his delicate state of health; but he was soon, an hour after midnight, summoned to the sick room when the last great change had come. Another half hour for the Church's beautiful parting words to her children, and the pure soul had departed. The next day Father Carbery wrote to a sister, whose holy vocation allowed her to be present only in spirit:—"Mother has gone to her reward; and, though she was my only link to this world, I cannot but feel filled with gratitude to God for the tender way He changed it into a new link to Heaven. Nothing could have been more peaceable than her passage at a quarter before two o'clock this morning. She had her own sweet smile when I came to her at the last sudden summons. I gave her the last Absolution, and continued to bless her at intervals. We said

the prayers for the dying, while she smiled again, and passed away without the slightest struggle."

The Bishop of the diocese, Dr. M'Carthy, and Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, and many priests attended the funeral. Dr. Croke was a kinsman, even before the marriage of his youngest brother to Father Carbery's eldest sister, and he was warmly attached to his relatives, especially to Father Robert. We would fain give many edifying details mentioned by the latter to his youngest sister in another letter, which ends thus : " If mother could speak to us, the first advice she would give us is to thank God in peace and joy for all that has happened. She is certainly now in very great happiness, if not yet in Heaven."

But though he was so brave and helpful to everybody at the time, the strain upon him was very severe, and affected his health for a long time. He returned to Rhyl, to help Father Charles Walsh, who had then charge of that Mission, an offshoot of the Theological College of St. Beuno, which stands on the hills some miles inland up the beautiful Vale of Clwyd. A few months later, he was called home to fill the post of Superior of St. Patrick's House, 87 St. Stephen's-green, a House of Residence for students of the Catholic University of Ireland, which the Bishops of Ireland had, from the year 1873, entrusted to the charge of the Society of Jesus.

During the years that he discharged this new office I had the happiness of being his only companion, as I had been for his two predecessors, Father Thomas Keatinge and Father James Tuite ; and in so small a community I had the opportunity of being more intimately acquainted with him than a much longer term of years might allow in a large establishment. Father Carbery bore this difficult test admirably. The almost austere perfection of his religious observance was a constant source of edification to see and to remember, while it only made him brighter and more amiable in the familiar intercourse of community life.

As a trivial illustration of the impression made by his very appearance and manner at a mere casual encounter, I will venture to recall a visit paid to me at this time by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, with his usual kindness, while passing through Dublin on his yearly pilgrimage to Wordsworth's country and his

English friends. I probably told him that our small reception parlour, just within the hall door of 87 St. Stephen's-green, had been Cardinal Newman's office during his illustrious lustrum as Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. It was there that I introduced my Superior to the poet, who said to me after Father Carbery had left us together again, "I suppose that that is one of your most distinguished men." Certainly Father Carbery might have been highly distinguished as a preacher, much more even than he was, if his constitution had been such as to fit him for that most laborious of apostolic works.

We may here dwell a little on this point ; for during the years through which I have traced Father Carbery's course, and especially in the intervals between his terms of office, he discharged with great fruit the various functions of a preacher, whether in churches or in convent chapels. He had many very exceptional qualifications for the pulpit. His voice was excellent for public speaking—clear, high, penetrating, sympathetic. It is a curious question to settle how far the voice, what kind of voice, helps to produce oratorical effects. Father Thomas Burke's great musical gifts undoubtedly contributed largely to his wonderful effectiveness, whereas his friend and brother, the saintly Dominican Bishop of Dromore, John Pius Leahy, had a most unmusical voice, yet not so much in spite of his voice as on account of his voice he had immense power as a preacher. A similar contrast was noted on the platform in the previous generation. O'Connell's glorious, mellow voice is known to history and even to poetry—inspiring the finest lines in the *St. Stephen's* of the first Lord Lytton—while, on the other hand, a thin, shrill voice almost seemed to make Sheil's eloquence more brilliant. Though Father Carbery was incapable of singing, his speaking voice was singularly good. One who was at Clongowes during his rectorship, mentions that, during one year in particular, the Rector preached to the boys almost every Sunday ; and to this day he remembers the impression made by the voice and tone with which he said the prayer, "Come, Holy Ghost," etc., before the sermon—as in Notre Dame Père Ravignan made the sign of the Cross before his sermon—so impressively that one of his listeners whispered to his neighbour, "Il a déjà prêché." One of the boys themselves

remembers a beautiful series of sermons addressed to them at this time on devotion to the Sacred Heart, preserved, no doubt, substantially in the beautiful little treatise which Father Carbery afterwards published on this divine theme. His tall, spare figure, his piercing eye, his refined and ascetic face, added much to the impressiveness of his discourses, which were always delivered with great feeling and earnestness.

Perhaps, however, the intermittent exercise of these faculties, which was all that his other duties permitted, was the best for his efficiency as a preacher. To use a homely phrase, his sermons took a good deal out of him. There are some to whom it costs nothing to speak in public, but generally it costs a good deal to listen to them. I have known Father Carbery to be quite exhausted after a touching charity sermon in St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, and obliged to lie down for a time. He was not a preacher of a robust and massive type, like the Father Peter Kenny of tradition, or like the present Archbishop of Tuam, but rather of that nervous, electric temperament, of which the best example that occurs to me is the very eloquent English convert, Father Thomas Harper, S.J., whom someone described as "a bag of nerves," and who certainly was a nervous, incisive preacher.

Immediately after a retreat which Father Carbery had conducted at Maynooth for the priests of the Archdiocese of Dublin, I met Canon William Dillon—the first anniversary of whose death I see announced in the newspapers on the day that, in preparing those notes for the press, I reach this mention of his name. He praised the retreat very warmly. One item of his eulogy was this: "It was intensely gentlemanly." This criticism, which his friends will recognise as characteristic of the critic, referred to a certain refinement of tone peculiarly acceptable to the Canon's fastidious taste; but this refinement did not hinder the preacher from being at the same time intensely priestly and apostolical.

There was one of Father Carbery's sermons that attracted a good deal of attention on account of its social surroundings. It was preached at the funeral of the Countess of Portarlington. She was a daughter of the third Marquess of Londonderry, and a fervent convert to the Catholic faith, as was also her sister-in-law, the then Marchioness of Londonderry. Lady Portar-

lington, in July, 1870, joined in a retreat for ladies of the world, who retired for a few days to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Mount Anville, near Dundrum, Co. Dublin. The retreat was conducted by Father Carbery, and they impressed the pious Countess so much that, falling dangerously ill soon after, she sought the assistance of the Father who had just been appointed at that time, as we have already seen, Rector of Clongowes Wood College. Lady Portarlington, however, recovered then, and did not die till the 15th of January, 1874, in the 51st year of her age. During her last illness Father Carbery's visits to Emo Park were a great consolation to her, and he was asked to speak at her obsequies. Her devoted husband, a kind and liberal man, had gratified the pious desires of the holy Countess (as he calls her in some memorial lines), by building a very beautiful parish church at Emo, and there the funeral words were spoken which are still praised enthusiastically by some who heard them. They won at the time the admiration of a young man then at the beginning of his brilliant and too short career, Lord Randolph Churchill, who attended as a kinsman, with his father, the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Marquis of Drogheda, and others of that titled class from which the deceased had turned to mingle with "the simple poor she loved so well," as the bereaved husband wrote afterwards in the lines to which I have alluded, and which begin thus * :—

She rests within that hallowed spot,
Which in those early days she chose,
When first these sacred walls were built,
And first those pious altars rose.

Even through the summary given in the third person by a country newspaper the quiet pathos of Father Carbery's discourse may be conjectured. I take it from a broadside printed at the time, and which many of the people whom the Countess had befriended framed and hung up in their humble homes as a memento of their kind benefactress :—

"He dwelt upon the beauty of the life whose earthly termination they had assembled to mourn and to honour. The Apostle teaches us that 'the dead still speaketh,' and there

* The poem was published for the first time at page 478 of our thirtieth volume.

was resistless eloquence in the hallowed bier, which contained all that remained to the world of the noble lady departed. Everything around spoke of her. The church in which they were assembled was itself a perpetuation in her death of the mission of her life. The tenement which her pure spirit had abandoned for a while spoke not of earth but of heaven; not of the glory of human things, but of the greatness of faith. Cold must be the faith of him whose soul the knowledge of a life so spent failed to raise to a level far above the concerns of this existence. Be it what it will, death is a wholesome monitor. To the worldling it cries, 'You have not here a lasting home.' And when it marks for its victim one who, gifted with all the world holds most desirable—youth, happiness, rank, wealth, grace, beauty—then does the lesson of Solomon appeal to the heart; we realise the 'vanity of vanities,' and feel 'that all is vanity.' The dead was lost to them for evermore on earth, but amid their poignant affliction came the comfortable thought, that when death had come to her, it was as the angel came to Peter in his narrow prison, and said, 'Come quickly,' and his bonds fell off and he was free. Her death was bright and joyful, because her soul had robed itself in charity that needed only the presence of its Divine Spouse to be transformed into glory.

"For those who lead a life like hers the function of death was to perfect and not to destroy. Long since had she given herself to Christ. But while her mind was sweetly and steadfastly fixed upon the sanctification of her soul, she never forgot what she owed to society and her high position. Every natural endowment she cultivated with the greatest care to honour Him who gave it to her. Grace invigorated and ennobled her. She was not less an ornament to her sphere because she gave herself to the study of the science of the saints. When all things smiled upon her, and her noble parents witnessed with joy and delight the budding of all fair promise in their child, she had even then given herself to God. Grace grew with her years. The light of Life broke upon her early—distant indeed at first, like the twinkling of a star—but shining clearer and more distinct till it led her through the dark ways, the sorrows and trials of the world, to the sanctuary, to her God.

"The reverend preacher depicted in impressive language the good deeds which made lustrous the life of the deceased lady, her fostering care of the poor, her gentle kindness, which flooded with bounties the haunts of poverty, far and wide, and smote with real grief for her loss the hearts of thousands. God had taken her to Himself. God's will was irresistible. He did all things for the best, and she, His child, received His all-wise behest with trustful resignation. The last articulate words she uttered were, 'Not my will, O Lord, but Thine, be done.'

Her sacred ashes would repose in a spot of her own selection. Over her dust would blossom green memories. Her name would live a treasure to generations yet unborn ; she would be remembered in years yet distant as the greatest glory of her illustrious race. The reverend preacher concluded his address by forcibly recommending to his audience the lesson of a life which was spent in God's service, and was now enjoying its eternal reward in heaven."

The object of this sketch is to keep the amiable and edifying memory of Robert Carbery alive a little longer in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and to extend the influence of his gentle apostolate to some of those who will make his acquaintance first in these pages. We may apply to himself some of the remarks with which he returned a biography of Mother Catherine Macaulay, the illustrious Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy :—

" Excuse me for having kept so long the Life of your venerable Foundress, which I have read with very great pleasure and edification. Though I knew but little before of the circumstances of her life, I had, for a long time past, conceived a deep reverence for her, partly from the simplicity of the rule which she left, but principally from the manifest blessing of God on her works, which often came before me in very striking ways. ' From their fruits you shall know them.' Now, however, I feel how ' wisdom is justified of her children,' in the light of the workings of Providence, ordaining each circumstance of her life, to prepare and perfect her for the great work she was to do. How wonderfully these circumstances, from her childhood, combined with nature to aid the Holy Spirit in developing those special virtues of charity and patience and gentleness, that were to find their expression later on, as it were, without her own design, in the ideal of a Sister of Mercy ! It is really a beautiful history ; and her character, which I have gathered from her acts and letters and sayings, should be, for God's glory, brought out so clearly that it may be kept in perpetual remembrance by her children. To illustrate the working out of God's designs, to bring out the spiritual character of His servant, to make us know her in her work, and in all her relations to her own children and to externs : this is the one great object that her biographer should ever keep in view, judging by this the number of extracts to be given from letters, stories, sayings, etc., and making all her surroundings aid in throwing light on the great central portrait."

M. R.

(To be continued.)

AMEN CORNER

IV

A NOVICE'S SERMON TO HIS FELLOW-NOVICES

AS May is the Blessed Virgin's month, we take advantage of it to hide in this corner a discourse about Our Lady which has lain in manuscript for nearly half a century. It will be given exactly as it was spoken as a literary and devotional exercise, in the refectory of a Jesuit Novitiate, on the 16th of August, 1857, by a sub-deacon who was not ordained priest till seven years later. No attempt is made to cut off exuberant epithets, as the youthfulness of the tone will not be distasteful to youthful readers, and perhaps some others.

* * * * *

After all, it is not easy to get to heaven, my Brothers. Many things stand in our way. The world, the flesh, and the devil are hard and very hard to conquer. The concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life are terrible foes to fight against. The powers of darkness are very cunning, very stubborn, very subtle, very strong. We have a fierce war to wage, all our lives long. No treaty of peace, no truce, no breathing-space—the battle always raging, and defeat and death looming over us often. Even the mere continual strain itself—the having to keep up the contest ever, never blenching, never flinching an inch, wastes our strength and dulls our spirit sadly. What should become of us if we were fighting, all alone? But—blessed be the mercy of God!—we have *something* to cheer us in the heat of the struggle. Mary is our strong Helper through all; our hope is in the prayers and patronage of the ever glorious Virgin. When we are growing disheartened, when our vigour is failing, when we are sorely tempted to fling our arms aside and take to cowardly flight—one glimpse of Mary's serene smile nerves our arm, and braces our courage, and gives us fresh heart, and we fight on bravely again. Yes, Mary is our hope and our sweetest comfort, for Mary is our Mother, and Mary is Mother of God.

But is there any cold, unfilial soul among us that lacks in her regard the due measure of love and worship? Oh! God forbid, my Brothers. No, no! Here at least, Mary is Queen and served with the generous, unstinted service of loyal, loving hearts. We are hers on many titles. For which of us, looking back, cannot trace her benignant influence along all the stream of his life, gilding its surface over as with luminous ripples of sunshine? But to our allegiance the Queen of the Society of Jesus has a much more special right. Perhaps, too, some of us have even to thank this dear Mother for being where we are, safe in this holy and happy nook, guided into the very surest road to the City of God, and helped and cheered on our journey thither with unwearied tenderness and watchful skill; hedged round with blessed restraints and safeguards, which, excluding sloth and vague, self-willed caprice, make us live full days in the gay liberty of holy Obedience; screened securely against all our foes, except alas! our first and fiercest, Self; the devil only able to scowl at us from a distance, as it were, in impotent rage, and the world shut out utterly with all its pleasures and all its cares—cares so cruelly harassing, so inexorably engrossing—pleasures so brief, so bad, so unsatisfying, yet ah! so terribly seducing; God's graces, all the while, His best and rarest, showered down upon us ceaselessly, and, along with these various aids and countless others, traditions of the Saints and heroes who were once what we are, shaming even us, by the memory of the great things that they did and suffered, into humble bravery of purpose to try with God's help to be not too ridiculously unworthy of such splendid lineage. Oh! happy we, dear Brothers, the special favourites of God's kind providence—pet lambs in the flock of the Good Shepherd. *Unam petii a Domino, hanc requiram, ut inhabitem in domo Domini omnibus diebus vite mee, ut videam voluptatem Domini et visitem templum ejus* (Ps. xxvi. 4).—"One thing I have asked of the Lord, this will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, that I may see the delight of the Lord and may visit His temple."

And shall we, then, forget her to whom we owe so much of all this happiness and all this honour? Ah! we could not, if we would, be unmindful or ungrateful *here*. The very spirit of the place would not suffer us. Here Mary must needs be

ever on our lips and in our hearts, for here her beautiful presence haunts us everywhere and always. Thus, to remind you of some of these graceful artifices for enticing us into thinking incessantly of our heavenly Mother, the image of the *Regina Novitiorum Societatis Jesu* is the first to catch our eye in coming in, the last to greet us going out. The same motherly face smiles down at us meekly from more than one niche and picture frame. Our willing lips, also, are taught to delight in murmuring *Hail Marys*, all day long, whether strung together into Rosaries or sown thickly throughout our day at the beginning and end of almost every duty. Then again, that magnificent mingling of supplication and praise, so sublime in its direct simplicity—that prayer or string of prayers, in which the Church has, for century upon century, given vent to the devotion that throbs within her mighty heart—the beautiful Litany of Loretto—how often each day do we invoke our Queen under all that variety of titles which piety has, with such exhaustless ingenuity, devised, and with such affectionate prodigality lavished upon her! And you remember, too, how, when Mary's own sweet month came round, we used this her canonised Litany as a golden thread to guide us through the vast, bewildering labyrinth of her graces and her glories; whilst to me it fell, under the inspiration of the title *Mater Admirabilis*, to try and set Mary before you as the most admirable wonder of God. And now that the very gayest of our Lady's Festivals has but just gladdened the Church of God, the whole world over, infecting all Catholic hearts with its own bright and beautiful spirit, I know well you will be nothing loth to listen to the same old story once again; for never, surely, can Mary's praise grow tiresome to *you*, dear Brothers.

Time works wonders, and man, his powers developed by time and ripened by patient experience, has wrought wonders manifold. Yet what, after all, are the most stupendous of man's achievements save petty combinations of the materials which God has given ready-made into his hands, only wonderful to the short-sighted pride of human ignorance? God, God alone is the true Thaumaturgus—God is the sole great Wonder-worker. For the glorious Universe is God's with all its hosts of suns and stars. Nay, this poor little planet of ours—does it not stun the most gigantic intellect of the sons of men to

ponder even on some tiny fragment of its wonders ? But look at Nature in her grander aspects. Magnificent mountain ranges, forests, rivers, seas, snow-storms and the strong winds—the infinite varieties of flowers, plants, trees—the multitudinous tribes of living things that range the earth or dwell in the cold heart of the waters : from all creation, inanimate and irrational, rings up to the Maker one mighty inarticulate cry, *God alone is great and the Doer of great things.*

But for this voiceless *Te Deum* words were wanted. Then God said : “ Let Us make man to Our image and likeness ; ” and God set man over all the visible works of His hands. But men, with all their splendid endowments of nature and of grace, are not yet like unto the Angels ; and God made the Angels, too. Have we yet reached the highest height of created greatness, beyond which dwelleth only the Three in unity of light inaccessible ? No, we are still far below the throne of her who reigns over all the realms of nature, grace, and glory, of her who is the Queen of men and angels—Mary.

But why this rapid upward glance along the rising scale of God’s creations ? In order to get a notion of Mary’s admirable pre-eminence from the interminable road we have to travel before coming even within sight of her ; for Mary is far above them, far beyond them all. Rightly, then, is Mary styled “ Mother most Admirable,” and rightly may those words of Wisdom (viii. 11) be put into her mouth : *In conspectu potentium admirabilis ero, et facies principum mirabuntur.*—“ In the sight of the mighty I shall be wonderful, and the faces of princes shall wonder at me.”

Men often admire at second-hand. “ This must be a most admirable painting : for such a one pronounces it admirable, and *he* is an excellent judge.” Let us in all reverence thus form a judgment of the Great Master’s most admirable masterpiece. What does God Himself think of Mary ? What place does Mary hold in the Infinite Mind ? Looking forward out of the depths of the Eternal Years, the Three in One singled out Mary for the Mother of the Word Incarnate. The Eternal Father elected her for His dearest Daughter, His First-born among creatures, the Queen and crown of all His fair creations. The Eternal Son chose to be *her* Son, to take flesh in her virginal womb, to be her little Babe in Bethlehem, to nestle in her

arms, to be fed at her breast, to slumber on her lap, to grow up under her adoring gaze, tenderly ruled and guarded, to obey her and the meek old man, Joseph, for thirty out of His three-and-thirty years, sharing all the toil and hardship of their lowly lot. And the Third Adorable Person selected Mary out of all the daughters of men to be His chaste spouse, "and the virtue of the Most High overshadowed her, and she conceived of the Holy Ghost." Now what manner of being should *she* be, who was thus the eternal choice of the Adorable Trinity, the Almighty, the All-wise, the All-good? First of all, was it not at least meet that never for one moment, nor even before ever moments were, should she who was to be the Mother of God be aught else than the object of God's sweetest, most intense complacencies? It was indeed but meet that it should be so; and so it was. Sin had never anything to do with Mary, but simply to pass her by. By the most singularly admirable of privileges, by the most triumphant exercise of Christ's redeeming grace, this sole sinless daughter of Eve was conceived Immaculate.

All the rest accords with this beginning. As Mary was admirable before her birth, so was she admirable more and more each year and day and minute that she lived. Admirable in her vowed virginity, so new and magnanimous in a Hebrew maiden—admirable, thrice admirable in the Divine Maternity and in all her relations, so ineffably intimate and tender, with the Incarnate God. Admirable in her griefs no less than in her glories,—admirable for her virtues more than for her privileges,—admirable in all her life and admirable in her death, if that can be called death which was but a fragrant momentary slumber, out of which the pomp and pageant of the Assumption were at once to wake her.

It is over. Mary's life-long martyrdom of patience, her fifteen years of pining absence after her Son's departure, are at an end at last. The Mother has joined her Son once more. Jesus has taken Mary to Himself. Let us with hushed hearts pause here awhile and think within ourselves what Mary must be *now*. We saw how she began. In natural gifts, first among all creatures, and no one second; in the order of grace, most perfect of all that have been or that shall be—not that the Creator could not give more, but that creature could not take more.

So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store
That even Omnipotence will not do more.*

What beauty, what wisdom, what power, what majestic grasp of intellect! Nature has done more than her best for her. But the good of a single grace is, according to St. Thomas, greater than the natural good of the entire Universe. What, then, is Mary?—beginning with immeasurably larger stock of grace than the hoary-headed saint ends with after fighting out the terrible fight for his century of weary years, and that original store increasing inconceivably through Mary's perfect correspondence in every second of those three score years and three during which God was good enough to spare His Beloved out of heaven, that she might consecrate the earth for ever with the holiness and beauty of her most queenly presence. Oh! ponder with awe on the exuberant rapidity of the Blessed Virgin's growth in grace and merit in God's sight from the first great act of perfect love of her Immaculate Heart till that time of transcendent merit when "there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother," and when a miracle of strength and resignation was needed to hinder Mary's broken heart from being her death; and thence on till that last happy moment when she sweetly died away of love. If we could measure the very uttermost extent of God's communicable excellencies, we might then have some standard for measuring Mary's greatness; for the high spring-tide of Grace Divine rushed in upon her with its fullest flood, and overflowed even her capacious soul.

But for Mary, too, the time of meriting has ceased at length. She has lived and died, and been assumed into the Kingdom of her Son, Who has enthroned and crowned her there, its Queen. *Regina coeli, lactare*. But now that she is wrapped up into the everlasting blessedness of heaven, is hers a merely *passive* glory, as it were? No, she acts still; and her beneficent activity will not let us forget that we on earth have an admirable Mother in Heaven. And in nothing is Mary more admirable than in her power; for she is omnipotent with the meek omnipotence of a mother's prayer. What wonders, far beyond knowing, farther beyond telling, has this admirable Mother wrought on earth and in Heaven! What wonders is she every

* Cardinal Newman.

day working in her children and for them ! Just think how many of the saints are specially Mary's saints. Look at our own most glorious brotherhood of saints—Ignatius, Xavier, Borgia, Francis Regis, Francis Jerome, and then those bright young saints, angels rather than saints, Stanislaus, Aloysius, *Berchmans*. (Forgive the too fond devotion that dares to slip in that dear Venerable name among the canonised.*) How much, how much has Mary done for everyone of these our Fathers and our Brothers ! and oh, how lovingly they are, this minute, praising and thanking her for all, mingling doubtless with their thanks and praises many an earnest prayer to her for us. Yes ! we, too, shall yet (please God !) be saints with them and saints through Mary.

But Mary's *Sinners*,—ah ! they, best of all, best of all show that she is in very truth an Admirable Mother. For Mary the Sinless is the saving Refuge of Sinners. Among them lies her merciful mission. To foil the Tempter when sure of his prey, to snatch the lost sinner out of the devil's greedy clutches, to bring the poor despairing wretch to God—that is Mary's special forte, her favourite work, her own peculiar province. They tell us of a king of the old pagan times, who, to repeople the desolate streets of his capital which some bloody struggle had depopulated, bethought himself of erecting a magnificent temple to Diana, in order that criminals, seeking an asylum from the pursuer within the shadow of her shrine, might in time sober down into honest citizens, and so swell the thinned ranks of his subjects. To some such merciful stratagem would the King of the Heavenly Jerusalem seem to have resorted, to fill up the vacant places which the apostate Angels left behind them in the courts of His fair city. Mary's altar is the shrine of safety to which the hunted fugitive pants for refuge at the last. Many an outlaw from God, under the ban of heaven, has, in 'his utter hopelessness, been caught by Mary's compassionate gaze ; and Mary has saved the perishing outcast after all, and sent him to be one among the rapturous crowds that throng the New Jerusalem.

We have now gone together, dear Brothers, over some of the more prominently admirable aspects of Our Lady's life-

* Beatified and canonised since then.

and character, naming them rather than describing them, and stealing at the end one look of wistful love up to her glorious throne in Heaven. We have had of course to glance but hastily, lightly, where one would fain gaze lovingly and long. Yet even this glimpse must needs have suggested motives for admiration the most intense and for the tenderest love.

Love—love! Aye, you see it comes to that at last. I have tried hard to keep to admiration, for it was agreed at the beginning that our praises were to be confined to the *Mater Admirabilis*. But does not the Church herself, with exquisite feeling, call Our Lady amiable and admirable in one breath, as if all admiration of our Admirable Mother should quickly melt away into love? And indeed in the strict idea of mere admiration, there is some tinge of fear, of distant, unfamiliar awe, hardly in keeping with that childlike, trustful tenderness which is the heart's first spontaneous feeling when it think of Mary—Mary that kindest and most affectionate of Mothers, that perfect image of all that is graceful and amiable and soothing and beautiful, in whom is nothing austere or terrible, but all grace and sweet attractiveness and tender pity. How true is that fine saying of Canova's: "There is no sublimity without the Catholic religion, and no beauty without the Madonna." Oh! the heavenly beauty of the one true Catholic Church, and the grand and holy faith she proposes to us, and the sweet Mother she gives us.

And now let us end by turning to this marvellous Mother herself, so amiable, so admirable, and telling her once again what we have told her before so often, that, with God's blessing and her own, we will, till death, be her children faithful and dutiful, all of us. *Till death*, did I say? Till death, and for eternities of bliss unutterable beyond it. In Heaven, after kind death has joined us, we shall but begin to be really Mary's children, cherished and ah! so lovingly caressed: here in this dying life we are banished exiles only, pining after our Home which is far away. Home—home! Aye, Heaven is the only Home. Heaven is our true and real Home: for our Brothers and sisters, the Saints, are there, and our own meek and gentle Mother is there, and Thou, *Our Father, Who art in Heaven*. Mary, our Mother, sweetest and best of Mothers, ah! take us home. We are out here in the cold and the dark, shivering,

hungry, and naked. Open to us, let us in. O Mother! take us home. You are our dear Mother, and you are in Heaven, and Heaven is our home; we are orphans here without you, poor, homeless, motherless orphans—O Mother! take us home. Yes, dearest Mother, you *will*. We trust to you that you will bring us all home to yourself at last, each in God's own good time—safe home to that happy Home where we shall still indeed call you our Admirable Mother, as we are calling you to-day, but where we shall have no longer any need to cry, as we do now, "O Mother most admirable! pray for us."

MY LADY'S GARDEN

No sleepless founts make magic music near

My Lady's garden-land with crystal spray;

There are no lustrous blooms to woo the day.

Come not for golden bud or blossom here,

But simple flow'rets to my Lady dear.

Behold two rocky arches ivy-drest,

And bluets glowing on that stony nest—

Poor tender nurselings in a couch so drear!

The daisies crowned with crimson, too, appear,

And primrose pied and wan, sweet celandine

(A tiny gem though sung by bard divine).

This is my store, the firstlings of the year;

My Lady looks not at the gifts at all,

But at the lover's love, though gift be small.

W. F. POWER, S.J.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. Three slender volumes of verse have been left too long unnoticed. Indeed the delay arose from our wish to devote to them a separate little *étude* ; but, as there seems no hope of this, we may now introduce these young poets very briefly. As he has come so far, let us first give a hearing to Dr. William Fischer. He is a young Catholic physician of Canada, but his *Songs by the Wayside* are published by Richard Badger, of Boston. Are there any publishers in Quebec or Montreal ? We do not remember having seen either of those names on a title-page. Who is responsible, Boston publisher or Canadian poet, for certain eccentricities of punctuation ? For instance, here is one of the shortest and by no means worst of these poems, which we shall take the liberty of punctuating in the ordinary way :—

When Sorrow pale, a queen, doth reign
 Within the heart's wild citadel,
 The bitter word that calls forth } Pain
 Falls from her lips, we know full } well.
 And yet we love her through the days
 Of wand'ring o'er this sin-stained sod ;
 'Tis she who lights Love's burning rays--
 'Tis she who turns our eyes to God.

This appears with six additional commas, and two of them placed before "wild citadel" and "burning rays," so that the *s* of the possessive case has a comma above, before it and a comma below, after it, and this is done all through the book ; the exceptions being apparently due to forgetfulness. Dr. Fischer's poems give very tender expression to the sacred domestic affections and describe vividly many of the varying aspects of nature. His themes and his treatment of them show that he has a poetical temperament ; but he has not been a sufficiently severe critic of his own performances. He ought to have been stricter in selecting among the candidates for a place in his first book, and some even of his best have cost him too little trouble. More careful brooding over his manuscript

would have got rid of such phrases as "to spectacle the world," and such inversions as "her eyes mild." Is not the thirteenth line of the sonnet on page 63 sadly unrhythmical? But with many faults this book is full of brightness and tenderness, full of the love of God and all high and holy things.

2. *The Garden of Francesca*. By Henry Cullimore. London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo-street. (Price 3s. 6d.)

The title-poem of this book is preceded by seventy pages of sonnets and other poems which show culture, feeling, and taste; but the themes are nearly all taken from far-off heathen days, and the "fit audience" will, we fear, be few. In the midst of so much chaste and thoughtful paganism it is not easy to discover in a poem entitled "July xx, 1903," a stately elegy on the death of Pope Leo XIII, which shows that the Professor of English Literature in the University of Freiburg in Switzerland, though an Oxford Master of Arts, is a Catholic. The last fifty pages are given to the fine dramatic poem from which the book gets its name. Here again many will wish that so much talent and fancy and poetic skill had been expended on some worthier theme. But Mr. Henry Cullimore has fully justified the first sentence of his modest preface—he knows well how to practise what he preaches in his professorial chair.

3. *The Twilight People*. By Seumas O'Sullivan. Dublin: Whaley & Co., Dawson Chambers. (Price 2s. net.)

This little book is full of pure poetry, but the meaning of most of it is utterly beyond our ken. There is refinement, poetic feeling, an exquisite choice of delicate words, dreamy music; but we should shrink from offering an explanation in prose of almost any of these poems. The same, however, might be said of a great deal that is acknowledged to be high poetry; and we believe this to be pure poetry if not high. It certainly is not commonplace or prosaic.

4. *Historical Criticism and the Old Testament*. By Père Lagrange, O.P. London: Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge-road. (Price 2s. 6d.)

This is one of the most important works that the Catholic Truth Society has ever published. The Dominican Father who is the author of it has gained a high reputation as a Biblical scholar, acquainted with all the modern literature of the subject, and himself founder of the *Revue Biblique* and of the Catholic

Biblical School at Jerusalem. His appointment as a member of the Biblical Commission, founded by Leo XIII, is a special guarantee for the orthodoxy of his views, though some of these may startle readers even accustomed to such studies. Instead, however, of sympathising too much with his fellow-countryman, whose name has of late been so much before the public, he expressly refutes the Abbé Loisy's theories in a long letter which forms the appendix to the present volume. The translation, by the Rev. Edward Myers, M.A., a priest of the diocese of Westminster, seems to be excellent. The Catholic Truth Society has produced it in a very well printed volume, and placed upon it the moderate price of half-a-crown. Yet, though published in so popular a form, it is more suited for Biblical students than for the general public who do not need to explore the difficult questions that are here discussed.

5. *Recollections of Troubled Times in Irish Politics*. By T. D. Sullivan. Dublin : Sealy, Bryers & Walker ; M. H. Gill & Son. (Price 5s.)

What a *Times* reviewer said of George Jacob Holyoake's *Autobiography* may be said of Mr. T. D. Sullivan's *Recollections*, "an interesting story and told with a simplicity, a candour, and an habitual kindliness of temper and appreciation which are not always the note of an agitator who has suffered imprisonment for his opinions." The temper of our Irish politician also is "singularly gentle, unaggressive, and unresentful." Mr. T. D. Sullivan indeed is himself a more interesting personality than almost any of those that his reminiscences deal with ; and, therefore, many will feel towards this volume the disappointment that many felt towards the *Recollections of Aubrey de Vere*, who, they complained, effaced himself quite too much, was quite too far removed from egotism. We should have liked this pleasant volume even better if it had been more of an autobiography, and if there had been more literature and less politics. A good many of the details of political history are unpleasant reading. We can imagine the impression that a well disposed Englishman will carry away from a perusal of Mr. Sullivan's pages ; we should really prefer to leave such a person to his general knowledge of Irish things and men. But history must be written, and it is well to have the facts set down candidly and honestly. The present chronicler is

candid and honest, yet with all his good nature we fear that many of his readers will carry away a less favourable idea of Irish politics and Irish politicians, nay, of Ireland and the Irish, than he, a fervent lover of his country, wishes or intends. But this is chiefly the fault of politics and of history; politics are not the whole of a nation's life, and history does not record everything but only a few exceptional things out of the real life of mankind. We wish Mr. Sullivan had made more revelations about the contributors to the *Nation*, and also to *Zozimus*, and to other enterprises connected with his historic journal—of which the name has only just now finally disappeared in the recent modification of the *Irish Independent* as a halfpenny newspaper. For instance, the samples given of the verses of the Rev. John Doherty, an Irish priest in London, are clever. A portrait of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, is placed in front of this deeply interesting volume, which ends with a remarkable catalogue of the publications of Messrs. Sealy, Bryers & Walker. This firm has certainly deserved well of Irish literature.

6. *A Daughter of Kings*. By Katharine Tynan. London: Eveleigh Nash. (Price 6s.)

This publisher's name is quite new to us, but happily we cannot say the same of the author's. What a wonderful output of prose and verse these last fifteen years have seen connected with the synonymous names of Katharine Tynan and Mrs. Hinkson! Without attempting to trace her through the periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic we recall half-a-dozen volumes of true poetry, and as many more collections of very delightful short stories. As for her full-length six-shilling volumes, we have failed to follow her through that part of her literary career. Smith and Elder, and other publishers of the first class, would not continue to issue volume after volume if the novel-reading public did not show a due appreciation of Mrs. Hinkson's ability as a novelist. On the present title-page are mentioned *A Red Red Rose*, *That Sweet Enemy*, *The French Wife*, and *Julia*—of which last the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"We found *Julia* very pleasant reading, and having read every word of it, we wished, on our reviewing conscience, that there had been more." And this although the reviewer is evidently a cold-hearted Saxon who (like *The Times*) objects to Mrs. Hinkson's Celtic optimism, for which God bless her. It is not yet ten years since she pub-

lished her first novel, *The Way of the Maid*; yet we can recall, beside those named already, *Oh! What a Plague is Love*, *The Handsome Brandons*, *The Dear Irish Girl*, *She Walks in Beauty*, *Three Fair Maids*, *A Daughter of the Fields*, *A Union of Hearts*, *A Girl of Galway*, *Judy's Lovers*, and no doubt several others. This new addition to such a formidable catalogue is a thick book of pleasantly printed pages of large type. It makes us intimately acquainted with a great many nice people and three or four charming characters, in whose mingled fortunes we are at once greatly interested. The plot is unravelled very pleasantly, though there is certainly too startling an originality about the device that leaves Him and Her free to get married and live happily ever after.

7. *Juvenile Round Table*. Second Series. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. (Price 4s.)

The enterprising publishers further describe this book on the title-page as "Stories by the foremost Catholic Writers." There are exactly twenty of these story tellers, all women except Maurice Francis Egan, whom we all know, and David Selden whose name is new to us. Ireland is represented only by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Scotland by Frances Maitland and England by Theo Gift (Mrs. George Boulger). Sara Trainer Smith is the sole representative of the holy dead. The remaining fourteen are the names that the readers of American Catholic magazines are familiar with—Donnelly, Dorsey, Crowley, Brunowe, Sadlier, Mannix, Waggaman, etc. We have missed hardly any except Miss Grace Keon and Miss Mary Lupton. The stories are arranged according to the alphabetical rank of the author's initials, so that Miss Bonesteel leads off capitally and Miss Uhrick and Miss Waggaman wind up delightfully. The eight full-page illustrations will be for some readers an additional charm in this collection of beautiful and edifying or at least wholesome stories.

8. The Cathedral Library Association, 534 Amsterdam-avenue, New York, appears as the only publisher of a new work by the Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., of the Catholic University of America. This work is called by the inadequate name of *The House of God and other Addresses and Studies*. Could the eloquent author find no name that would give some inkling of the very varied and attractive contents? Ireland and

various phases of the Church's influence are the prominent topics of these eighteen sermons and lectures, many of which are of very considerable length, filling in all some 450 pages. Dr. Shahan has published already many valuable works; there is perhaps greater variety and attractiveness in this newest product of his pen.

9. *Fleurs-de-Lis, a Tale of Toulouse.* By Margaret E. Merriman. London: R. & T. Washbourne, 4 Paternoster-row. (Price 3s. 6d.)

This is a long and leisurely historical tale founded on the life of the Franciscan Saint Louis of Toulouse. Miss Merriman has sought her materials diligently in grave authors like Alban Butler and Fleury. She has a correct, simple, and clear style; but we fear she has not the magical attraction of the true storyteller. No doubt the present writer pleads guilty to a special distaste for historical novels, and trusts that this meritorious and edifying tale may win very many more sympathetic readers.

10. *Requiescant. A Little Book of Anniversaries.* By Mary E. S. Leathley. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 2s.)

These pages, one for each day of the year, have been "arranged for daily use by those who love to remember the faithful departed;" but we think much more judicious use might have been made of so much space. The one familiar aspiration is spread out in large type on every page, leaving too little room for the entry of names. It is unfortunate that the very first poetical quotation (January 2nd) makes "summer-rain" rhyme with "heaven." Of course Newman wrote "summer even." This book is undated, and it was probably printed before the Sovereign Pontiff inserted as sixth of the Divine Praises (given in one of the unnumbered pages at the end): "Blessed be His most sacred Heart." *Requiescant* will remind those who use it of the faithful departed, and this is "a holy and wholesome thought."

11. *The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate.* By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co. (Price 2s.)

This is the fifth of the attractive "Family Sitting-room Series" of books written by Miss Katherine Conway, who has succeeded as Editor of the *Boston Pilot* two men of genius, John Boyle O'Reilly, and James Jeffrey Roche. The first

two of the series have reached a fifth edition ; the third and fourth are in their fourth and third editions. The present very elegant little tome contains four interesting essays. The first gives its name to this book ; the others are on " Being Broad-minded," " The Novel-Habit," and " The Uses of Prosperity." Some of the pages are written by a woman for women but the whole book is full of solid thinking and admirable writing, and may be studied with profit by all. The essay on the use and abuse of novel-reading is perhaps the most useful part of this admirable book which will soon overtake its predecessors of the Family Sitting-room Series in the number of its editions.

12. We wish we could set apart many pages to express our admiration for the zeal and talent displayed week by week and month by month, in the Catholic journals and magazines that uphold the good cause in various parts of the world through the medium of the English language. All honour to those who are striving to revive the use of Gaelic ; but at present a great deal is to be done for God through the world-wide English tongue. Some American newspapers are in reality magazines published once a week. The *New World* of Chicago, the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston, are of this class. The *Cross* of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is henceforth to be known as the *Canadian Month*. May all prosperity attend the College magazines that are faithful in visiting us, such as the *Boston Stylus* which grows brighter and keener each new number ; the *Redwood* from Santa Clara, California, the great *Georgetown College Journal*, and a new visitor, *Vincentia*, the organ of St. Vincent's Ladies' College in Sydney, Australia. Most brilliant perhaps of all is the *Dominican Star*, an illustrated literary and educational annual issued by the Dominican Convent, Dunedin, New Zealand. Tale and poem, and essay and travel-sketch, thickly interspersed with pictures of places and persons, produced with a finish that reflects high credit on the New Zealand printers. Again we say, God bless all who are working on the right side all the world over, in this way and in every other way.

13. *Buckfast Abbey* by Olive Katharine Parr is an exceedingly interesting brochure, which can be procured for a penny from St. Mary's Abbey, Buckfast, Devon. The history of the holy

spot is traced back to the times of St. Dunstan and King Canute. The Abbey has gone through wonderful vicissitudes the most wonderful being its recent restoration to divine worship and the care of the Black Monks. The tale is well told by Miss Parr, whose "Hymn to Our Lady of Buckfast" winds up the story, set to music by Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P.

14. Holy Week will be over before we can call attention to another of the generous sixpenceworths that publishers give us nowadays—*The Last Days of Jesus* (London : Washbourne), a very large and very thin book showing the scenes of the Passion in striking but not very artistic pictures, with a brief narrative by Mother Loyola.

15. Next month we will welcome duly two works of two very different kinds. One is *Ballads of a Country Boy*, namely, that true Donegal poet, Seumas MacManus. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, give the delicious book for sixpence in paper covers, or else in very pretty binding for a shilling. (The other book is *A Handbook of Homeric Studies*, by the Rev. Henry Browne, S.J. (Dublin : Browne & Nolan, Ltd., price 6s.) These publishers are also the printers of this book, which is copiously illustrated. Those illustrations and all the printing do them great credit. The new Handbook has the whole field to itself, and is sure of wide and permanent popularity.

16. *Cantate Mariae. Meditations in Song*. By the Rev. David Bearne, S.J. London : Burns & Oates. (Price 1s.)

This is one of the most beautiful tributes that the English language has paid to the Blessed Virgin Mary since Aubrey de Vere's *May Carols*. We hasten at the last moment to announce it in time for the Month of Mary. The mere name of this latest Laureate of the Madonna is a sufficient recommendation for this exquisite little book, which, in a wrapper, can be procured for half the modest sum mentioned above.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

JUNE, 1905

REDEMPTORIST SAINTS

THE EARLIEST AND THE LATEST

PART I.

ST. ALPHONSUS: A RECENT PILGRIMAGE

IN December, 1904, Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, Rector of the three Redemptorist Churches in New Orleans, was summoned to Rome to be present at the canonization of Blessed Gerard Majella, C.SS.R., a lay-brother, who lived and died under St. Alphonsus, in the odour of sanctity. A few letters which the learned Rector sent to the writer during his stay in Italy form the basis of the following articles.

As we loitered on the picturesque quay of Naples, "thoughts upon thoughts were crowded." The past of that fair city, the largest in Italy, with nearly half a million souls—its hopeful present, its dubious future, its ancient glories turning into dreams. Sunrise gilds its high gloomy old palaces, now falling to the level of mere tenement houses. Sunbeams gild the volcanic islets in the sapphire sea, leaving nothing unglorified. We look back on the sepia-tinted world we have left behind, and strain our eyes to catch glimpses of unearthly beauty in the halcyon waters.

An immense ocean liner has just arrived, and all is confusion for a while. The streets that radiate from the quays, like all streets in the older quarters of Naples, are narrow and uneven,

paved with large blocks of lava, and can rarely boast the convenience of side-walks. It is remarkable that few accidents occur, as vehicles of all sorts have the right of way. Drivers crack their whips and shout fiercely to announce their coming, and pedestrians scatter right and left to escape being run over. Patient women take trunks on their heads, mobs of cabmen rush for valises, though not aggressively, as they never seem to jostle each other. In Naples, as in Rome until quite recently, the primitive custom exists of driving cows, goats, and asses through the streets and milking them at the doors of their customers. Sometimes a lodger throws down from a window a retired tomato-can attached to a string. A coin is flung into the vessel to pay for the fluid. A herder on the cracked stone staircase fills it from one of the patient animals. The vessel is drawn up, and breakfast is made ready for the children. The delights and vagaries seen here are amusing, for the milkmen are models of childlike geniality.

Hills and crags are topped with ruins. Castles, hermitages, hotels of solid masonry, once monasteries or palaces, heavily built of stone or stucco, abound. Orange or lemon trees, with golden fruit and star-like blossoms; vines hanging from tree to tree, making leafy roofs overhead—our eyes rest on an earthly paradise.

But some of the pilgrims whom the gallant ship has cast on these enchanting shores, are able to turn their thoughts to higher and holier things. My friend, who really suffered from being unable to say Mass on the voyage, owing to tempestuous weather, wrote: "When I reached the quay of Naples, I was so glad to get on land again, *and in such a hurry to say Mass once more*, that I forgot to look back at the fine bay. Before we reached the shore, we saw the mountainous isles of Ischia and Capri, but it was too dark to distinguish more than their outlines." But we may not linger. We are in the city of St. Alphonsus. On this quay he stood more than a century and a half ago, and descended into a vessel of primitive build, which had sailed all the way from New Orleans. And it is said that he told the captain that his sons, the Redemptorist Fathers, would one day have vast establishments on Orleans Island, as the little city was then called, and there do wondrous deeds for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The Redemptorists first set foot in the United States, June 21st, 1832: Fathers Haetscher, disciple of Blessed Clement (who later returned to Austria), Sanderl, who became a Trappist, and Tschenhens, who died in 1876. Father Czackert and Brother Louis took possession of St. Mary's Church and parish in the Fourth District of New Orleans, October 24th, 1847. Father Girardey, then a boy of eight, was present on the auspicious occasion.

This name brings us back to the pilgrim son of St. Alphonsus, who not long ago wended his way from New Orleans to Naples. He saw much of the lovely country evangelized by the great missionary Saint. He traversed the city to pray in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, where, as a youthful cavalier, he hung up his sword in her honour, and renouncing earthly chivalry, vowed himself her slave for ever. A son of the Saint, or even a client of his, could hardly fail to receive a great access of devotion in praying before this beautiful image. Near it is a vial of the blood of St. Alphonsus.

Gay Neapolitans crowd the streets; among them here and there officials with burnished helmets and shining breast-plates. Many localities were once sanctified by the presence or labours of the Saint, among them churches in which he preached, convents in which he gave retreats. In the palace of his father, his brother, Don Ercole, gave the Redemptorists a city home. Here this pious nobleman brought up his children, under the direction of the Saint, in the fear and love of God; and here his nephew, Don Joseph, a naval officer, lived to be summoned, in 1839, to the canonization of his sainted uncle, at which the aged nobleman carried a beauteous banner. A tall, distinguished-looking gentleman is recognised as Dr. Liguori, a distant relative of the Liguori family. And a monastery outside the business part of the city is known as that in which the Princess Teresina Liguori, took the veil. Our Saint wrote the life of this saintly kinswoman whom parental ambition had destined for his bride.

And soon our pilgrim turned towards the spot where the soul of the great Founder went out in prayer to meet his loved Mother Mary. About two hours by rail in a south-westerly direction, through an ideally charming country, brings one to the place of his seraphic death, Pagani, a suburb of Nocera,

an episcopal see in the province of Salerno. Here stands the convent to which he withdrew after he resigned the mitre of St. Agatha. The people here are religious, very orderly, and remarkably industrious. They are most enthusiastically devoted to the memory of St. Alphonsus. In fact, the Neapolitans, that is, the people of the former kingdom of Naples, are not much interfered with by the Italian Government in religious matters, for they would not stand it and the Government knows this.

The house in which St. Alphonsus lived and died in this little city was designed and built by himself, in regular conventual style : corridors, cells, and floors of stone, no fire-places or other provision for heating. The in-door cold in Italy is a constant suffering to Americans and others accustomed to heated houses. The Redemptorist Convent had formerly in front, but separated by a street, an immense garden of fruits and vegetables, half of which was taken away by the Italian Government. Behind is a hill, against which the rear walls lean, and they are often damp in consequence.

The house is surrounded by orchards and gardens. The orange trees and vines planted by St. Alphonsus are on the side and in the rear. They still bear fruit. The Saint's room in which he died is in the third story, in the rear of the house. The house is large and massive, and makes a most interesting picture. It is still the residence of the Neapolitan Provincial and of the students, now fourteen in number.

During the life of St. Alphonsus and long after, into our own time, Pagani was the residence of the General or Rector-Major. The Neapolitan kings insisted that the Redemptorist Congregation was founded solely for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Father Vincent Trapanese was appointed (about 1848) Vicar-General of the whole Congregation by Pope Pius IX, on account of the machinations of the Neapolitan Government which would not hear of Transalpine Redemptorists having anything to do with the election of a Rector-Major. He came to Rome after Father Mauron's election, in 1855, and died a holy death a little later.

Since 1855 the Redemptorist Generals have lived at Rome, first by order of the Pope, and secondly by order of the General

Chapter. Father Mauron died at Rome, in 1893, and was buried in the part of the Campo Santo set apart for his Congregation, near St. Laurence Without the Walls. I do not know where the earlier Generals are buried, probably in the vicinity of Nocera.

The old church of St. Alphonsus formed part of the house, and is still used as a meeting-room for men's sodalities. Everything in and about these structures is redolent of simplicity, and the spirit of poverty. St. Alphonsus' room is in the same condition as when he died, 118 years ago. His bed and his harpsichord remain undisturbed. It will be remembered that he was an accomplished musician, and a poet of no mean skill, and even in old age he sung with touching sweetness the beautiful hymns he composed.

When in Rome, in 1891, the writer, being a biographer of St. Alphonsus and Blessed Clement Hofbauer, and translator of the many meditations of St. Alphonsus, was received with great kindness and even distinction at the Villa Caserta, having called on Most Rev. Father Mauron for his blessing and prayers.

But the weather being very warm, the venerable gentleman had retired to his native Switzerland to escape the Roman summer, being ordered by his physicians to leave on account of his great age and increasing delicacy. Later we received fatherly and kind messages from his Paternity. His successor, Father Raus, quite recently sent, by our pilgrim, promises of remembrance in prayers and Masses, special blessings, and some precious relics, which were most consoling to the receiver and highly appreciated.

There are several pictures of St. Alphonsus at various ages. Under an altar is his exquisite shrine. His wax figure, life-size, enclosing his relics, is robed in full episcopal vestments of the most graceful design and the richest material, the mitre on his head and the crozier beside him. A relic which deeply interests his clients is his writing, of which there are several specimens in this holy room. He wrote with a quill pen. The writing is small but legible. Here and there are abbreviations. He practised poverty in the paper he used. He wrote on the reverse of envelopes and on small bits of his correspondence with his *confrères* and even in his works.

A Catholic *litterateur*, his contemporary, the poet Alexander Pope, did the same, but from a different motive :—

Send this to paper-sparing Pope,
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

The corridor on the uppermost floor has the Stations of the Cross used by St. Alphonsus, and still used by the members of the Congregation on retreat and other days. All parts of these venerable buildings are in perfect repair. At Pagani the dearest memories of the Saint still linger. Here he received the poor people eager for his blessing, and here loving mothers brought their dark-eyed babes that his holy hand might rest in benediction on their little heads. Here his friends, the poor, gazed lovingly at him working in the garden, and raising flowers to fulfil the best of their destiny in giving out their fragrance and their sweet lives before the most Adorable Sacrament.

To the last, when on soft summer days or in fine mellow winter weather, his attendants led him to the garden door, the poor people surrounded the holy old bishop to hear his heavenly words: "Love God, my children; love Jesus and Mary." At the time of his precious death, August 1st, 1787, his humble friends had become skilful gardeners, and Nocera quite famous for its exquisite flowers, whose loveliness and profusion made a unique and most attractive feature at his obsequies. Nor did his innocent friends, the little children, forget him. They crowded about his bier to drop over it their most fragrant blossoms.

The poor peasants, sons and daughters of the soil, loved to gaze on his sweet pensive countenance, and listen to his loving words of blessing and encouragement. And to him the people addressed the most heavenly words ever spoken of an apostolic man: "Behold the Saint that loves us, and SMOOTHS OUR PATH TO HEAVEN."

And now our pilgrim prepares for one of the most stupendous acts of his life: in a moment he will celebrate Mass at the shrine of his Father and Founder. The act is too sublime to be described in words. Let us drop a veil over the raptures of such moments: "My soul longeth and fainteth after the courts of

the Lord." When far away from this holy spot, our pilgrim wrote: "I said Mass in the Church at Pagani, called St. Michael's, at the altar of St. Alphonsus where his relics are inside a wax figure of him, clothed in pontifical vestments. There is no special oratory except in the gallery of the church, where there are kneeling benches and a few pictures, and where the community make their meditations, hear Mass, and perform other common exercises."

Near this oratory is St. Alphonsus' bedroom. A stone staircase leads up to the Saint's room from the parlours on the first floor. St. Alphonsus was first buried in this church. He often preached in it especially, on Saturdays, when he always spoke of his Mother Mary before benediction. His pulpit, now at the Epistle side of the altar, is of common wood, and could not be plainer.

Venerable Father Spartelli, first companion of the Saint, a student in 1732, was buried in this old church. But when the French revolutionists took possession of Naples, the sacred remains were removed and cannot now be found. The process of Father Spartelli's beatification has begun. Eight Redemptorists are candidates for canonization or beatification:—Hofbauer, Neumann, Passerat, Blasucci, Seelos (New Orleans), a Bavarian lay-brother, and a Father of the province of Naples.

A window of this holy bedroom was so often touched and handled by our Saint that it is regarded as a relic. Our pilgrim, a worthy son of the Saint, writes:—"I stood at the very window where St. Alphonsus stood in the house at Nocera when he blessed Mount Vesuvius, which was seen vomiting flames and lava, and endangering Naples, all visible from this window. When he blessed the volcano, the lava wandered down the mountain side in another direction, towards the sea."

M. AUSTIN CARROLL.

DAFFODILS

DAFFODILS ! O Daffodils,
 Dancing in the grass !
 Be ye fairy regiments
 Prancing as I pass ?
 Each one with his kirtle green,
 Helmet deep and yellow,
 And a sword of silver sheen—
 What a pretty fellow !

Daffodils ! O daffodils,
 Swaying in the wind !
 Once my heart was light as yours ;
 Love was soft and kind.
 In those dear, dead, far-off days
 When I gaily went
 Singing through life's flowery ways,
 Ere my youth was spent.

Daffodils ! O daffodils,
 Smiling in the sun !
 Once I too had golden hours
 Ere my love had gone.
 Now my days are dark and sad :
 Gone the heart of gold—
 Never again may I be glad
 Since the world's grown old.

Daffodils ! O daffodils,
 Weeping in the rain !
 Know ye too adversity ?
 Feel ye also pain ?
 Ah, bend down his grave above,
 Sorrowing o'er his head.
 Here it is that sleeps my love,
 Here my heart lies dead.

NORA O'MAHONY.

ROBERT CARBERY

PRIEST OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

PART IV.

MRS. HEMANS has gone completely out of fashion, yet she left behind her many a sweet and touching poem for all that. One of them is called "The Graves of a Household"—graves which did not all lie in one churchyard, but were scattered over many countries far apart. Of the members of the household who once lived at Green Park, Youghal, but none of whom died there, one found a grave far away from our green island. In mentioning the death of Dr. William Carbery in the West Indies it ought to have been specially noted that when the young doctor, accompanying his regiment to Honduras, in August, 1860, found the yellow fever raging at Belize and soon after caught the terrible malady himself, he would have had no priest to minister to him in his dying hour if an American Jesuit had not providentially been thrown there by shipwreck. A letter of this Father Bartoli, describing the poor young man's resignation and fervent dispositions, gave great comfort to the afflicted parents and kindred at home. Many years later Father Carbery wrote from Rhyl, on the 22nd of September, 1877: "The feast of Our Lady of Mercy is at hand, seventeenth anniversary of Willie's death, at which our Blessed Mother gave such a clear manifestation of her special care for him. Yet I never neglect to make a novena for him before his anniversary, and in all the Masses and other prayers offer suffrage." This Jesuit certainly had an affectionate heart and a faithful memory. Besides John and Andrew, whose deaths we have mentioned, James Carbery also preceded his Jesuit brother into the other world, but only by a year or two, dying May 18th, 1901. Two of his daughters became Sisters of Charity.

The last of these separations to grieve the loving heart of Father Carbery forestalled by five months only his own death,

which it may have hastened. His eldest sister, Mary Margaret, the widow of Archbishop Croke's youngest brother, died on the 14th of March, 1903. As the families were very closely united, this little necrology may include also the Archbishop's brother, Father James Croke, who died in New York in 1889, on his way home to Ireland, after a missionary life of great zeal and sacrifice in California. His holy remains were brought back to San Francisco, where he had for many years been Vicar-General. In the same city, January, 1904, died the last of the six Croke brothers, devotedly attended by the Sisters of Mercy to whom his very reverend brother had been a generous friend. The Archbishop himself had died in July, 1902. Of his two sisters who had become Sisters of Mercy, Isabella died a few months before her brother James. She was Mother Superior of the Convent at Charleville—where another priest of the family, her venerable uncle, had long been P.P. Another sister, oldest of them all, survived them all. Margaret Croke—in religion Mother Ignatius—founded the Convent of Mercy at Bathurst, in Australia, which has already sent out four or five flourishing branches through that great country of the future. Her life was despaired of after an apoplectic stroke in 1895; yet she recovered and lived for ten years, dying in her convent home at Bathurst since we began these notes—March 2nd, 1905, aged 87 years. May her soul, and the souls of all her kindred whom we have named, rest in peace.

In the last scrap of Father Carbery's correspondence that has been quoted, he says that a biographer ought to give such passages from letters, &c., as will make the reader best acquainted with the character and disposition of the person whose life is attempted. Turning the advice against himself, I will venture to make a few extracts from letters addressed to a spiritual daughter of the Irishwoman of whom he then spoke, and some other Irish nuns:—

"It is God who has given you, and who will every day more and more strengthen in you the desire to give your whole heart to Him. All you have to do is to intensify every day more and more your unbounded confidence in His arrangements of the smallest details of your life, and in this confidence to foster that high-souled joy that will never be much troubled by the weaknesses of our poor nature, or by the thousand little

accidents of daily life that are really of no value except as a means to help us to reflect in our soul, as far as possible, the peace of the Sacred Heart."

"I have been thinking much of your heavy cross, and cannot but look at it as a most special grace, that will do more good for your soul in a few weeks than could be secured by ordinary graces in years. I know well the resignation with which you bear it, and the glory it gives to God; yet, I should be more consoled, if I were certain that you use every *human* means to lessen the human nervousness which it has caused. This physical consequence of God's tenderness in the purification of your soul is not culpable, yet it certainly is outside His direct action. If it were better shaken off, you would more resemble our Blessed Mother *standing* by the Cross. All worrying thoughts, all exaggerated views or feelings are from *nature*. It is the work of pure grace to rise above these feelings, and rejoice in the simple cross, such as it is in itself—and no other. Become more of a philosopher for the present—more hard-hearted—and you will have more faith to see our Lord's hand in all, His tender, loving Hand."

"May our Blessed Lord make known to you more clearly and practically than ever the unbounded tenderness and compassion for our poor, weak nature that makes Him look with so much delight on our poor, faltering efforts to come nearer to Him. Simplicity and unity! He will never for one moment let go your hand; why, then, should we be ever troubled?"

The next of Father Carbery's spiritual sayings we will link with another not culled from any pious book, but from one of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's pleasant volumes of *Notes and Recollections*. Mr. Walter of *The Times* told him that he had heard Father Anderdon, S.J., saying in his Oxford Protestant days, "The greatest of pleasures is self-denial." The least heroic of us can understand that saying, and also this "parallel passage" from Father Carbery: "Nothing can make us happier than the spirit of peace and joy that springs from self-sacrifice, and that should be the atmosphere in which every religious lives, moves, and has her being." At another time he wrote:—

"Sorrow [for the death of parents], even the keenest, is natural and is even pleasing to God when it carries up to Him the incense of the crushed heart's resignation."

"After the Lord's Prayer, the best of all prayers is, I think, the *Magnificat*."

A nun once asked Father Carbery if he would be afraid to

die. "The only thing that would make me be frightened to appear before our Blessed Lord would be the thought of having hurt anyone by unkindness." Here are some more of his sayings:—

"We have every reason to be bright and happy. It is the best way to show our gratitude to God for the special care with which He has ever watched over us."

"Old friends are shuffling off the scene, and we ourselves are getting old. It is a solemn thing to feel our days flying by, and so little done. What a vanity our present existence seems to be until we come to feel practically that it is only one moment in our immortal life. The mystery is how we are so long learning to get this practical feeling. Surely we have had lessons enough to teach us this truth."

"Death will be for us the first meeting of our souls with our Creator. We ought every night, before preparing to sleep, to think for a few moments on the first meeting of our soul with our Blessed Lord, in that first moment of the separation of our soul from our body."

"It is of the utmost importance to have a right idea of God. We ought always to think of God as a loving Father full of tenderness and compassion."

"We ought to be present at the Mass as at a real living sacrifice. Calvary is a reality; the Mass is Calvary."

"The science of possessing habitual joy in the Lord is our right, purchased for us by the Precious Blood. Whenever we find ourselves troubled, if we examine the cause, we shall find that it comes from forgetting that our Blessed Lord is so near to us, and that we are so dear to Him."

This, however, is quite enough of Father Carbery's sayings for the present; let us tell some more of his doings. We had left him Superior of St. Patrick's House, 87 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in connection with the Catholic University of Ireland. That arrangement between the Bishops of Ireland and the Jesuit Fathers came to an end in the summer of 1880, when Dr. Henry Neville, Dean of Cork, was Rector of the Catholic University in succession to Dr. Bartholomew Woodlock, who had been appointed Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise. At this date Father Carbery again made Milltown Park his home, as Rector for some years; but he was destined to return to St. Stephen's Green under different circumstances, succeeding Father William Delany, as Rector of University College, April 10th, 1888. This post he filled for nine years till he was suc-

ceeded by Father Delany, in turn, in 1897. In this last year he returned finally to Milltown Park, and there were no more changes till the great change of all.

Even these closing years were by no means a period of inaction but full of quiet, holy work for souls—especially “those preserved souls, those fasting maids whose thoughts are dedicate to nothing temporal,” with whose prayers Isabella proposed to bribe the Duke in *Measure for Measure*.

One of these holy communities was entrusted to his special direction when Dr. Woodlock resigned the see of Ardagh and retired to end his days at the scene of his first priestly labours, All Hallows College, Drumcondra, near Dublin. This was the Franciscan Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Drumshambo, Co. Leitrim. The foundress, who is still Mother Abbess, bears a name illustrious in Irish history, being a grand-daughter of the great Henry Grattan. A year after Father Carbery's death she wrote to his youngest sister, a religious of the Sacred Heart :—

“Dear saintly Father Carbery was one of the best friends of this Community for years, and is now, we fondly trust, interceding for us in Heaven. We shall always pray for him and cherish the sweet words which so often fell from his lips in our quiet sanctuary, when giving us retreats. When our holy Bishop (Dr. Woodlock) was about to resign his diocese, he confided the spiritual care of this Community to Father Carbery ; and how faithfully he discharged his duty in that respect, up to the time that his health failed, none but the recording angels could tell. His every visit was looked forward to with the greatest delight, and for weeks after we could think or speak of nothing so interesting as the beautiful lectures he gave us and the sweet and kindly way he dealt with all, even those who were merely employed about the Convent. Many fervent prayers will be offered for our saintly spiritual Father on the 3rd September, his first anniversary.”

In a recent letter to the compiler of this sketch the Abbess speaks again of the “saintly Father whom we so loved and revered. We had many retreats and valued instructions from him, all full of the sweetness of the Sacred Heart. He seemed to prize greatly our life of adoration and praise, and did all he could to make us esteem it each year more highly, and become more worthy or rather less unworthy of it.”

As I connected the writer of the preceding sentences with

great name in the annals of Ireland. I will venture to do something of the same sort for our next witness. Sir Patrick Keenan did not figure in the senate or on the platform ; but he filled ably a very difficult post in very difficult times, and he did his best therein for his country, and therefore for his faith. His sister, Mother Liguori, is the present representative of the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, being Mother Superior of the Sisters in Dublin, the cradle of this beneficent congregation which has spread so widely and so rapidly over the world. Not from the historic house in Baggot Street, but from the beautiful Novitiate, Carysfort, she writes :—

“ The death of our beloved and deeply regretted Father Carbery left a void in my life which can never be filled up ; he was my Director for nearly forty years. He never failed to help and support by his valuable advice ; his judgment was so clear on every point. His retreats were perfectly beautiful ; he gave one here some years ago, and our Sisters still speak of it, they said they never heard any other like it. It will never be known in this life the amount of good he did, particularly among the poor whose love for him was unbounded. We feel he is with God ; this thought alone consoles us, and makes one resigned to his irreparable loss. It especially struck us that he always appeared to be in the presence of God ; he therefore was always cheerful and had such a bright happy expression, he made religion amiable by his very appearance.”

Similar testimonies come from Presentation Convents and especially from the Carmelite communities near Dublin, to which he was particularly devoted. One of them writes : “ It is nearly forty years since he first gave a retreat to our Community, and from that time we always found him a sincere and truly devoted friend. Peace and confidence he always inculcated and led his penitents to practise, teaching them to see all things in the light of faith.” This little litany of appreciation may end with a convent which had only a visit from him at rare intervals ; “ Whenever he came to us, he left an impression of sanctity not to be effaced. His appearance, his words, everything about him was a lesson to us all.”

Several years ago, a Dundalk newspaper, having to announce the death of the third of three notable persons who had died in the neighbourhood, began by saying : “ Twice this week have we been forced to tread the path of obituarial phraseology.”

There is a considerable smack of 'obituarial phraseology' about these latter pages of ours ; but the end is not yet come, and there are some incidents still to be noticed in Father Carbery's closing years.

His health, never robust, failed during his term as Rector of Milltown Park after his first departure from St. Stephen's Green in the summer of 1880. In 1884 he was replaced at Milltown Park by Father Eugene Browne. In the autumn of 1885 he was ordered to accept the kind invitation of Chief Baron Palles to be his companion during a rather long visit to the Continent. The Chief Baron, his closest and dearest friend from their school-days at Clongowes, had himself broken down in his grief at the death of his beloved wife. After a considerable stay in the Engadine, they went on to Rome and Naples, whence they returned by sea to England and then home, renewed in strength and ready for their work again—the Chief Baron for his eminent judicial functions in which he is happily still engaged, the Jesuit for his ordinary priestly labours with such additional undertakings now and then, as preaching at the Centenary of the Ursuline Convent at Thurles, in July, 1887, or conducting the retreat of the Maynooth students in the following September.

One work of zeal to which Father Carbery devoted himself with great earnestness according to the opportunities afforded by the various changes of his life, was the tending of the sick and dying. He had a special grace for helping people to die happily. His gentle and assiduous ministrations soothed many a deathbed. He was always peculiarly kind and thoughtful about the sick ; but, when the dying one needed particular help, God seemed to bless his zealous efforts in an extraordinary degree.

There were two famous Irishmen to whom he greatly desired to render this supreme service, to secure for them this last and best of blessings, this most enduring, nay only enduring blessing, a hopeful, holy Christian death. The two men were very unlike in character and circumstances. One of them was Isaac Butt, that gifted and generous-hearted man for whom many prayed till the last that he might get the grace of dying in the Catholic faith towards which he showed a strong attraction. Father Carbery knew him intimately through his parliamentary connec-

tion with Youghal. He was often an honoured guest at Green Park, and William Carbery remained faithful to him, even when in some political crisis the priests supported a rival candidate. We do not know the particulars of his death in 1879; but his Jesuit friend was not summoned to his bedside. In the same hope Father Carbery, in his first residence at the Jesuit Novitiate, had kept up an acquaintance with William Carleton who, in his last years, lived on Sandford Road, close to the entrance to Milltown Park, and died there in 1869, without alas! returning to the faith of his childhood.

Let us now indulge in some more extracts from Father Carbery's correspondence, which will go far to justify what has been said by one who knew him well, namely, that "the predominating trait in his character was his spirituality, intimately connected with his great sensitive heart which overflowed with love for God, for his own, and for all who needed his aid."

This spirit is constantly betraying itself in his letters. In one of them he writes:—"Amongst God's mercies to me He gave me opportunities of keeping up souls when they were in most trying positions. I have no doubt that they have by their prayers of gratitude brought blessings on my little efforts for the salvation of souls. It will be seen on the Last Day that the greatest works done by missionaries were the effect of the sacrifices and self-denial of souls really living for God alone. Of this I have not the least doubt: so I value above all gifts or treasures the prayerful power of such souls as I have had some little grace to help to the spirit of sacrifice."

"The crosses and trials of religious life are real joys compared with those of the majority of people living in the world. The whole secret of happiness and perfection is for both, *Leave thyself.*"

"Every day at Mass I ask that our Blessed Lord, when He makes us His instrument in the guidance of souls, may give them great light to see Himself as the one reality of life, and everything else—friends, surroundings, and occupations—as only real when seen in Him. This does not make the heart selfish. Quite the contrary. It squeezes out of our hearts the selfishness of our self-love, and elevates and purifies them by a true real love for friends and all who come across us, in due proportion to their relations to us."

"What a dream this life is! And how wonderful that anything in it should ever cause us the slightest pain or uneasiness except the fear of offending God. Thanks be to God's mercy, He has made me feel all this. Nothing in life appears to me worth troubling about, except to do God's will wherever we are, and to open our eyes to see His blessings all around us."

"How often in truly religious souls will the nearness of God's all-watchful Providence show itself so clearly as almost to take away the breath with gratitude and joy! But it is when the cross comes that these feelings grow into a real power to raise the heart above the miserable possibilities of falsely estimating anything or any person in this world as of the slightest value unless loved in God and for God alone. The abiding perception of this truth makes us realize that the present is God's hour: He with us and we with Him, and what more do we want?"

"Easter Saturday, 1889. Once more among the Alleluias! As life goes on, those days of grace that bring us so near the Cross seem each year more real in their power to touch the heart and to raise it above the love of things around us, no matter what they are. It is indeed wonderful that there should be any reality for us but our Blessed Lord's love and whatever it shines upon."

M. R.

THE TWO DREAMERS

To N. C.

THE fire made a noise enchantingly human,
Like little feet tripping to tapping desire;
The fire made a noise like the feet of a woman.
One heard a woman, and saw not the fire.

Another, a westral from green Tipperary,
Beheld the fire curling, and saw how it flowered
Around the red robe of a rhythmical fairy,
Who danced on a heart which her glory devoured.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE CALL O' THE SEA

Oh, the call o' the sea !
 Into the night comes its throb
 Deep in my heart with a sob,
 The call o' the sea.
 For it beats like the western rain,
 And it sings with a ceaseless refrain
 The wild songs of my boyhood again—
 The call o' the sea.

Oh, the call o' the sea
 Haunts me when dawn cometh dim
 Over the hill's jagged rim—
 The call o' the sea.
 Up from the darkness it hails
 To tell of the untrodden trails
 With its plaint of tides and of gales,
 The call o' the sea.

Oh, the call o' the sea
 Brings me from shores that are far
 Plashing of waves on a bar,
 The call o' the sea.
 Vision of lights in the West,
 Billows with foam on each crest,
 Girding the Isles of the Blest
 With the call o' the sea.

DANIEL SHIELDS.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER [XVI]

ANOTHER LITTLE CHAPTER IN THE FIRELIGHT

TIME passed and it was deep winter. At Dunmara things went on with their usual still monotony. Egbert the brother often came to see Rowena the sister, and these visits, with an occasional stolen hour in Mrs. Kirker's room, were all the events that occurred to vary the sameness of Ellen's life.

In her frequent and more familiar intercourse with Egbert Aungier, she lost the sense of shyness and that something of dread which had pained her at first in his company; and her stray conversations with him gave hue to what would have been for many a colourless life; though to her it never could have been utterly so. She had not known enough of the world to make her think of maintaining a stiff reserve towards him, and indeed her simple native dignity became her much better than any more artificial bearing could have done. She grew pleasantly accustomed to the brotherly tone he had assumed towards her, and the chivalrous gentleness of his manner. He was kind, and she was glad; he was disposed to talk to her, and she was disposed to answer and to pour out her thoughts frankly to him.

This could never have been so, had she not unconsciously perceived something in his turn of thought which chimed in musically with her own;—something telling that within his masculine brain there existed those same organs of ideality which rose so round and full under Ellen's red-brown locks, bidding the lamps burn in that paradise of hers, where she loved to dwell as a vestal handmaid of the beautiful. Also that somewhere in his nervous organization there lay the same fine, slight chords for subtle electricities of appreciation and conception with which her senses were strung; which could quiver with passionate desire to grasp and embody the shadow of some strange grand idea, floating like a distant cloud-wreath past the windows of her soul; or could thrill to the echo of a

wild wood-song, or tremble at the beauty of a landscape or a flower.

And yet there were times when no sympathy from without could reach him, when a heavy gloom hung about him, which, it seemed, no power could dispel. There were times when he would turn away from Ellen's eyes, which had flashed in the twilight of that dim room upstairs, with some sudden enthusiasm for a lofty and holy truth; and then striding down to his chill library, and, asking for no lights, he would shut the heavy door between him and the world, and, feeling his way in the darkness to the table, bow his head upon his folded arms, and groan in desolation of spirit. And on these occasions Ellen, who had learned to know the approach of the shadow, would listen for the shutting of that door below, drop her pencil or her needle, and kneel with a shiver by the fender, sending her thoughts drifting in a troubled reverie down the red lakes, spreading so far in the glowing recesses of the fire.

And if the next day did not bring him with a brighter face to his sister's room, Ellen was prepared for Trina's announcement of "Master has left home." which was sure to follow soon after. He seemed to rush away with his sorrow, whatever it might be, as though he hoped to fling it from him, and leave it far beyond those rough mountains which hid his home from the world. And thus, with a quiet surface, though with troubled waters stirring underneath, time's current flowed on at Dunmara.

Placid Mrs. Kirker seemed to take a motherly interest in Ellen, a deeper, more watchful interest than was merely the natural consequence of her having helped to save the girl's life. Her eyes would moisten at times when turned on the young figure nestling on her hearth in a delightful childlike abandonment at having for an hour thrown off grave womanly responsibilities, and been welcomed and petted by one so gentle, though so undemonstrative as the housekeeper. At other times her knitting would fall from her hands, and while Ellen sat on a low stool in the firelight, with hands locked on her knees, and eyes intently searching the red coals for answers to puzzles, or for burning shapes into which to mould her glowing dreams—pain and perplexity would chase one another over the housekeeper's quiet face, and some strange agitation make her hands shake, and her eyes restless. Once or twice on such occasions

her close lips opened as if to speak, but ;fastened again, with all their little reticent wrinkles tightened, as if the effort were too great for habitual reserve to master.

One evening Ellen had taken tea with Mrs. Kirker while Miss Rowena slept, and Trina, good-naturedly, sat by her side. The wind was roaring outside, and Ellen, with some restless idea haunting her, walked to the latticed window, and pressed her face to the panes ; then came back, looking pale, and sat down again with a shiver.

" I could almost fancy," she said, " that I hear the organ playing in the ruin ! "

Mrs. Kirker started, so that her needles rattled and she dropped a stitch in her knitting. She started and looked at the girl. Ellen's dark figure was bending towards the blaze, the fire-light surrounded her hair with a strange red haze, her eyes glittered feverishly, and two bright scarlet spots had risen on her cheeks.

Mrs. Kirker gazed at her for a minute in silence, then said,— " You are not frightened, my dear ? Trina has not been telling you that foolish story ? "

" I am not afraid," said Ellen, with a little uneasy laugh ; " but it gives me strange thoughts, makes me brood over things which I would rather did not occur to me."

" What thoughts, my dear ? " said Mrs. Kirker,] sitting forward in her chair.

" Oh ! " Ellen said, retreating in confusion from her involuntary confession, " nothing that I can tell. Of course, that of the organ is only a foolish story. You never heard it, I am sure."

" No ; I should not like to hear it," said Mrs. Kirker, who, with all her good-natured solicitude for Ellen's peace of mind, could not help lowering her voice, and looking solemn. " No, I should not like to hear it ; the thought of it brings up very painful recollections connected with this house and family. Do not think about it, my dear ; of course, as you say, it is an idle story."

It would have been against Mrs. Kirker's principles to acknowledge herself a believer in ghosts, but she took superstition, and shielded it under the grave mantle of her looks and gestures, and would not have it dragged out and laughed

at, and driven away. She thought it her duty mildly to reprove those who gave open vulgar credence to what she called "idle stories," but in her secret heart she was a morbid lover of the supernatural.

Ellen had gone back to her reveries among the coals, but the housekeeper had not done speaking. She took up her knitting twice, and laid it down again.

"The storm makes you unhappy, my dear ; you are thinking of that sad night."

Ellen shuddered ; she had not been thinking of that night.

"But you should not fret about it. How much worse it might have been, had Monica been your mother."

Mrs. Kirker was talking for a purpose.

"She was like a mother to me. I scarcely ever knew my mother ; I have only a dim, dim recollection of her ; I was only an infant when she died."

The housekeeper's vigilant eyes were wideawake now. She held her breath a moment, and then said, with a little tremour in her voice,—

"I think you told me she died in Ireland ?"

"Yes."

"Where is she buried ?"

"I don't know. Strange to tell, Monica would never talk about it ; she spoke sometimes of her beauty and loveliness, but never of her marriage or death, except it might be some vague chance allusion. All that I know of her is, that she was made the ward of a gentleman in this country, after the death of her father, which happened when she was very young, and that it nearly broke Monica's heart to part with her. But I do not know the name of her guardian, nor where he lived, nor any of the circumstances of her life after she left Spain. Monica knew them, but would never repeat them to me. I gathered from her as much as this, that here, in this country, my mother was cruelly used, and that sorrow was the cause of her early death. Monica's greatest dread on leaving Spain was, lest I should ever meet these friends of my mother's."

Ellen said all this with a hot, rapid effort, as if she had nerved herself to force the words from her lips, no matter how reluctant they might be to come forth.

"And your father ?" asked the housekeeper.

"I know nothing of him, except that he died before my mother. There was some cruel history about his death."

"You had some other good friend—a painter, I think you told me?"

"Yes; when Monica was obliged to part with my mother, she went to keep house for this gentleman. When she heard that my mother was dying, she hurried over from Spain to see her. When she returned, she brought me with her. Some people, in whose charge she placed me, treated me unkindly, and then the good man desired her to bring me home and keep me with her under his roof. When he found that I liked drawing, he took me into his studio, and gave me instructions. He would have made me an artist, and, when dying, urged me to go to London, and find out a friend of his, who would direct me further. He gave me a letter to this friend. He left everything he had to me under Monica's care. It was not a great deal, but it would have enabled us to live till I should have succeeded in earning for us both. Monica was very unwilling to leave Spain, but, for my sake, and because it was his wish, she came."

"And I suppose that letter was lost, my dear?"

"No," said Ellen, drawing a little silk bag from her neck, "I feared so to lose it that I sewed it inside the dress I wore travelling. It is all stained with the water, but it is here still. Its life was saved with mine."

Ellen drew it from the bag, and looked thoughtfully at the handwriting. The name on the back was "Charles Waldron," and the address, "Wimpole Street, London."

Mrs. Kirker, meantime, looked at her intently, and pondered some troubled question.

"You keep it carefully," she said. "Do you still hope to make use of it?"

"I don't know," Ellen said, abstractedly. "Once I should have thought of its loss as a terrible misfortune; now, I prize it as well, but the chance of going to London seems so dim, so remote, and having got into harbour here I suppose I dread going adrift again."

Mrs. Kirker's eyes got misty, and she murmured,—

"Poor child, no wonder!"

And then Ellen hid away her treasure again, said good-

night, and hastened up-stairs. As she passed down the corridor, the trees surged in black struggling masses against the wide end-window, and a wan, lonely moon gazed piteously at her. She stopped and peered into the darkness, and said,—

“God help me when I shall have to go out into that unfriendly world !”

After she had left Mrs. Kirker, that quiet woman sat for some two minutes gazing at her fire, when the door opened and Miss Aungier came in and closed it behind her. The housekeeper received her mistress with an expectant gravity of demeanour, having detected her approach. Miss Elswitha's dress made a peculiar chill subdued sound, unlike the wholesome rustling of most other people's silks. The firelight, thrown on her face as she came in, gave it no momentary softness, but made it seem more harsh and sallow than usual. There was a stealthy expression in her eyes, and Mrs. Kirker said to herself, “She has been eaves-dropping !”

Miss Elswitha came and stood opposite to the housekeeper on the hearth-rug, with the shadows clasping her and flying away again, and the flickering lights caricaturing her face with deepened lines. She leaned one bony hand upon the table, and said,—

“Mary Kirker, you know who she is !”

The housekeeper met her frown with an undisturbed eye, and said,—

“Madam ?”

“I say,” she repeated, more sternly, “that you know who that girl is.”

“Madam,” answered the quiet woman, “I know her name, and how she came here, but I have heard nothing that you yourself have not heard.”

Their eyes met, and they understood one another. Miss Elswitha was at fault.

CHAPTER XVII

A GULF OF BITTERS

It was a bright forenoon after a furious night of rain. Ellen drew the hood of her cloak over her head, and stole swiftly down-stairs, and out of the house by her old serviceable back entrance. The sun was genial, and the air wild and fresh after long, tedious wet days in the house. At intervals of leisure, she had been making some etchings from those beautiful Idylls, and just now she needed an ivy-wreath to help her fancy. She knew a little green alley behind the garden, where the green garlands hung in festoons from tree to tree, and thither she went to fetch one.

She gathered enough, secured the wintry spoils in her apron, and stood gazing at a masterly vignette sketched between two knotty trunks. It was a brown rock, paled by the wrath of a white breaker, and a sea-bird hovering above its peak. And then she looked over the hedge, to the big straggling house almost hidden by the thick trees at the garden's other end. It turned to her at an opening that shoulder which always wore a green mantle, and she could see the glass door of the library, half smothered among the arbutus bushes. As she stood, with brightened eyes and enriched colour, the wind blowing the warm waves of hair from her broad white temples, she felt her heart swell in the sunshine, and exulted in the possession of her young life. But this was no hour for idling, and she was soon retracing her steps with bounding feet to the dim chamber where she spent her days.

Nearing the house she came suddenly upon Mr. Aungier, who was passing slowly out from the ticket of trees, walking like a somnambulist, with a book in his hand, and his eyes on the page. Ellen had not seen him for long, although he had kept at home, and now it struck her that he was pale and worn, almost as people look after a sharp illness. But the sun was crowning the king according to its wont, and breaking golden lances among his auburn locks.

He quickly saw Ellen and closed his book. His face always had a welcome for her, his eyes melted and his forehead cleared, let her meet them when she would. And, indeed, at this moment

Ellen was a pleasant sight. A scarlet cloak was thrown over her black dress, and the dark ivy hung from her apron. The brilliant folds of her hood were gathered loosely round a fresh happy face, whose pure intellectual beauty had caught a wild lustre from the ebb and flow of vivid colour which glowed under the clear skin. Her eyes looked very dark, with that dewy depth which will lurk at times under eyelids, betraying that some lofty thought has lately been there, filling the brain with light.

"Where have you been, Red Riding Hood?" he said.

"I have been fetching an ivy-wreath for Elaine's bower."

"Elaine! Who is she?"

"Do you not remember? I thought you had read the book."

"Oh! yes. I forgot. The young lady who treated death so sumptuously. I forgot. You have always some piece of ethereal business on hands. You are happy who can so live outside this dull world. I wish I had your secret."

He said this wearily. Ellen shook her head.

"I have no secret," she said.

He saw that the rich light had nearly died out of her face, and his eyes followed her wistful gaze wandering away among the trees. He was sorry to have saddened her, and made a dash at mirth.

"I'll tell you what we are like, here in this garden," he said. "I am an ungainly thorn, and you are a sprig of mignonette. I darken the sun, and you drink it in."

Ellen smiled.

"I am glad to be mignonette. I like it."

"So do I. It is fresh and fragrant, and hardy almost to wilderness. It needs little sunshine, and flourishes in soil where gayer flowers would die. I am fond of a bit of mignonette. I think if I had it now it would cure me."

"It is not in season."

"No."

And then he walked on with her towards the house. His face was again heavily clouded.

"Will you say something cheering?" he said. "Not any of the bright things which are the sunshine of the ear, but some quiet moderate word which will suggest consolation and peace."

His tone suggested Ellen's answer.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

He stopped short.

"Ah!" he said, "who said that? What is your authority?"

Ellen looked up at him wonderingly. She had been surprised at his forgetting a few minutes ago who Elaine was, but surely this was a strange lapse of memory. She said very gravely.

"There was only one who could say it,—Christ Himself."

He made a dead stop. He raised the hat from his head and swept his hand over his forehead, and back through his hair. It was a very pale face for some moments, with bitter grief sweeping the eyes, and cruel pain about the mouth; and then, as the spasm relaxed, and his gaze falling, met Ellen's, a torturing shame suffused it piteously. God help us! did ever man blush so before?

He said,—

"Are you strong enough to bear my secret? If you do not feel strong enough," he added, huskily, "go back your own way into the house, and forget that I have spoiled a bright morning on you."

"If I can help you, I would rather stay."

"Will you come with me, then?" he said, and Ellen followed him through the glass door into the library.

He folded his arms tightly on his breast and stood facing her on the hearth.

"I have to tell you," he said, "that I am an unbeliever in that name which you mentioned."

There was a long, terrible pause, during which neither seemed to breathe, and Ellen's eyes met his with their first bewildered frightened glance settled into a gaze, whose dumb horror was more crushing than words.

"Why do you not scream [or faint?]" he said, with an agonized change of position, almost like writhing. "I have known women who would do either at the bare mention of that word I have used, which seems to blast the tongue that speaks it. Ah! but you are getting pale. It is too much for you."

"No," Ellen said, "it is not."

She sat down, and locked her hands in her lap.

"When I say that I am an unbeliever, I have said the worst word. I feel it some relief to condemn myself by the strongest terms. Because that I am not a fool, I have at times, frequent times, had throes of assurance that there is a Master Hand controlling the universe, and the destinies of men. Reason thrusts this belief upon me, but I have no creed, no settled faith, in anything that a breath could not shift and drive like a straw on the wind. Do not look so piteously white, so unnaturally calm. I would rather have your pure soul rise up in judgment against me, than see it crushed and blanched under my confession. Will you not reproach me? Can you not give me a tear?"

"It is not for me to reproach you," murmured Ellen, "and I cannot cry at will. I can only listen."

He bowed his head, and went on speaking.

"This has been my secret until now. I have not been callous enough to speak of it in light words, I have not been wicked enough to scoff. Like all who are conscious of a monstrous deformity, my impulse has been to conceal. My unbelief has been a nightmare upon me since my very childhood, till now when I have reached an age at which most good men have settled creeds, settled affections, settled homes. From early youth I have craved these things. My scepticism has darkened my life, soured my temper, stunted my intellect, frozen my affections. I have looked with envy on men in whom religion was truth, with hatred and disgust on those in whom it was falsehood, and turned in loathing from those who denied it audaciously, and made the denial a jest. I have been a banned, solitary wretch, shunning alike the good and the wicked."

Ellen gathered her breath.

"Why did you not search for peace? With such longings you must have found it."

"Have I not sought it? Oh!—" the tone was heartrending.

"Look!" he said, suddenly, unlocking a separate book-case, and pointing to the titles of a number of books bound alike. "Read the name."

Ellen read, shuddered, and turned away.

"You shrink from the serpent," he said. "Never fear, he shall poison no more victims," and he locked the doors fast.

"My mother,—I will not speak of her, for the dead are

sacred. But in justice to myself I must speak of that sister who should have been a mother to me. That Bible from which you have quoted, she held it on her knees while she spoke cruel words to me, such words as children never forget. She always threw that Bible's threats at my head when I ventured to lift my childish voice to ask the multitude of questions which puzzle thinking children. She made that book her instrument of torture. If I seem harsh and hard in this accusation, let me be forgiven for the sake of what I suffer at this moment. I grew to hate that book as the root of cruelty and hypocrisy.

"My father was a kind, generous-hearted man, with a high temper, but sympathizing, charitable, and most loving to his children. This dear father had no religion, pretended to have none. Those books were his delight, and he put them very early into my hands. I was too young when he died to have felt the stings of the deadly poison ; they fascinated and delighted me.

"At college I read in a restless, questioning spirit, which made all my studies purposeless. Still, no one suspected me. I conformed to all the outward practices of religion, arrogantly hoping that I should at last subdue my enemy single-handed. So the struggle went on for several years, and in the end I had manifestly the worst of the battle. My spirits, energies, health, were affected by the conflict. I knew of myself, I was assured by others that I had it within me to do my share of work for the world with my tongue or my pen. I had the gift of utterance ; but to what purpose ? Could I speak without giving forth that which was within me ?

"I threw up all professions in disgust. I disappointed the expectations of my teachers, and returned here to find both parents gone, my brothers all dead, and my two sisters the sole remnant of our once large family. I believe that the sympathy of a pious mother or sister—a strong, tender young sister like you, Ellen, could at that time have saved me.

"As it was, my sisters were little to me ; they had grown to be women while I was a child, and their sympathies had gone on too far before me. Elswitha you know. To Rowena I once came nearer ; she had given me an affection which, had it been a strong sensible one, might have done great things for me. But when I returned here from college, Rowena was as you see her now.

"All this must tire you. I will pass quickly over the last ten years. I have travelled in search of faith. I have visited different countries and inquired into their creeds. I have lingered in churches; I have paid painful attention to sermons. Human reason was my arch enemy; it refused me all that my soul craved. The stronger it became, the more it fed on knowledge, so did its territory grow wider. It became more monstrously arrogant; it would hear of no compromise. I found it utterly invincible, unassailable by force or argument.

"The more fiercely I tore up the ground seeking for my jewel, the farther it seemed to retreat into the bowels of the earth. Two years spent in Germany, grubbing among the infernal doctrines of the Rationalists, put out my last lingering vestige of light. Since then I have been in utter darkness."

He stopped. That awful look was on his face which announces the existence of a solitary anguish that can find no egress from the prison of its victim's soul.

"I have had dark hours. What hours! Fancy could not measure their length, nor their depth, nor their intolerable weight. I have felt that an unseen spirit of justice and vengeance, in whose existence I could not have faith, was scourging me through the world, in punishment of my sin of unbelief. To appease this awful shade I have striven hard, by leading a pure life, by endeavouring to carry out sternly the severest code of laws which I could idealize for rectitude. I have abstained from every indulgence; I have denied myself even simple pleasures. I have pursued none but the deepest and most difficult studies. I have forborne to approach the pleasant ways of poetry and fiction, fearing to be cheated by my enemy into a fatal slumber among flowers and stars. Vigilance I conceived to be at once my torment and my friend.

"There have been times when, worn out, I have almost yielded to drift down the black river without further struggle. But the blind apathy of those times was so unspeakably horrible that I have always sprung from it once more to my post. Life was so sickening, time was so darkened by clouds, I strove fiercely to see some ray of light beyond the grave. I prized my soul, a power which I felt within me, which was fettered here. I held fast by something, I knew not what, a something of my own greater than man, more comprehensive than time, more

ambitious than would be satisfied with a few short warring years. That something made me dread annihilation.

"Will you help me to bear this dreadful burden? Last September I thought I saw a ray of light. It did not come from those depths on which my eyes were fixed expecting it, but it sprang up warmly by my side. Ellen, will you hold your lamp overhead that I may see about me; even in this room where I have buried myself for nights and days to wrestle in silence with my torture? Since the shining of that light I have been more happy than I thought it possible I could ever be. I have fallen unwittingly into that slumber among the roses, and conscience has wakened me with a rough shake. Must I return to darkness, or is true light to be found in the sunshine that fosters the flowers? Ellen, speak a guiding word!"

With an effort she found her voice.

"What can I say? What is there that I can say? The wise have failed to teach you; any word of mine would be very simple and weak."

"I do not want learned teachers. I am sick of argument. I have angered all the wise who have taken an interest in my case. I do not want to be treated as a criminal, but rather as one diseased, who, though peevish and hard to bear with in his suffering, will yet be grateful for a cure. Your very ignorance, your purity from spiritual pride, will lead you to be patient with me, I think. Give me a trial, not to-day, but soon. I will not ask you to come here again, but to-morrow evening I will go down to the rocks under the ruin. Will you come there and preach my salvation? The angels of your own heaven would go with you, Ellen, on such a mission. Will you promise?"

Ellen promised, and then went out to the garden again, and round to the house.

By the time she reached the stairs her grief had been swallowed, her shock was over. The bitter tears that a little time ago had been hardly checked might have come down now; but they were all dried up. A fever of energy possessed her. It seemed that she heard a war-trumpet, and must get down her armour, must see that her weapons had no flaw. Where were her sword and her shield? Spots of rust

must be cleaned from both. There was enough to do without sitting down to cry about it.

In spite of Egbert's last words, her head ached with trying to be wise. But the recollection of her slender experience and dreamy education warned her quickly of the foolishness of this. "What can I do or say to help him?" she cried, pressing her hands over her burning eyes, while the impatient blood throbbed in her throat and temples.

She walked that evening up and down the long room during her firelit hours of leisure, with something of the spirit of a young war-horse that chafed to be in action. What was this awful stir of life which had penetrated the still house, calling upon her to take a part of thrilling consequence? The wrestling with an unquiet spirit, the guiding of a wrecking life-boat into harbour, the fighting for a crown wherewith to crown the vanquished for salvation? And it might be hers to lead him to the gates of peace. Ellen locked her hands above her head, and whispered a cry, "O Mighty Sun! illumine my soul and fire my tongue."

She did not think of failure; was not her cause strong? Stood she not upon a rock? Did not the ocean with its storms obey her Master? How could she be confounded?

She sat before the glowing fire, and summoned her hosts, like the leader of a valiant band that has sworn to take a stronghold. Thoughts came to her, and she put them into words, strung them along like burning beads of amber, and vividly coloured precious stones. Having woven a chain, she gave it into memory's charge, and said, "Keep it till to-morrow."

Next evening she was early on the beach; she sat down on the rocks with a brain brimful of musing. She would stay but an hour, and hoped he would come soon. She saw him speedily, striding along the beach, and in a few minutes he had sat down upon the rocks opposite to her.

"You must not expect me to be learned," she said, as he sat quietly waiting for her to speak, and then she looked round and listened, as if for some key-note, waiting for about three beats of the ocean drum. At first she spoke with difficulty, but her courage grew as she went on.

"A mighty Spirit dwelt in His vast halls of space. He was all, and all were in Him. He had many names, such as

Light, Goodness, Beauty, Power ! The breath He breathed was transcendent happiness ; the motion of His arm was sovereign might ; the lustre of His eye was inextinguishable sunshine ; the paths He trod were highways of peace. His speech flowed in rivers of crystal ; His thoughts were dazzling worlds apart. Ages revolved in their course, and heaped up His glory.

" But His generous heart grieved that there were none to enjoy His happiness save himself ; then He thought of creating Number, and of multiplying it, and calling on myriads of spirits to bask in His glory and share His splendour.

" And His thought was clothed in a word, and His word was deed ; but He said, ' My noblest angels have rebelled ; these spirits have not been proved. I will give them a season of trial, before I admit them to My glory.' And He created for them a delicious paradise, and said, ' This shall be the entrance to My kingdom.' He placed them in it, the beautiful spirits whom He had created, and surrounded them with love and beauty and happiness, generously seeking to win from them a gratitude and fidelity which might give them a claim to the reward of eternal sunshine which He pined to bestow upon them.

" Radiant with beauty, breathing with delight, glowing with the fervour of a new life, these creatures looked around them upon their paradise, and recognized with transport the munificent Being who had called them into existence to heap them with favours. The Great Spirit watched them with a loving eye as they wandered by His crystal rivers, slumbered among His brilliant flowers, or conversed beneath the mighty trees whose lustrous foliage dispensed fragrance, swaying and bowing, as the breath of their Great Master went and came.

" Then the Great Spirit said, ' I will try their love ; ' and he dropped a shackle upon their shoulders. They, feeling, looked and saw the hand which laid it upon them, and at first they bore it in silence. But presently becoming annoyed at its light touch, they snapped it wilfully, and threw it from them.

" Then the Great Spirit's mighty heart was filled with a tempest of grief and anger. He turned them adrift upon a barren land, and passed upon them sentence of pain and death. And then He turned His face from them for evermore."

Ellen paused, her face all alight with energy.

"That is the story," she said. "It must be pondered, and accepted, before I can give you the sequel."

"I know it. The tale is familiar to me. I see it as the prisoner sees the green fields lying under his barred window, as the thirsty cripple sees the cup of water temptingly placed within a yard of his extended hand. It is there, admirable, all sufficient, but I cannot touch it."

"Yet prisoners have been known to break their chains, and cripples to walk. It lies with yourself. The green fields can come no nearer to the prison bars. If liberty is so close at hand, do you not pant to make a desperate struggle and possess it?"

"If I did not pant, I should not suffer. If the cripple were not thirsty, the water would not tantalize him. If the irons had not been wrenched again and again to no purpose, the chained wretch would not chafe at the sight of the summer fields."

A sudden impulse seized her. She sprang to her feet, and raised her wet face to the grey rainy sky, crying,—

"Pity him, pity him, Father, and deign to send some sign!"

Some strange inspiration impelled her to do it; and then she stood trembling at her own audacity, feeling an awful conviction that, right or wrong, her appeal had been heard and would be answered. She looked at Egbert Aungier where he stood below her on the rocks, gazing out to sea, with the rain drifting through his hair. Some sudden and unearthly conviction seemed to have struck upon him too, making him start and look adrift with a new and unaccountable sensation of expectancy. He waited as breathlessly as the drowning man who rises to the water's surface and looks for a raft.

Hush! Great God, what was it? Something of sound, like music, that burst round the cliffs ahead, seeming to shake the rocks beneath their feet, and making the air quiver with triumph. A grand choral breaker of melody had spilt itself upon their ears, and they looked with straining eyes for some meaning, some cause. One high, echoing strain, sweet and wild, like the peal of a clear bell, rose aloft, piercing the air, and lingering after the crash and thunder of the chorus had rolled away into the confused murmuring of waves. Whence did it come? Ellen looked involuntary towards Dun, the

great headland whose knees were lapped by the rising tide, half expectant of some wondrous music-galley, with golden oars and silken streamers, but there was nothing for the eyes except the naked rocks and the chill foam-wreaths, and the gray, gray waste of ocean meeting the gray, gray waste of sky.

She sat down on the stones and covered her face.

"What was it?" she said.

"Music such as I never heard before; no doubt, produced by natural causes. An extraordinary combination of common sounds; the rising wind, the rising tide entering caves and splashing among shingle; nevertheless, most awful, coming when it did. No chance sent it."

She rose up, trembling between fear and rapture.

"Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good-will!"

As she spoke, the setting sun slid from behind his gray curtain, and kissed the dim ocean line with burning lips.

The old trouble came back to Egbert's face, and he said,—

"Those words belong to the sequel of your story. Remember, my light is very faint. Will you tell me the rest to-morrow evening?"

"I will."

"And meantime you will pray for me?"

"I will."

He looked in her face.

"God bless you, Ellen! There, you had better hurry quickly home. The rain is coming fast."

* * * *

Next evening found them on the rocks again. Ellen told the sequel of her story; but it fell on a doubting ear. She struck the rock again and again, but no waters gushed forth. He could not be a Christian.

Gaining desperate energy as her hope sank, she talked herself to fever. She wrung her own heart, reading passages of grief. She forced tears from his eyes, but they would not wash out blindness. She used language which could not have been hers at any other time. Evening after evening she came to the shore. Night after night she prayed, "Lord, give me this one soul!" but the darkness only thickened.

All this told on her natural bright health and spirits. She

grew nervous and dejected, and drew no comfort from her usual happy recreations. One evening she had rambled to the ruin. Egbert found her there, and the bitter subject was discussed.

Ellen was wearied out at last, and had bent her head upon her hands to hide the tears which burst into her eyes. Her nerves had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement, and it was only by a painful struggle that she kept down the sobs that were shaking her to get free.

"You are weeping, Ellen. Would to God I had kept all this to myself. Would to God I had taken myself and my curse far away from you long ago!"

"What can I do? What can I say?" cried Ellen, passionately. "I am no better than a bird pecking at a rock. I may beat myself to death against it, but I cannot help you!"

He dropped on his knee by her side, with a strange light in his eyes, and, taking one of her hands, smoothed it and caressed it between his own.

"You can," he said, "with your angel's piety, your child's faith—your woman's love, if you will give it to me. Will you?"

Ellen glanced up, and then sat as if stunned. What was this—where had their conversation drifted to? Over what precipice had her eagerness dashed her headlong? Into what unknown beautiful land had it whirled her? Was the shock sweet or painful? She did not know; she was dazzled; she wanted to rush away somewhere and think about it alone.

But that would not do. He had asked her a question, and she knew he was standing there waiting for an answer. Yet it seemed as impossible for her to speak as to will herself a thousand miles away. He stooped down before her again.

"Ellen, have I been too rash? Tell me quickly. Would you wish me to go away, and never vex you with my presence again?"

"Oh, no!" she said, hurriedly.

"But if you cannot love me I must go, and never see Dunmara again."

Ellen looked blankly round at the gray sea. In that instant the truth came to her, naked as the shivering trees. A vision of Dunmara with Egbert banished for ever loomed before her like the approach of a living burial. Its utter bleakness brought the tears flowing to her eyes. In their wet blindness they

met his gaze, and that newly revealed truth took away her breath with dread.

"What do you say, Ellen? You are wasting my life with this suspense!"

She was conscious of the hoarseness of his voice, of his compressed lips and pale face. She was dumb, thinking of Dunmara without him.

"Shall I leave to-night?" he said.

A long hand was stretched towards her; a strong, honest hand with pain in the very gesture of its extension. She met it with a touch light as a snow-flake, and when it closed upon her fingers, she clung to it as a child to its mother.

"Oh, do not go!" she sobbed; "do not go away."

"You love me?"

"I do, I do!"

That tender hand laid her head on his breast, and caressed the bright hair till her tears ceased.

"Darling!" he whispered, exultingly, "you have sweetened my life at last!"

A sudden recollection struck chill to Ellen's heart.

"Oh! hush!" she said: "there is something else. Something else must be first!"

"Yes, yes," he said, impatiently, holding her fast; "it shall be by-and-by!"

She looked up at his radiant face, and slipped away from him.

"By-and-by will not do," she said.

"I cannot think of it now, Ellen. Let me be happy; joy is so new to me. I will consider sterner things to-morrow."

"You must consider them now; you may not be alive to-morrow. This was not the way you talked a week ago. I have done you nothing but harm. I will go away."

"O God, have I not tried? Has my suffering not been enough?"

"You must conquer, and I do not help you. I must leave Dunmara."

He started with almost a cry.

"You do not mean that you will desert me now?"

She stood aside, with her face averted.

"Ellen ! will you not be merciful as God is merciful ? "

She turned and hurried away weeping, leaving him alone under the ruin.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

THE BORDER—NORTHUMBERLAND

We strayed together, dear one, yesterday
Across the moor to where the great crags stand
In sculptured strength, as if a giant's play
Had cast them there, to guard with iron hand
The glorious freedom of a No Man's Land.

Gazing we stood and in the silence saw,
Wrapped in a veil of pure ethereal blue,
Those rolling fells where human mind and law
Have left no impress ; here each time anew
Nature has proved herself the one thing true.

I thought there of a No Man's Land unseen
Which jealousy is kept in each one's heart,
Made of the Future and the Might-have-been—
Fragments all useless in the world's great mart,
The hidden treasures of our life apart.

Vague hopes and dreams, dim vision of a star !
Words with no meaning for the greater mass
Of those we live with. Aye, but these things are
Reflections shadowed darkly in a glass
Of that Reality which shall not pass.

KATHLEEN M. BALFE.

AMEN CORNER

V

TESSELLÆ

PERSONS who thought they could spell every English word have been puzzled by "a tessellated pavement." They were surprised to find that "tessellated" doubles not only the *s* but the *l*, being derived from *tessella*, the diminutive form of *tessera*. That is a Greek name given in Latin to a little ivory cube, like dice, used for various purposes. As one of these purposes was to send round the watchword, or war-cry before the battle, the expression, "tessera of meditation," has been employed by modern spiritual writers to signify the ejaculation carried away from our morning meditation to repeat during the day as a reminder of our good resolutions. And so the diminutive form of *tessera* has been applied by the present writer to very brief spiritual rhymes like these which follow. The last five will suit us all. The third alludes to the significant fact that Ireland is the only country in which the *De Profundis* is said at the end of Mass. She will not let us forget the faithful departed.

At Drumshambo.

Through half the night and all the day
They pray, they pray, they pray—
O, happy they !

Soggarth Land.

Where, 'neath the sun and the moon,
Over God's earth and sea,
Land of the *Soggarth Aroon* !
Where is there Isle like to thee ?

Dinna Forget !

Land of the *De Profundis* !
Thy children never fail
To pray for the Souls Departed—
They look beyond the Veil.

Super Omnia.

Heart of my Jesus, I love Thee, I love Thee—
 Everything for Thee and nothing above Thee.
 Above Thee ? All else, dearest Jesus, must be
 Less than a drop to the infinite sea.

Nondum !

On winning this poor heart of mine
 Thy Heart, O Lord, is set ;
 And is it Thine, and wholly Thine ?
 Alas, not even yet !

Bambino.

When I see an infant on his mother's breast,
 Smiling as she presses to his lips a kiss,
 Loving Faith delighteth in this touching test :
 " Once my Lord and Saviour was a babe like this."

Grace of Predilection.

There is a grace I cherish o'er almost every other :
 Oh, God be blessed Who gave me an Irish Catholic mother.

Semper Fidelis.

No ! never, never shall this heart of mine,
 Though poor and weak, the generous strife resign,
 To be, each day, each moment, faithful still
 To conscience and to God's most holy will.

Ecce Frater tuus !

O Blessed Virgin Mary ! entreat thy Child Divine
 To pity and to pardon this sinful child of thine.

VI

TWO NUNS' LETTERS

THIS corner may be given up this month to letters that have come into my hands from two holy Nuns, one of whom died here at home several years ago, while the other is at the beginning of her religious life in some convent abroad. I myself know nothing more about the living nun ;

and about the one who is now with God in Heaven, as we may be happily confident, I am forbidden to say anything. The two letters in different ways illustrate St. Paul's denunciation of the Pagans whom after accusing them of dreadful crimes he charges also with being *sine affectione*, "without affection" (Rom. i. 31). The second letter shows that the sacrifice of earthly ties required by the religious vocation is not incompatible with the tenderest human love.

But before giving the letters let me supply two words which dropped out of the beautiful sentence quoted in March in this corner from Nathaniel Hawthorne. Few can correct a misprint by guess-work. That fascinating writer said: "I have always envied Catholics their belief in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendour, but permitting His love to stream down upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

The following letter of consolation was addressed to the sister of a Jesuit Father who had died between his fortieth and fiftieth year. The writer was at the time very near to her own holy happy death.

January 1st, 1878.

MY DEAREST HELENA,—We were made so happy by your visit of Sunday that, when the sad rumour reached us yesterday, we could not believe it real until your note came last night.

You will not think it want of heart when I tell you that the first exclamation which rose to my lips was, "Thanks be to God!" That was for his soul, blessed, pure and happy with his God, as I feel convinced he is. I can feel nothing but congratulations and happiness for him; there was something so exceedingly gentle, sweet, and spiritual about him that this world was scarcely his proper place: it seems perfectly natural as well as supernatural to have him go to God. How much is in that word, dear Helena, "gone to God"—all that is delightful and satisfying and blissful for himself, and all that is loving and tender and hopeful for you. It means all this and more of it than we could say. I know well your poor heart will quiver, touched as it now is in its tenderest part. But, dear, you will try, I know, to twine all the poor bleeding fibres round our Lord. This is a very important time for you: try to profit by it to the utmost. Do not try to crush nature—God never asks that. Let the feelings flow over as much as they will, but let it be into His Heart. But, above all, keep constantly giving to Him all the affections of your heart and all your suffering feelings.

Oh, how I pray to Him to keep you close to Him in this sorrow, and to make it do all the work He intends in your soul. I am a strange comforter, dear Helena, scarcely offering you a word of sympathy, but only urging you to profit by the Cross. You know my motive and you will not misunderstand me. Say everything to your dear mother for us. This is a heavy blow for her in her old age. We are feeling for all of you, and praying for all, but for you most, after his soul which has and will have the first place in all our prayers for some time, till we hope we shall be feeling the benefit of his intercession in Heaven.

Ever, my dearest Helena,

Your affectionate friend in J. C.,

SISTER M. I.

The other letter is of quite a different character. It is the simple expression of the tender filial feelings of an Irish maiden writing home to her old mother from her convent in a homeless sort of foreign mission.

December 12th, 1904.

MY OWN DARLING MOTHER,—Here I come all the way from the dark valley to throw myself in spirit into your loving arms and offer you with my fondest kisses my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year. May the Divine Babe pour on you His choicest blessings and spare you for many years still to the love of your children. If the last of them has torn herself away from your motherly heart and your tender care, ah! God only knows how much it cost her; and surely His Almighty Will alone could have induced me to make such a sacrifice. And, darling Mother, far from regretting the step I have taken, I have only tightened the cords of love and sacrifice, which, while they separate me from you in person, serve to bind me more closely than ever to you in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Yes, dearest Mother, on the 21st of November, the beautiful feast on which our Lady was presented by her parents in the Temple, I too advanced and at the summons *Veni, sponsa Christi*, yearning to complete the sacrifice already begun, I renewed the vows which will bind me for five years more to my crucified Spouse. And now I am preparing for the perpetual vows. Pray that God may give me grace to persevere to the end in my holy vocation.

I have continually the untold privilege of clothing in lily-white robes numbers of little Arabian babies, and indeed big ones also. . . . I am all right, thanks to the good care of our dear Mother Monica. Keep well and strong, dear Mother, until the little wanderer comes back to embrace you. May the Divine Infant bless and help you always. I will be with you at the Crib, and together we will thank Him for the inestimable favour He has deigned to confer on me. Good-bye, darling Mother. Get all the prayers you can for me, and also for a friend of mine who is in trouble.

EVER YOUR OWN LITTLE ROSE.

Reading the first of these letters in proofsheets, I cannot refrain from revealing that the priest spoken of in such touching terms was the Rev. John Stanley Mathews, S.J. May he rest in peace.

COWSLIP TIDE

THE cowslips have a voice for me,
They call me to those far-off hills
Where shadowy sheep move silently,
And silver gleam a hundred rills.

The raw dawn steals across the thatch,
The blackthorn's bridal robe's new-spun ;
And, ah ! could my hand lift the latch,
And my youth's tender home be won !

Dawn spreads its gossamer, as of old
Yellow as honeysuckles, yet
Evening comes down upon the fold—
Ah, heart, why can you not forget ?

The soft blue sky, the mild, wet air,
The green, green lands of that dear spot,
Are still as wild, are still as fair,
And I remember, though forgot.

ISABEL KEITH LLOYD.

CHILD LITERATURE

AFTER more than twenty years' experience in dealing with the "infant mind," I want to say a word of protest against the flood of twaddle issued every year by the press as mental food for our children. Binding gorgeous, illustrations brilliant, letterpress *nil*. Even clever writers seem to make a point of writing down to baby capacities instead of writing up.

During these twenty years I have constantly observed that the little ones "loath this very light food;" that, when the novelty has worn off, the fine books are thrown aside and forgotten. The hungry young intellect is being starved where such mental food is given. Youngsters, as I have found them, seize eagerly on stronger meat; and, when some time and patience are given to distributing the same quietly and pleasantly to them, they enjoy it thoroughly.

The Holy Ghost is a strong enough writer, and the children find no fairy tale so fascinating as the stories from His pen. The Creation, the Story of Joseph, the Israelites in Egypt, the Ten Plagues, the Red Sea, Mount Sinai—every word of it all the children hang upon and absorb; and it has been found more interesting straight out of the Bible itself than from any prepared biblical child-literature—just as a good cut of mutton is more satisfying than the best of mutton-broth. Try it, my dear madam; take down the old Bible from that top-shelf where perhaps it lies in respectful solitude, open the Book of Tobias, for instance, and look at the children's faces as they listen to the story of the bird, the fish, and the mysterious angel. Perhaps you will enjoy the tale yourself, and take home the lesson of God's recognition of the charity of old Tobias, and the sore trial that was its first result.

The Book of Esther is always a favourite, full of interest and excitement from beginning to end. The episode of the sorrows of the Chosen People with its glorious termination, Mardochai's grand triumphal march, the villain's sore disappointment, his enforced attendance upon his old enemy, "the man

whom the king delights to honour," and, finally, his tragic end upon the "gallows forty cubits high."

The stories in the New Testament are even more attractive. I remember a special favourite of long ago, which the little people called "Our Lord's pic-nic." He is waiting on the shore, waiting to finish the founding of His Church, and to put the care of it into His Vicar's hands. The Apostles are coming in, tired after the long night of fruitless labour, and we listen for His first word to them, these ministers of His, these great foundation stones upon whom the immortal fortress is to stand. He sees how tired they are, how hungry and disappointed; and no word will He speak to them of what is burning at His heart until they have been fed and rested, and their hunger and weariness are things of the past. "Children," He says, "have you any meat?" He sees to it that they have plenty; and, when they come to land, a fire is burning pleasantly, fish is being cooked, a loaf is there: the little pic-nic is ready, and He ministers to them Himself. The Bible says particularly that it is not until they have dined that He proceeds to business, and makes His last Will and Testament in favour of the Apostle who loves Him "more than those."

The Marriage in Cana is always listened to with appreciation. No tale of old enchanter or magician's wand is half so wondrous as this of the "conscious water that saw its God and blushed." It is easy to point out to the children how well the Blessed Virgin knew her Son; how, after His somewhat enigmatic answer to her appeal, she turned to the waiters, without a moment's doubt or hesitation, and desired them to attend to His commands.

Another story dearly loved is that of Our Lord's coming over the sea to His frightened followers, who take Him for a ghost, of poor St. Peter's hurry to get to Him, and subsequent wavering with its disastrous results.

These instances might be multiplied to tedious length, but the end of them all is simply this. When the youngsters have listened every morning for half a dozen years to these stories of Our Lord's sayings and doings, they come to know Him intimately, and the seed is sown of a strong personal love of Him. The after-growth that comes from such a seed no man may measure.

M. A. CURTIS.

SLUMBER SONG

Shoheen sho ! There's a new moon setting,
The babe of my bosom for sleep is fretting.
Cross the child 'gainst the power of Faery,
In the Name of Christ, with the might of Mary.
Shoheen sho, lu-lu-lo !

Shoheen sho ! In the cradle of willow
There's snow-white down in the sleep-soft pillow ;
There's a first lamb's fleece wrapped about thy body,
O Babe of Beauty, O Fair-and-Ruddy !
Shoheen sho, lu-lu-lo !

ALICE FURLONG.

MARY IN HEAVEN

I CANNOT think that she is gone,
That I no more shall see
The kindest face the sun shone on,
That looked such love on me.
I cannot think it, though all day
I say it over and over,
And try to see her as she lay
Under her flowery cover.

I cannot feel that Mary's gone—
Soft bosom, giving hand.
Alas, poor heart, cold as a stone
You cannot understand.
That all the years are yet to come
You must go sad, bereaven !
Heavy the way and wearisome
Since Mary's gone to heaven.

KATHARINE TYNAN

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Ballads of a Country Boy, Seumas MacManus.* Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. (Price 1s.)

We had added "by" before the poet's name on this title-page; but it is right to leave it as it stands, implying that Seumas MacManus is himself the country boy, now no more, whose ballads he has gathered into this neat and pleasant volume. "Ethna Carbery, silver-tongued, Heart of Gold," to whom the book is dedicated, was no relative of the Jesuit Father of that name with whom many of our pages have for some months been concerned. She was Anna Johnston, who was united very happily to a kindred spirit but taken from him very soon by death. Her prose tales are full of Celtic fervour and purity; her poems have reached already the thirteenth edition, and have won enthusiastic praise. Mr. MacManus pays touching tribute to his wife's memory at the beginning and the end of his book, and the book itself is worthy of such consecration. It is full to overflowing of love for Ireland, and Donegal, and the birds, and all the beautiful works of God. There is a quaint mixture of pathos and drollery in such pieces as "When I was Twenty-wan." We suppose "Father Phil" was as real a character as Father Tom Doyle of Ramsgrange. Nothing could be purer than such love-songs as "The Path across the Moor," or more pathetic than "For the Shores of Americay" and the "Farewell to Donegal." The book is evidently aimed straight at the heart of the people—those who are sometimes called patronisingly "our humbler countrymen." It ought to reach its aim; and at any rate the price will certainly not be a barrier to the wide circulation that it deserves. This well-printed and well-bound book is an excellent shilling's worth; and it is given in paper cover for sixpence.

2. *Dante and Virgil.* By H. M. Beatty, M.A., LL.D. London : Blackie & Son, 50 Old Bailey.

This dainty little tome is full of refinement and literary erudition, and is evidently the fruit of much study and patient enthusiasm. Every congenial reader will be at once caught by the very unconventional and very graceful preface. Inter-

esting quotations are drawn, with full references, from all sorts of quarters, showing Dr. Beatty to be an accomplished expert in his subject. The snatches of translation are particularly good, though the very first from Haselfoot is deformed by the absurd Cockney rhyme of *fraught* and *report*. A strange book verily to come from Ballymena.

3. The volume just noticed was one of a batch sent to us by one of those firms who, like most of the great publishers nowadays, aim at universal dominion, having houses in all parts of the world. Blackie & Son had their original headquarters in Glasgow, but they have now establishments in London, Bombay, Dublin, and Belfast. We separated the smallest of the books from the rest on account of its original character, the other five being very beautiful reprints of classics, new and old, belonging to the series called "The Red Letter Library," which aims at "presenting the masterpieces of the English language in the most artistic form and at a moderate price"—namely, 1s. 6d. net, in cloth. Some forty volumes of the great poets and prose writers have been issued, with introductions by Alice Meynell, Alfred Austin, G. K. Chesterton, Archbishop Alexander, and others. Of the volumes lying before us at present the most attractive for many will be the four hundred pages that give Carlyle's studies in biography, which Frederic Harrison in his excellent introduction of eight pages calls "four of his most typical essays, the most fruitful, the most generous"—on Goethe, Burns, Boswell's Johnson, and Sir Walter Scott. Delightful reading, giving us Carlyle at his best, before he began to translate English into Carlylese. Mr. Keith Leask's painstaking notes at the end are useful. Was it really Manzoni (not Mazzini) who was Garibaldi's friend (page 373)? In page 384 it is Dr. Johnson, not Dr. Bathurst, who loves a "good hater." Line 8 of page 390 has a misprint which puzzles one ingenious reader to set right. Other volumes of the Red Letter Library are *The Merchant of Venice*, edited by E. K. Chambers; Dr. Pusey's translation of *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, with introduction by Canon Beeching, who also furnishes a thin and useless preface to *The Imitation of Christ*, without mentioning the name of the translator. The wonderful book about the Blessed Sacrament is called here the Third Book, as the two great authorities, Dr. Pohl and Dr. Cruise,

have decided that it ought to be ; but not a word is said on the subject. The last of these beautiful books is a very careful edition of the poems of Henry Vaughan the Silurist ; very holy and delightful, but too quaint and old for many readers, even in the half-crown issue in limp leather, with the white silk marker to slip between the pages where you leave off.

4. *Some Little London Children*. By Mother M. Salome, of St. Mary's Convent, York. London : Burns & Oates. (Price 2s. 6d.)

This is a pleasant and useful chronicle of the doings and sayings of three Catholic children living with their father and mother till the two girls go to a German convent-school. The various transactions and discussions are recorded very minutely and cleverly by one who seems to understand all about it, and to be drawing on a faithful memory as well as on a lively imagination. Of course many will think that in some respects they themselves understand children better. For instance, would Bobby call his big sisters "the children," as he does in one place ? This is the best book of its class that we have seen lately. It is not as funny or as winsome, or of such literary charm as Lady Gilbert's *Four Little Mischiefs*, or Mrs. Blundell's *Town Mice in the Country*—is that the name ?—but it is more "grown-up," and (while sufficiently agreeable) more serious, and many mothers will prefer it for practical purposes.

5. *Handbook of Homeric Study*. By Henry Browne, S.J., M.A., New College, Oxford ; Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland ; Professor of Greek at University College, Dublin. With Twenty-two Plates. Dublin : Browne & Nolan, Ltd. (Price 6s. net.)

We have transcribed this title-page in full, as it suggests some of Father Browne's special qualifications for the difficult task which he has just accomplished very satisfactorily. Nothing of the sort has been attempted since Professor Jebb's well-known manual ; and, therefore, many important materials and recent discoveries are now for the first time utilised for the illustration of Homer's writings. In his interesting preface Father Browne gives very explicit and emphatic thanks to several Greek scholars for the generous assistance they have afforded him. All the questions connected with the authorship of the Homeric poems are discussed with very painstaking

erudition, the fruit of the systematic labour of years ; and the attentive student will derive great assistance and even enjoyment from these pages. The romance of Schliemann's discoveries is set before us in an extremely interesting manner ; and we have the advantage of the light thrown on the problems of classical archæology by the excavations of Dr. Evans in Crete, so recent that they are still going on. Some of the illustrations are very beautiful and are very well reproduced, such as "Snow-capped Olympus." A very full index was necessary for such a work, and it is duly furnished to us. The youthful student of Homer must henceforth look on the possession of this Handbook not as a luxury, but as a necessity.

6. *Reminiscences of an Oblate of St. Charles.* By the Rev. Francis J. Kirk, Oblate of St. Charles. London : Burns & Oates. (Price 2s.)

A very simple and modest account of what has been done for the last fifty years in London by the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater and three other churches that sprang from Dr. Manning's first foundation. The glimpses of Bentley, the architect of the Westminster Cathedral, are interesting. Why does not Father Kirk name at the very beginning the two ladies who began the church that grew into St. Mary's of the Angels ? Honour be to their memory.

7. *The Early Haunts of Oliver Goldsmith.* By J. J. Kelly, D.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin : Sealy, Bryers & Walker ; M. H. Gill & Son. (Price 2s. 6d.)

Dean Kelly of Athlone has, with amazing diligence and perseverance, gathered together every minutest particular that can now be ascertained about the place of Goldsmith's birth, the places where he lived, the friends whom he visited, and all his relatives and connections ; and he has made out of them all a very pleasant book which will be welcome, especially to the worshippers of the gentle author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *She Stoops to Conquer*. This half-crown volume, which is well printed and bound, contains a great deal more than the title would lead one to expect. For instance, "the beautiful Miss Gunnings" have a chapter all to themselves ; and their connection with Goldsmith, as shown here, proves that they are entitled to it. There are twelve or fourteen pictures of houses and scenes linked with Oliver's memory, and a *facsimile*

of a long letter of his. This is indeed a very complete work of its kind. It is interesting to learn that Catherine Goldsmith, the only daughter [of the poet's brother Henry, became a Catholic. She reminds us of Longfellow's niece Adela, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter Rose, who both found their way into the Church, while the author of *Evangeline* and the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, both betraying Catholic sympathies, remained outside. Dean Kelly has also brought into requisition his knowledge of Irish archæology to which he is evidently devoted.

8. Mr. W. P. Linehan, the well-known bookseller, Little Collins Street, Melbourne, has sent a large batch of the publications of the Australian Catholic Truth Society, of which Cardinal Moran is the patron, and Archbishop Carr the president. The price of each is the popular penny, but the form and get-up seem better than those of similar publications at home. Two of them are essays about the Australian poets, Gordon and Kendall, by the Rev. J. J. Malone. They are admirably done, and give within a small space a clear idea of the merits and demerits of Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall as poets and as men. True poets both of them seem to have been and very unfortunate men. What has Father Malone himself done for literature? We do not remember him as a contributor to the *Austral Light*. His undoubted literary talent ought to be exercised. The names of some of the other C.T.S. publications are a sufficient indication of their interest and worth. *The Priests and People of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century: a Vindication*, by Cardinal Moran. *The Lamp of the Sanctuary: a Story*, by Cardinal Wiseman. *The Drunkard* by Archbishop Ullathorne. *Rise and Progress of the Church in Australia*, by the Archbishop of Melbourne (Dr. Carr). Two short stories, *A Sprig of Holly* and *The Christmas Crib*. We may name together, *Radium, its History and Properties*, by Monsignor Molloy, D.D.; and *Modern Astronomy*, by Arthur Wadsworth. Dr. Molloy's name is sufficient guarantee for the former. The latter is very learned, but perhaps too learned for its purpose. Are we bound to believe the astronomers who tell us so very circumstantially such awful things about stellar distances?—for instance, that a certain explosion seen by us in 1901 took place in reality in the year 1603, and so far away that the blaze

of light has taken all those 298 years to reach us, though rushing towards us at the rate of six millions of millions of miles per year! The earnest and effective appeal, *The Catholic Church and Temperance*, by the Rev. F. C. Hays (a nephew of Monsignor Nugent, to whom Liverpool is erecting a statue in his lifetime), is made much more interesting by Mr. Bowditch's account of the preacher. By the way, Mr. Bowditch's own contribution to this admirable series, *God's Masterpiece marred by Drink*, was not included in Mr. Linehan's parcel, of which the last item is *Mary Immaculate and Democracy*, by Dr. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque. This title is somewhat misleading: the essay of the Irish-American prelate describes the Blessed Virgin Mary's part in the history of the Church and of humanity, down to the present time when "monarchy has become simply a form of constitutional government; popular rights and free institutions have won the day against all resistance [have they?]" —suffrage, growing more and more universal, rules the world, and we are fully launched on the age of Democracy, 'the government of the people by the people for the people.'" Dr. Keane ought, for the benefit of Australia, to have attributed this last phrase to Abraham Lincoln. In the United States every man has off by heart the Gettysburg speech.

9. *Socialism and Christianity*. By the Right Rev. William Stang, D.D., Bishop of Fall River. New York: Benziger Bros. (Price 4s. net.)

Dr. Stang has presented in clear and simple language the sober orthodox view of social questions which are coming every year into greater prominence. He adapts to the social conditions prevailing in the United States (which in many respects resemble our own) the writings of Father Cathrein and others, discussing capital and labour, strikes, trade-unions, guilds, &c. The fifth chapter gives an interesting account of the Catholic movement in favour of social reform, connected with such names as Bishop Ketteler, Cardinal Mermillod, and Leo XIII.

10. *The Mirror of St. Edmund*. Done into Modern English by Francesca M. Steele. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 2s. net.)

It is a pity that Father M'Nab in the preface that he has contributed to this very dainty little volume did not give us some account of St. Edmund himself and of this book, its

history, its previous publications, &c. It is quaint and holy ; but in spite of the saint (was it Philip Neri ?) who preferred the books whose author's name begins with an S, many uncanonised modern writers discuss these various questions of piety more fully and more satisfactorily than is possible in the little chapters of this book, consisting sometimes of a couple of pages.

11. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell Street, have published for twopence a short Bible History in Irish, by the Rev. Martin Healy, whom the Archbishop of Tuam commends as " a zealous priest and an excellent Irish scholar." Father Healy is said to follow in the matter of spelling Father Dinneen, whose Dictionary is at present in possession of the field. A little vocabulary of the most difficult words is prefixed to each chapter. This little work is evidently an important addition to Irish educational literature.

12. *The Rights of our Little Ones, or First Principles in Education in Catechetical Form.* By the Rev. James Conway, S.J. New York : Benziger. (Price 9d.)

This is the author's treatise, *The Respective Rights and Duties of Family, State, and Church in regard to Education*, reduced to the briefest compass and simplest form. In spite of a price which seems high in this age of marvellous pennyworths and still more marvellous sixpenceworths, the booklet has reached a third edition, and is evidently destined to a very wide circulation. May God strengthen all who are fighting the battle of education on His own side !

13. The Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, London, takes the place of publisher on the title-page of a series of plays written by a Religious of that famous Convent. Of the " Historical Plays for Schools," two, *Christians under Trojan* and *St. Catherine of Alexandria*, were published some time ago, and they are now followed by Nos. 3, 4, 5, namely : *Some Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers*, *Maids of Honour* (each of these costs a shilling), and *A Hundred Years Ago* (price 6d.) An exceedingly effective introduction from the pen of the Rev. W. Roche, S.J., is prefixed to each, the same for all ; and no one can read it without being inclined to believe beforehand that this Religious of the Sacred Heart has succeeded well in her difficult task. Yet we must confess that, even still, we

were not prepared to enjoy these little plays as much as we have done, for we have often found the bare text of very successful plays to be very poor reading. *Some Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers* (ought it not to have got a shorter and more dramatic name ?) deals with Queen Elizabeth's time, *Maids of Honour* with the time of Charles II, and Father Colombiére, S.J., is one of the *Dramatis Personae*. Under that last phrase when put in front of *A Hundred Years Ago* is printed "With Permission : " which means, we suppose that leave was asked to introduce the Weld family on the stage, for this little drama dates no further back than the foundation of Stonyhurst College. King George III plays a rather amiable part in it as the guest of Mr. Thomas Weld of Lulworth Castle. *The New Sintram, a Morality Play*, by the same author pleases us less, perhaps because we are unacquainted with the old Sintram. How can the Predominant Passion be Sintram's father ? Probably this question will show our ignorance in the matter of morality plays.

14. *A Child's Influence. A Drama in Three Acts.* By Madame Cecilia. London : Washbourne. (Price 1s.)

Madame Cecilia is a Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, who has shown great literary activity since the appearance of her excellent *Home Truths for Mary's Children*. She has published six of her "School and Home Plays for Girls," of which the sixth has just been named. It is a bright, stirring little drama, for the acting of which Madame Cecilia gives very clear and practical directions at the beginning of the book.

15. *That Man's Daughter.* By Henry M. Ross. New York : Benziger. (Price 5s.)

This is a clever novel by a writer whose name we have never seen before. There is plenty of ingenious plot which once or twice strains probability a little too far. Have they abolished Christian names in the United States ? The three prominent men in this tale have no Christian names but Dean, Warren, and Norris ; and a clever contributor to the *Georgetown College Journal* has three surnames and no Christian name at all. How did the priest manage to baptize him ?

16. The Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge-road, London, S.E.) continues steadily its apostleship of printing, with a *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works*, in England and Scotland, price 6d.—Ireland would need a much

bigger book all to itself. *The Christian Revolution* (price one penny) by William Samuel Lilly, is too thoughtful and too original for popular use. The twelve pages about St. Augustine are very beautiful. At the same price, *Credo, a Simple Explanation of the Chief Points of Catholic Doctrine*, by Mother Loyola of the Bar Convent, York; *The Living Rosary*, and *The Perpetual Rosary*, by Father Procter, O.P.; and *Two English Martyrs*, namely, Ven. John Body and Ven. John Marsden, by John B. Wainewright. The first of these was a layman. His peculiar name is represented by a very distinguished preacher among the Anglican clergy at present.

17. *The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Intended chiefly for Priests and Candidates for the Priesthood.* By the Rev. H. Noldin, S.J. New York: Benziger.

We have taken care to quote from the title-page the words that distinguish it from many good books by which it might seem to have been forestalled. Father Noldin was Rector of the Theological Seminary at Innsbruck when the idea of composing this treatise occurred to him; and it was to establish the devotion to the Heart of Jesus in the hearts of those aspirants that he compiled these devout instructions which are exceptionally learned and solid. This is the authorized translation from the German, and it has had the advantage of being revised by the Rev. W. H. Kent, of the Oblates of St. Charles. Priests will find it profitable for their own use and for greater precision and solidity in proposing the subject to their people. It is the most valuable addition to this branch of ascetic literature that has been made for a long time.

18. *The Ulster Journal of Archæology* for April, 1905, is full of good matter, interesting even for readers who are not rabid antiquarians. Excellent value is given for the annual subscription of five shillings. The extra volumes seem to be very interesting, such as a half-crown volume devoted altogether to Bon-na-margie, near Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, especially attractive for Franciscans and MacDonnells. *The Stonyhurst Magazine* is quite a different sort of college journal from the type popular in the United States, and indeed everywhere; and it seems to us more useful to the College in many ways than the spirited amateur magazines run by half-a-dozen editors in Georgetown (for instance) and Santa Clara. But

these must be great fun and capital literary exercise for the rising generation. The *Stonyhurst* at last condescends to admit advertisements. Of how much money it must have defrauded itself by its long abstention ! The *Canadian Month* is the new name of the *Cross*, a magazine published at Halifax, Nova Scotia. It takes a keen interest in Irish affairs ; but to judge things from a distance is very dangerous. One of the writers would do well to study a penny pamphlet published by the Catholic Truth Society for Ireland, under the title *Trinity College no Place for Catholics*. It contains, amongst other things, the deliberate judgment of John O'Hagan, Q.C. (afterwards Judge O'Hagan). He was the friend of Davis, and many Trinity-bred Protestants, and he went through its course with great distinction ; yet he was, all his after life, strongly opposed to the view put forward here, and in favour of a purely Catholic University. And this before the most popular T.C.D. Professor had made himself an apostle of Positivism, while another calls a Catholic cathedral " a grim monument of cold Observance the incestuous mate of Superstition."

St. Stephen's, the organ of the students of University College, or (as it prefers to call itself) " a Record of University Life," is as clever and sparkling as ever. Dr. Sigerson's elaborate joke is quite too learned. Dr. E. J. M'Weeney contributes an account, very brief yet full and impressive, of Dr. Ambrose Birmingham, whose loss the Catholic Medical School has good reason to deplore. He mentions the curious circumstance that Dr. Birmingham had four brothers who all became doctors also. Is that a record, as the sporting phrase puts it ?

No. 7 of volume 18 of the *Boston College Stylus* is at least as bright and sparkling as any of its predecessors. One youthful critic dares to play the part of devil's advocate in the cause of the canonisation of William Butler Yeats. There seems to be a good deal of sense in his objections, but so there was also in Jeffrey's fault-finding with Wordsworth and Gifford's with Keats. There is no advantage at any rate in going back to paganism. Evangeline is a more interesting heroine than Proserpine.

Bournemouth and Santa Clara—how many thousands of miles separate them ? From the former comes No. 12 of *Occasional Papers*, one of its items a poem translated by Count

Plunkett from the Magyar of Petöfi—a very strange language if the three words quoted are a fair specimen. From Santa Clara College comes its very spirited and spacious Magazine, the *Redwood*, so called from the fine tree that grows in that district. This new number is particularly good. "A Hundred Years from Now" is very original and thoughtful for a youth whose graduation is still three years ahead.

19. *Cantate Mariae. Meditations in Song.* By David Bearne, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. (Price 6d.)

We luckily were able to announce this exquisite *Mois de Marie* in time for May. But it will be in season all the year round. This modest volume—which, however, is not so small as its price might suggest—is the first collection that has been made of Father Bearne's poetry, though his prose volumes have multiplied very rapidly and been eagerly welcomed. No one could read his prose, especially in *The Golden Stair*, without perceiving that Father Bearne is a true poet. One of his striking characteristics is his wonderful command of a variety of musical metres. Many of his poems are made to be sung; nay, they sing themselves. The present *Meditations in Song* are thirty-one in number, evidently to match the days of Our Lady's month. Perhaps the most delightful of them (but all will not think so) is "Together," with its parenthetical indication of the date of the incident commemorated in each stanza. Ought there not to be a note to the "Song of a Spartan Boy"? There is really a great deal of freshness and originality in Father Bearne's May songs, both as to their form and substance. We have named the low price at which the book may be procured in a stiff, serviceable cover; but it would be wiser to double that price and get a copy suitably bound in cloth. We trust that *Cantate Mariae* will soon be followed by other volumes by the same poet, for which there are ample materials already in print; and the source is by no means dried up.

20. We are glad to see from "Blackie & Son's New Catalogue of Books sanctioned by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland" (Blackie & Son, Limited, 89 Talbot Street, Dublin, and Wellington Place, Belfast), that two old favourites of ours are circulating in this way among our young people. At page 68, among "Story Books sanctioned by the Commissioners as story-book readers for school libraries and for school prizes"

we notice *Four Little Mischiefs* by Rosa Mulholland, price 1s. 4d., and *The Late Miss Hollingford*, by the same, price 1s. The former is truly described here by the *Watchman* as "a charming bright story about little children." The latter, though cheaper even than its delightful little comrade, is suited for more mature readers. Our good nuns and other purveyors for school libraries are strongly recommended to put down these two items on their lists.

21. In an earlier paragraph we have commended to our readers the new Poet's Month of May, Father Bearn's *Cantate Mariæ*. The sixpenny edition was then in our hands, and it seemed quite sufficiently neat and pleasant to handle. But an additional sixpence makes a wonderful difference. We have received another copy charmingly bound in blue; and the enhanced elegance reminds us of those lines of Tennyson's *Enid and Geraint*, which we remember applying before to the binding of books :—

For though ye won the prize of fairest fair,
And though I heard him call you fairest fair,
Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

These "Meditations in Song" are sweeter and more pleasant in blue cloth gilt, than in even the neatest and thickest of paper covers.

A FINE MARCH, AND ONE AWAY

O STRANGE, unwonted, bonny March,
So April-like with willy-nillies,
Who hide in budding thorn and larch
And laugh in clumps of daffodillies !

So soft your breeze, so blue your sky,
So sweet your change of sun and shower,
The larks go singing low and high,
And music gladdens every bower.

We ought to thank you, as we do,
For gifts wherewith your hands are laden ;
And yet we bear a grudge for you—
You stole our darling little maiden.

You brought her here nine years ago,
And fair grew all the land about her ;
You took her—did you dare do so ?—
And Wimbledon is dark without her.

What have we done, that we should live
So many days in melancholy ?
What's Cliftonville, that you should give
Her sands a treasure such as Molly ?

Restore to us the happy pet
And make complete your gracious bounty ;
Give Molly back, and never yet
Was such a month in any county.

We want her smile, we want her looks,
Her loving ways, her merry chatter,
Her feet—as nimble as the brooks,
Her dearness that no words can flatter.

Restore all these, and take the rest
And turn unkind again and spiteful,
And you shall still be trebly blest,
And you will yet appear delightful.

J. W. A.

WINGED WORDS

1. At this day devotion to the Church is God's touchstone.
—*Father Faber.*

2. The Church is not only a woman merely ; she is much more
than a woman—she is a mother : the Mother of Europe, the
Mother of Modern Society, the Mother of Modern Humanity.
—*Montalembert.*

3. Throughout a struggle which would have crushed the

heart of any other people we clung to the jewel though we lost the casket ; and if our National character has not been preserved so well as the National Faith, we have surely good reason as a people to thank God that so many splendid virtues have survived the wreck. It is from the records of our past enforced degradation that we acquire confidence in our future destiny.—*Rev. Philip O'Doherty.*

4. It is better to preserve freedom in that kingdom for which alone perpetuity has been promised than to forfeit both by concerning ourselves too entirely with the affairs of a meaner realm, of which the duration is uncertain and with whose fortunes we have only a very passing connection.—*The Same.*

5. Amusement, as it is frequently pursued at the present day, is itself one of the things from which we want occasional rest.—*Dr. Harold Rashdall.*

6. It is a time-worn device of the careless speaker to call the avoidance of his mistakes pedantry.—*Editor, Saturday Review.*

7. Many people would be good Samaritans if it were not for the twopence and the oil.—*Sydney Smith.*

8. I never was really light-hearted till I forgave every man who had injured me.—*Anon.*

9. We never ought to look toward Death as a thing far off, considering that, although he made no haste toward us, yet we never cease ourselves to make haste toward him.—*Blessed Thomas More.*

10. There are three things which never return : time, a spoken word, a lost opportunity.—*Anon.*

11. The faults of the good are often more apparent than the sins of the wicked.—*Rev. David Bearn, S.J.*

12. Some of us expect a little too much from ourselves ; all of us expect too much from others.—*The Same.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

JULY, 1905

IN MEMORIAM:

CANON O'HANLON AND MR. HENRY BEDFORD

THE first half of the Blessed Virgin's Month has this year seen the death of three men who have a right to be commemorated in these pages. All three had reached a ripe old age. Only two of them are named above ; the third, though he had an Irish name and an ardently Irish heart, did his whole life's work in England, and was born in London, where he died. Strange to say, the departure of the Rev. James M'Swiney, S.J., would have escaped our notice but for that spirited journal, the *Glasgow Observer*. No mention was made of it in the *Tablet*, which chronicles diligently the exit of much less interesting men. Though he lived a very hidden life, he was known to be a very learned man and especially a profound Hebrew scholar. He was the valued colleague of the late Marquess of Bute in some of his literary undertakings. He translated from the Irish Windisch's treatise on the early Irish language ; but his most important work was his *Translation of the Psalms and Canticles with Commentary*, a huge octavo, published in 1901, full of the most exact and laborious erudition. Father M'Swiney was a singularly holy man of a somewhat quaint but most lovable character. May he rest in peace.

Canon O'Hanlon deserves pre-eminently the title which Dr. Russell of Maynooth gave to Dr. Matthew Kelly, calling

him (in the inscription on certain statues of Irish Saints, presented by him to the College) *sanctorum indigetum cliens devotissimus*. He will be remembered as the author of the *Lives of the Irish Saints*. He was born at Stradbally, in Queen's County, in 1821, which we may call the year of Napoleon's death, as the good Englishman, whose name we have joined with his, was fond of describing *his* birth-year, 1816, as the year after the battle of Waterloo. When seventeen years of age, he emigrated to America. In his twenty-sixth year he was ordained priest by the Archbishop of St. Louis, Peter Richard Kenrick. After doing priestly duty at St. Louis for seven years, his health failed, and he was obliged to return to his native country. Cardinal Cullen appointed him to a curacy in the parish of SS. Michael and John's, Dublin; and there he remained till he was made parish priest of Irishtown—now after his death divided into two parishes, Ringsend and Sandymount.

It is on record that Dr. Walsh, the present Archbishop of Dublin, often served Father C. P. Meehan's Mass as a boy, and no doubt he did the same for Father Meehan's fellow-curate. One of Dr. Walsh's first acts as Archbishop was to name Father O'Hanlon to a canonry in the Cathedral Chapter. Canon O'Hanlon spent the rest of his life beside his beautiful church of St. Mary Star of the Sea. We remember how pleased he was when we told him that the author of the favourite hymn, "Hail, Queen of Heaven," in which that title is given to our Blessed Lady, was Dr. Lingard the great historian. As a priest and as a man, he was full of zeal and kindness; and he was indefatigable in the discharge of all his priestly duties.

But he was indefatigable also in the one department of literature to which he was wise enough to devote himself almost exclusively. He had indeed tried his prentice hand on other subjects at the beginning of his career, publishing in 1849 at Boston, *An Abridgment of the History of Ireland* through Patrick Donahoe, founder of the *Pilot* and *Donahoe's Magazine*, both of them carried on still on a finer scale and with greater success than in the time of the founder. In 1851 he published *The Irish Emigrant's Guide to the United States*. Would that more of those emigrants would imitate his example and return to do good work in their native land.

His real work, however, as a writer began after his return to Ireland. In 1855 he published the life of St. Laurence O'Toole, which was followed by Lives of St. Malachy O'Morgair, St. Dymphna, and St. Aengus the Culdee. These were the preliminaries to his colossal enterprise, *The Lives of the Irish Saints*, for which he had been collecting materials for twenty years before he issued his prospectus. This work was issued in parts containing sixty-four pages, illustrated with pictures of ancient Irish Churches, etc.; and these were gathered into very fine royal octavo volumes of between 600 and 1000 pages each. In spite of great difficulties he persevered to the end, issuing the November volume last year; and it is understood that the materials for the December volume are ready for the press. It is a pity that the good Canon had not realised even more fully that reward of the faithful confessor *complevit labores illius*, by issuing the concluding volume of his *opus magnum*. To secure that completion we could have spared his excellent *Irish American History of the United States*, which at the age of seventy-seven he had the courage to write out again after it had been burned in the fire that destroyed the printing works of Messrs. Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, in 1898. It was published two years ago.

The holy and amiable old man died peacefully and happily on May 15th, 1905, Feast of St. Dymphna, one of 3,500 Irish Saints of whom he was the historian. May he rest in peace.

II.

Mr. Henry Bedford died on the 21st of May, 1905; and the following morning the *Freeman's Journal* contained a very full and affectionate tribute to his memory, for which the initials appended to it enable us to thank Dr. O'Mahony, his colleague during very many years on the staff of All Hallows College, Dublin.

Mr. Bedford was born in London on the 1st of October, 1815. He received his degree of Master of Arts after a distinguished course at the University of Cambridge, and took Orders in the Church of England, serving for some time as a curate in London, but soon getting charge of a parish in that monster city. He attracted much notice as a preacher of a

very pronounced High Church type. The Bishop of London sent for him, and admonished him not to preach certain doctrines which were, however, openly held by many of his clergy. After much study and prayer during his eight years as an Anglican clergyman, Mr. Bedford received the grace of conversion to the Catholic Church.

And now he had to begin life again with many difficulties confronting him. One not unusual difficulty he was free from ; he never married. But with all his eminent qualifications and what we may call his priestliness of character, he was, unfortunately, obliged to remain a layman all the rest of his life, a malformation of his right hand being an impediment to ordination. Denis Florence M'Carthy, in his fine poem, "The Lay Missioner," of which the original was John O'Hagan, says :—

"All are not priests, but priestly duties may
And should be all men's."

Henry Bedford managed to gather a good many of the merits and advantages of both vocations.

For a time his Cambridge friend, Canon Frederick Oakaley, of St. John's, Islington, was delighted to have his services in connection with the parish schools and choir ; but, happening to make the acquaintance of Dr. David Moriarty, then President of All Hallows but soon to be Bishop of Kerry, he transferred himself for the long residue of his life to Dublin under circumstances that Dr. O'Mahony is best qualified to describe :—

"At Dr. Moriarty's invitation he came to Ireland in 1852 on a visit to the College, and there remained as one of its young Community of Directors. Remaining there in that capacity, he was from the first distinctly given to understand, meant, from a worldly point of view, a life of wholly unremunerative labour, with no chance of any form of social advancement ; with even no security for life's future maintenance, as the institution at the time was in a very precarious condition, and, unlike its other members, he had not even the social security of Holy Orders. But, from the first, he used to say he felt his life's work lay there. And there, as it proved, he lived out his long life of active, effective work as Professor of Natural Science, Treasurer, and one of the College Directors."

It was indeed an enormous advantage for the students of a Missionary College like All Hallows, destined as they were

to preach the Gospel in many distant regions—though somehow the phrase “Foreign Missions” has modified its meaning, and those distant regions are not so distant or so unhomelike as they seemed to the young Irish heart in those early days of Father Hand’s apostolic institution—it was an enormous advantage and a great grace for the All Hallows students to have amongst them a man like Mr. Bedford. Outside his ostensible duties he played a very useful part in the general training of those young men; and the very remembrance of him, of his character and acquirements, and of the sacrifices he had made for the Faith, went with them into their distant spheres of duty and was a stay and a stimulus.

Besides discharging all his community engagements with exemplary exactness, Mr. Bedford found time for many external exercises of his great energy and ability and stores of knowledge. He used both the voice and the pen; he was an admirable writer and admirable speaker. We remember the impression produced by his speech in the Maynooth refectory on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the College Chapel. His services as an accomplished lecturer were sought for by many Catholic associations, as in the course of Afternoon Lectures for Ladies that were delivered in the ‘seventies in Loreto College, St. Stephen’s Green; and they were, at Cardinal M’Cabe’s request, put in requisition more permanently for the benefit of the students of St. Patrick’s Training College, Drumcondra.

His first work as a Catholic writer was a *Life of St. Vincent de Paul*. He presented this to Pope Pius IX in an audience which he describes amusingly in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* (vol. ix., p. 193). “The Pope turned at once to the title-page. ‘*The Life—c’est la vie, n’est-ce pas?*’ ‘Oui, Monsignor,’ said I, in my confusion, ‘c’est à dire, Votre Sainteté.’ He smiled and went on. ‘Henry Bedford, c’est vous?’—and then he shook his head, and said he had tried to learn English, but had given it up in despair.”

Dr. O’Mahony, in the admirable obituary that we have referred to at the beginning of this notice, says that “Mr. Bedford’s contributions to periodical literature will be found in old volumes of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and especially the *Month*.” We demur to that “especially;” we claim for our own magazine the largest

share of his literary activity. His first essay was "Mrs. Jameson," in our fourth volume; and his last seems to be a delightful account of a visit to Italy in 1864, which runs through four numbers of our eighth volume with the title, "When Pius Reigned in Rome." The two preceding volumes contain a long series of popular scientific papers about the physical constitution of the sun, the telephone, heat, radiant matter, etc. We have looked over these charmingly written papers with renewed admiration and gratitude, reproaching ourselves with having expressed those feelings too feebly when the writer was within the range of the penny post.

Mr. Bedford's ecclesiastical environment did not hinder him from indulging his taste for the drama and opera. In that sketch of a continental trip that we mentioned among his contributions to our own pages he chronicles his visits to the Opera Comique in Paris, to the Teatro Gerbino in Turin, and the Carlo Felice in Genoa; and his comments on the acting and singing are evidently those of an expert. The play at Turin was "Amleto," the Italian version of "Hamlet." Sir Henry Irving's son has just been giving his idea of this great part; but Sir Henry Irving himself had not appeared above the horizon when Mr. Henry Bedford pronounced this opinion: "I must say that Rossi is by far the best Hamlet I have ever seen, and this I may say with a vivid recollection of Edmund Kean, Macready, and Fechter in the character. For the first time Hamlet became to me a living being; no longer a mere abstraction, but one with whom I felt and sympathised."

This versatility of taste, this variety of occupations and recreations, had some share in securing for Henry Bedford the long and happy life that he enjoyed. The *All Hallows Annual* of 1896-97 refers to him thus: "Though on the 1st of next October, he will be eighty-two years of age, forty-five of which he has spent in the College, yet in buoyancy, mental and physical, he seems to enjoy perennial youth, and he has actually spent the last two months travelling all over the continent." To which Dr. O'Mahony adds that his daily teaching of his class in *All Hallows* continued to be as interesting and effective as ever up to the end of the summer term of 1899. Except two or three years at the end his eighty-nine years were all full of work that made him happy.

But he drew his happiness from a deeper and a surer source. He lived a holy life, rich in solid virtues. Remembering the sacrifices which marked the outset of his career, nay his whole career of self-sacrifice, it is needless to say that he was profoundly pious. Out of means derived from his family he contributed generously, but nearly always anonymously, to many public and private charities, chiefly (adds Dr. O'Mahony) in the country of his adoption. Yes, he was a holy as well as a gifted and accomplished man ; and all who knew him respected him and loved him. May he rest in peace.

THE VOICE OF GOD

HEARD you a whisper on the summer breeze,
Soft as the passing of some fleet-winged bird,
Or distant echo of a voice unheard ?
Heard you, with sighs of winds in Autumn trees,
Or blent with thunderous tomes of clashing seas
In mighty diapason, tempest-stirred,
Echoes reverberant of a deathless Word
Spoken beyond the lapsed centuries ?

Thus, borne with varying sounds—with rhythmic fall
Of stream pellucid, or with wailing drear
Of winds in lonely solitudes, untrod
By man's intruding feet—like trumpet-call
There cometh oft to my awaiting ear
In tones omnipotent the Voice of God.

J. D.

BARDS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

'T WAS SOMETHING THEN TO BE A BARD.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

In long gone days when he who bore
 The potent harp from hall to hall,
 His courier running on before,
 His castle—where he chose to call;
 When youthful nobles watched for him
 And ladies fair, with fond regard,
 Filled the bright wine cup to the brim—
 'Twas something then to be a bard.

When, seated by the chieftain's chair,
 The minstrel told his pictured tale
 Of whence they came and who they were,
 The ancient stock of Innisfail—
 When the gray steward of the house
 Laid at his feet the rich reward,
 Gay monarch of the long carouse—
 'Twas something then to be a bard.

'T IS NOTHING NOW TO BE A BARD.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

BUT, with regret, we must allow
 That things have greatly changed since then;
 For all his creature comforts now
 The bard must pay like other men:
 He gets no gifts of ale or wine—
 If vintners send a business card,
 Not one amongst them adds the line:—
 "A large reduction to a bard."

If, out at elbows, he proceeds
 To some well furnished clothing store,
 The salesman never knows or heeds
 How bards were clad in days of yore.
 "These boots," he says, "are ten-and-three,
 This stuff is four-and-nine a yard;
 Our terms are strictly net; and we
 Make no reduction to a bard."

ROBERT CARBERY
PRIEST OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

PART V AND LAST

FATHER CARBERY was of a delicate constitution, but, as often happens with such constitutions, prudent care and nervous energy enabled him to live longer and do more work than many enjoying always robust health. September 28th, 1889, he wrote to a friend : " Yesterday was my sixtieth birthday. Is it not strange, and hard to realize ? For on many points I am as much a child as at least forty years ago. Years, what are they ? Dr. Newman wrote when sixty, that he felt awed at the rush of time ; and this is exactly what I feel all the more, the older I grow." The next year the same date suggested similar thoughts. " These anniversaries are always for me days of great joy, in the blessing they recall of God's unwearying tenderness and of the love which, having loved from the beginning, will love us to the end. Yet there is something in them too of a peaceful awe, as they bring home so strongly the rush of time which seems to fly all the quicker as we advance in years. Sixty-one, and venerable old age ! " " It is a curious life ; but God has His designs in all. There is a tangling everywhere which He will unravel in beauty at the proper time. How sweetly we come to understand this practically as the years slip by, and we see His tender hand in every circumstance in life.

It has often been remarked that the Religious, and especially the *Religieuse*, in tearing themselves away from the family fireside, carry with them and cherish for ever the warmest domestic affections and the keenest interest in all that concerns the dear ones they have left. Though I have said " especially the *religieuse*," this clause regards more the expression of feeling than the real substantial feeling itself. Many things that I have quoted from Father Carbery's correspondence prove this point superabundantly for him ; and here is another passage :—

" No doubt it is a sacrifice and a great one, humanly speak-

ing, to be so far divided on this earth. But what more solid joy or consolation could we possibly have than the certainty that this sacrifice is made for our Blessed Lord, and that He will repay it a thousand fold, by a union for ever such as otherwise we should never have enjoyed? Every day brings home to us the nothingness of even the purest domestic joys. My life necessarily gives to me an intimate knowledge of the secrets of families, and I see really nothing but the cross everywhere, all the greater when it comes from those who should be the natural source of consolation for parents and friends, and most bitter for those who try to keep bright faces in society, while there is nothing at home but trials and misery. . . . I have always great reason for gratitude to God for having given a strong spirit of Faith to all my immediate family, even though all of them have their own crosses."

There are two interesting little French treatises on what we might call the human element of the happiness of Heaven, *Au ciel on se reconnaît* by Abbé Blot, and *Les Elus se reconnaîtront au ciel*, by Monseigneur Elie Meric. They have been both translated into English under the respective titles of *In Heaven we know our own*, and *The Blessed will know each other in Heaven*. If Father Carbery had been a Father of the Church or a famous theologian, this passage from one of his letters would have felt itself at home in either of those treatises:—

"We do not use, as often as we might with advantage, a style of thought that was very vivid in the minds of the early Christians, as is evident from the writings of St. Cyprian and others—for example, the realization of meeting friends hereafter. If we were coming home after an absence of many years, and expected to find our parents in the best of health and spirits, having at the same time the undimmed feeling of present enjoyment in which experienced childhood could exult, how elated would our hearts be? Yet this and far more is before us, and quite near to us, for after all what are years? And what an ecstasy of joy in itself for us will it not be? Then we shall understand the immense privilege of having been inspired to give all to find all! In the meantime it is a great source of joy to realise what is before us, and a great power to raise our hearts more and more up to their true level. But, my goodness, what am I about? Actually near the end of the sheet—preaching! when I only meant to describe what a pleasant time I have had during my little illness and convalescence. No pain, no ache, and every possible comfort, while there is heavy snow outside. The poor are suffering so much. Tales of sorrow and suffering all round us."

Father Carbery was one of the electors, the others being Father William Delany and the Provincial, Father Timothy Kenny, deputed by the Irish Members of the Society of Jesus to take part in the Twenty-fourth General Congregation of the Society which was summoned in the summer of 1892 to choose a successor to Father Antony Anderledy. He did not make the journey by the ordinary route with his Irish colleagues, but arranged to travel by sea to Bordeaux. For this purpose he met at Liverpool the English Provincial and Father James Jones, his old Clongowes schoolfellow, brother of Father Daniel Jones, S.J., whose memory is still held in loving veneration. Father Jones, though not in good health, considered himself probably a stronger man than his friend, yet he died in a few months, in the following January, in Spain, while Father Carbery had another decade of life before him still.

From Bordeaux they made their way by land to their destination, which was Loyola, in northern Spain, from which famous spot Father Carbery wrote as follows on the 3rd of October, 1892 :—

“ Yesterday, Feast of the Angels, we accomplished the chief work for which we were assembled here, the election of a General, so it seems to me well to send this report of things in general and of myself in particular. Yesterday was fixed by the Congregation for the day of election. All that we have been constantly engaged in since the 24th inst. was a mere preparation for the great event. It would be impossible to take part in the proceedings without being struck by the wondrous wisdom which marks every step prescribed by our Institute to secure their success. All these prescriptions were carried out to the letter. At half-past five yesterday morning, we all heard Mass and received Communion at the altar of St. Ignatius ; thence there was a solemn procession of the Electors, 72 in number, to the hall of the Congregation, where a beautiful sermon in Latin was read by one of the Fathers, and then an hour spent in solitary prayer to draw down the special assistance of the Holy Spirit for our choice. Of course there had been any amount of prayers for the purpose before, all over the whole Society. Before the day of the election there was a *quatriduum*, during which we were all and each bound to get every information possible about any person who had any chance whatever of being elected, and all and each were bound to give this information to every person who sought it. Yet no Father was to make up his mind definitely until the hour of prayer immediately before the election. By these informations the number to select from

was gradually reduced to two or three. On the second scrutiny Rev. Father Louis Martin was elected General. He is a Spaniard, not yet 47 years old, highly educated in literature as well as in philosophy and theology, and with great experience in government and all practical matters. I cannot tell how grateful I feel to God for having been present at this meeting, and for the many special graces which it brought to me. Rome, of course, was the natural place for the Congregation. But after long deliberation it was considered more prudent not to have it there. As the meeting may have to continue for several weeks, though there might be no practical danger, there probably would have been much inconvenience and excitement in such a prolonged stay. No house better suited than this, for such an assembly, could possibly be found. It is a magnificent establishment in itself, and all its memories and surroundings are most soothing and suggestive. The villagers in the neighbourhood are thoroughly Catholic and devoted to St. Ignatius. A comfortable, happy people; no sign of poverty anywhere. Every spot is connected with some remembrance of him. The 'Santa Casa' or holy house, preserved in the centre of this great mass of buildings, is the very castle in which he was born, and the room in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and also St. Peter, is now a chapel. I said Mass there on Saturday morning for Father, Mother, and all those we loved."

Father Carbery's interesting sojourn in Spain came to an end in the beginning of December, and the middle of the month planted him again at University College, Stephen's Green, to resume his usual duties. He was still to spend several years there. In the Eastertide of one of those years he wishes one of his correspondents a happy Easter.

"Indeed all religious ought to have a most happy Easter in gratitude for the grace which our Blessed Lord granted to them of giving up all that they loved in this world, to secure a union and possession that will never be disturbed. It is on occasions like this that the great fact of God's predilection comes out more strikingly than usual. After all what did they give up? Practically nothing—for all they loved would have been swept away from them. But now they have it all safe and secure a hundred fold, waiting for them in Heaven. And this was all the most loving arrangement of God. For of themselves they never should have thought of it. There is no possible truth so certain as this is. When they wished to do what was right, then God managed the rest. I find it always well to impress on young beginners in the spiritual life that when they have no wish but to carry out God's will, it is more certain far than any earthly

fact, that God arranges every single circumstance of their lives to help them to do so. As for what they are doing, or where they are doing it, all these circumstances are His work, and it is only in the darkness of human views that they could ever think otherwise. It is all only an affair of a few moments compared to the eternal union in our Home. This comes straight from the heart as a conviction, for I have often had to pity suffering souls, in the married state and elsewhere, who worried themselves by the biting thought that they might have had a different life if they had travelled on some other road than that which brought them where they are. All a false idea of the workings of Providence. Even for sinners, once they turn to God, St. Augustine teaches that their past is a blessing. But what must it be for those who, in their blindness and weakness here, had no desire but to carry out God's Will. To such I say 'Sursum corda !' and again and once again 'Sursum corda !' And yet again 'a happy Easter !' "

To one who had undertaken a good work and afterwards grew disheartened and regretted not having pursued a different cause, Father Carbery gave this wise advice :—

" All guides experienced in the spiritual life denounce as dangerous, delusive and depressing all that working of the imagination that sets up thinking what would have happened under a totally different arrangement of circumstances. The best mystical writers, Gagliardi, Scaramelli, etc., lay down, that temptations to indulge this line of thought *always* come from the evil spirit, as they assume a knowledge which theologians teach belongs to God alone—called the 'scientia media,' that is the knowledge of contingencies. They should, therefore, be most studiously shunned as poison for the soul. They are based on a perfectly false view of God's Providence. For it is an article of faith that God's all tender Providence always adopts every circumstance as it happens, and weaves it into the accomplishment of His design for our salvation. So that all things, even past sins, are made to co-operate for our good, and turned into real blessings for all who honestly wish to love God. It would be blasphemy to think that He would allow that to turn to the detriment of the soul which was done from the view of its being pleasing to Him. It would be insulting to His all-tender Heart to attempt deliberately to think that He would punish us for following a line of action, embraced from the wish to do His Will. All such thoughts would be not only a waste of time and energy, but a downright temptation to develop a false imagination, which weakens reason and consequently becomes a great obstacle to grace."

The scraps of spirituality that I have given are taken from

familiar letters ; but the following seems to belong to some more formal exhortation :—

“ The essential sacrifice of religious life is not in ‘ leaving all things ’ but is in leaving ourselves. The first is only a preparatory step to the second. Our Blessed Lord says : ‘ Leave all things and *follow* Me.’ And then He explains : ‘ If anyone wish to come after Me, let him *deny himself*, take up his cross and follow Me.’ The preparatory step of leaving friends is not to be valued in accordance with a person’s position. It costs as much to a poor girl to leave her humble home, as for an heiress to leave her thousands. But whatever it costs, it is infinitely easier than the *real* sacrifice to which it leads—not merely because there is generally a special grace for it—but also often, because there is a support to *self* in it, in the complacency of fancying that one is really doing something. Whereas it is *self* that is to be sacrificed. We come to see how vain such complacency would be, when we find that the truth is, we should feel ourselves humbled at the thought that God accepts the oblation of such weak, imperfect hearts. We never make sacrifices for Him that He will not repay us—and He alone knows how to do so in life and death. God gives in His mercy constant calls to a higher life, as the years sweep by, and the great effort of the evil spirit, who is ever seeking to frustrate the Divine designs, is to delude *under the appearance of good* by the most dangerous of all temptations, that God’s inspirations could be better followed in other circumstances than those in which we are. He thus keeps people dreaming their precious hours away, preventing them from availing of the present moment to do exactly what God calls them to do, by phantoms of doing things in the future for which there is no possible chance. Experienced spiritual guides know that this is the worst temptation that can grow upon anyone. There can be no true peace in such circumstances, till the soul opens its eyes to see what God wants it to do, and shuts them against such suggestions of the evil one.”

The following passage, also, may be preserved, as a sample of the counsels he gave in a convent novitiate.

“ In order to imitate St. Stanislaus you should rest quietly and with unbounded confidence and joy in the heart of our Lord, avoiding all pressure and fatigue of the head. Sometimes from an over-eagerness for advancement in prayer or virtue, as well as from ungrounded fears, Novices so weary the poor brains that the heart, the true source of love, is rather impeded than otherwise, in tending to a sweet gentle union with our Lord. When we exercise the heart, we soon see the excellence of this practice, more closely every day. We should have all possible

exactness and fervour ; but it is the fervour of the 'bonne volonté,' simple and childlike, not an uneasy racking of the imagination, and it is the exactness springing from love and the desire of increasing it. Nothing is more common, particularly in the beginning of religious life, than apparent changes from fervour to almost absolute indifference. Those chances are the first way by which Heaven would teach us to distrust ourselves and place all our confidence in God. To prevent a too prolonged lesson of this kind, we should go out of ourselves as much as possible and live in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is in that Divine Heart we learn the desire and means of practising any virtue. It is always drawing us on to something greater, and if we do but correspond quietly and gently in blind obedience and the joyful spirit of self-sacrifice, we shall make far more rapid strides than by falling back upon ourselves, and indulging our anxiety for self-examination, often egotistical and proceeding from nature. In perfect obedience is to be found a sure refuge from every uneasiness and delusion in the pursuit of perfection. I know you are all pleased with your superiors and with the Institute, and also displeased with yourselves. You have much to thank God for the former grace and not a little, too, for the latter. Yet I would say that this latter feeling may be made use of as a delusion by the enemy of your souls, unless duly moderated. Extremes are always dangerous. The longer persons live in religion the more increased knowledge they will have of their own weakness and baseness, yet this increase of light will bring with it always, when they have more experience, an increase of joy and humility. Our very love of parents should urge us, and be a most powerful stimulus to perfection, in order that the Divine remembrance of them may increase for our sake. When we forget our friends for God, God will remember them for us."

The following might seem to be spoken in the same circumstances as the preceding passage ; but it is only a scrap from a private letter :—

"How few, when entering convents, understand our Lord's design in their election for religious life ! They are generally so occupied with the circumstances, character, or occupations of the Order, that though of course their great end is to give themselves to God, they do not usually realise that the surroundings are only to be estimated by the probability of their efficacy to ensure, as means, the total consecration of the heart to the love of our Lord. Now, our Blessed Lord has arranged every circumstance of our lives to secure this end for us, and for this grace we ought to feel intense consolation and gratitude to Him. Everything is in reality such a dream of a moment, and of such

utter insignificance in itself, that to come to a practical knowledge of this is the first real means of freeing our great soul from the cobwebs of airy nothings, and allowing it to centre its thoughts and affection on the One whose tender eyes are ever fixed upon us, and whose Heart is ever longing to draw near to His own. What a happiness to say from our hearts, that is, to feel the full meaning of the words : ' My God and my all ! ' I can easily understand how St. Francis Xavier could feel this one thought enough for constant meditation."

But these quotations must not be multiplied indefinitely, as they might be. Even the fragments of Father Carbery's correspondence which have come into my hands might have furnished more interesting matter if I had indulged in more copious extracts and had not confined myself rigorously to short passages that seemed to reveal the writer's character. It would have been easy, for instance, to multiply proofs of the wonderful vividness and persistence of Father Carbery's affection for his mother and father and other kinsfolk, even after twenty or thirty years from their death. Happily he did not, as some are too prone to do, reserve all his tenderness for the dead. In one of the last of the letters I have seen, written in the clearest handwriting less than a year before his death, he tells a near relative who is working for God on the other side of the Atlantic that " the ocean air was most bracing, and, as I wandered on the fine strand, I whispered messages of love to you, sent on angels' wings across the mighty deep. Of course they arrived safely ; and, if not, I will at once take an action against Boreas and get him fined heavily for breach of contract." But how could the north wind waft messages from Galway to New York ? And were not the angels the immediately responsible parties ? At any rate it is abundantly evident that he whose eventful story must now be brought to an end was, with all the deep spirituality of his nature, most amiable and affectionate in his disposition, the most devoted of sons, the most loving of brothers, and the most faithful of friends, while being in another sphere of duty a devoted son of another Mother also, a fervent and exact Religious, a holy Jesuit.

Father Carbery's death was as peaceful and as beautiful as befitted the close of so beautiful and peaceful a life. It took place at Milltown Park, Dublin, on the 3rd of September, 1903. Thus September was the date of his entrance into this world and of his two exits from the world—the beginning of his mortal life,

of his religious life, of his everlasting life. He had spent seventy-three years on earth, and forty-eight in the Society of Jesus. His remains were laid to rest in what has been called recently, on an interesting occasion in the London church of the Redemptorist Fathers, "picturesque and almost historic Glasnevin." There they lie in the sure hope of a glorious resurrection, not far from the sacred relics of Father Daniel Jones, Father Edmund O'Reilly, Father Joseph Lentaigne, Father John Callan, and others whose memory he loved and revered, as many now in turn revere and love the memory of Robert Carbery, Priest of the Society of Jesus.

M. R.

MY MOTHER'S ROSARY

(AFTER THE SPANISH OF SALVADOR RUEDA.)

OF Poverty, claiming my heirship base,
I asked, O mother, but your rosary;
Its beads the stations of the Calvary
Your life of pain should trace and still retrace.
And where your fingers worn were wont to be
(Praying as one before God's altar prays),
I to these beads in sick and lonely days
Return the kisses that you gave to me.
These iris crystals, gleaming and obscure,
A necklet as of prayers and kisses pure,
Cling to me in my sleep, a gracious ring.
From my mean couch I enter into joy—
For in my dreams I am again a boy,
And those dear arms around my neck you fling!

G. N. COUNT PLUNKETT.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER XVIII

THROUGH THE WINTER

THERE is a kind of headache which comes after times of intense excitement; when the eyes are burning and can bear no light, when the ear is unnaturally sensitive, and small sounds become intolerable noises, making the body shrink, while hysterical tears are repressed with difficulty. Even thought becomes a physical torture, and one from which there is no escape, for, with merciless pertinacity, the brain keeps thinking, thinking. Ellen had such a headache that night, sitting in Miss Rowena's arm-chair, holding her temples between her hands, when Trina came, bringing a book, and asking the loan of her alarm clock.

"Mr. Egbert sent you this book, miss, and he's told John that he's goin' off at four in the mornin' to catch the early car from Dunsurf. John wants to make sure of wakenin', if you please, miss."

At times, when a blank announcement comes to us, the ear will receive words while the brain seems muffled, so that the sense cannot reach it for sundry moments. Perhaps the feet will have a period to come and go, or the hands to perform work, before the muffling is taken away and the message becomes present to the understanding. The meaning, thus kept at bay, weaves itself into whatever the eye meets, and becomes incorporated with it for evermore. Ellen was looking at the fantastic iron-work of the grate, and Trina's communication twisted itself amongst the black shining serpents that coiled amidst clustering leaves and grotesque faces at either side of the hearth. There it was, printed, to be read at whatever moment in the future her eye sought that fireplace. She went into her own room with the muffling in her ears, and got Trina what she wanted, came back, and waited till the door was closed, drew her chair nearer the heat, and sat down in it once more, with her head between her hands. And then the dull barrier came away, and the message came in. She set the

door ajar, and wrapped herself in a cloak. Till half-past three the library door did not open. The clock had struck four, the timepiece had added five minutes, when a tread went down the hall, and the door shut with a dreary echo. Then there was stamping on the gravel and murmurs of voices ; then silence preceding the snap of a whip, and, finally, a rolling of wheels down the avenue, lost in the roaring of the wind and the rattle of the dismal raindrifts that dashed upon the windows.

Sitting by the fading fire after this, Ellen noticed the book that Trina had brought, and picked it up. What could he mean by sending her a German dictionary ? She opened it. A note lay inside the cover. She unfolded it eagerly, and read,

“ Before you see this I shall be gone, perhaps. I will not drive you from Dunmara, from Rowena. By all you hold sacred, I implore you to stay with her, to be true to her. For me, I will fight that battle out elsewhere. If I am always to be vanquished, then farewell eternally—I dare not trust myself with one endearing word. If ever I return, if ever I look on your face again, you may know that I have conquered.

“ E. A.”

Ellen lay on the hearth-rug with this letter in her hand long after the fire had faded out, and darkness and sleep reigned in the house. True to Rowena, true to Rowena ! the words kept wandering through her forlorn brain like strayed sheep in a wilderness. Was she not then to leave Dunmara, not to run away in a fright, because that Egbert had loved her ? She was to forget all about that ; she was to forget this man and his trouble, the prayers she had said in his name, and the tears she had shed for him. She was to put all away, and be true to Rowena. If she ever did think of the writer of that letter, it was to be as of one born to live in gloom and, perhaps, to die despairing. Or, to take the matter on a brighter side, she was to look forward to a time when he might return, his foe vanquished at last, without aid from her, return with an unclouded face, and a happy wife, by the time that she, Ellen, should have faded out of her youth, and her mind had grown dull like Rowena's, or, perhaps, crooked like Elswitha's, with plodding on through years, round the pitiless treadmill of this dreary, monotonous life.

What, oh ! what, if down on those rocks to-night, instead of leaving him in anguish, she had locked her hand in his for ever.

more ? What if she might have won him in the future, bit by bit ? What, if by flying she had lost, when by staying she might have saved him ? Then, indeed, she had made a horrible, horrible mistake ; then, indeed, she had for nothing flung away all the sweetness out of her own life, and the hope of salvation out of his. Her heart's best blood might weep for it through the years of a long sorrowing future, but that hideous blunder never could be wept straight again, never till the Judgment Day.

Next morning she had little mirth for poor Rowena, though hovering about her more tenderly than she had ever done before. When evening came she found herself sitting idle at the fire with tears dropping upon folded hands. " I must obey him," she said ; " I cannot leave her. Though my youth go to waste, and my heart burn itself to death with fevering, I cannot desert that poor, helpless thing who loves me !"

Idle hands are weary company. Ellen turned over her portfolio, but Elaine was vacant, Enid was dead. Her troubled feet had carried her far from dreamland. She tried to read. One book she had lately travelled through with tears. Tennyson vexed with his broad glorious sunshine and snatches of gloom. Longfellow, serene and calm, and eternally patient, failed to soothe, chafed with the unbroken tenor of his resignation. All her old favourites bore witness of a time that was past, and she put them away, lest her tears, staining them, might, at some future time, arise in judgment against her.

Weeks went on. All was duller and more quiet than ever in the dull house. Life at Dunmara was simply stagnation. There were no steps coming and going, no sounds of currents flowing, no thrifty labour " knocking with hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," no soft creeping on of grateful repose when the day wore out ; nothing to make time precious and rest sweet. Within, all a flat, colourless monotony, freezing to a young spirit ; without, nothing to contemplate but a suffering earth and a tormenting sky. In deep winter, in a home so isolated, one has absolute need of a healthy, happy tone of thought, and abundant and stirring occupation for every moment of time, in order to make life endurable. But, with a troubled mind and vacant hours ; with the blood seldom quickened by impulses from human source, and with the ear quiveringly open to the voice of Nature

in her harshest mood, then does the energy wear slowly away, and the heart wax sick of the intolerable burden pressing more and more heavily upon it, of nights and days lengthening interminably into weeks and months. As the time went on, Ellen realized this. Doubtless, the servants had social intercourse; to Elswitha, this kind of stranded life was, perhaps, congenial; for Rowena all things were equal; but, from Ellen's point of view, this winter existence at Dunmara was just such as might, in a weaker nature, produce nervous disease, if not utter prostration from melancholy madness.

Those winter days. How the wind mourned unceasingly at the window. How the rain dripped on the sill, and plashed on the untrodden gravel. How these misty breakers flung their white threats above the struggling heads of drowning rocks, and blurred out sea and sky at once. And when the weary light had worn away, what it was to listen to the tortured convulsions of trees in the tempest; to sit up in bed, listening with cold awe to the gaspings and confused murmurs that came huddling into the corners about the house, bringing news of perils, shipwrecks, death-struggles! For the night wind off the Atlantic is urgent, is pitiless; has no mercy on fatigue, has no fellowship with sleep. There is a dread sound of storm to which dwellers in populous places are strangers. With them, at its most awful pitch, it is but the voice of God, warning all to have their lamps trimmed, for at any moment the bridegroom may come. But here it is something more terrible; it is the crowding and hurrying of torrents of souls that are momentarily drifting out of the world into eternity. It may tell of a death-scene on the waves, that despairing shriek followed by horrid mutterings, and sinking away in a sea of hoarse raving sound. That sound in Ellen's ear always wailed over hundreds of corpses, floating on a dreadful ocean, with their faces upturned to the black sky. And there was also the ghostly neighbourhood of the ruin to be pondered, with its story, a thing to be forgotten on summer days, but not now. In the dead hours of these wakeful nights, Ellen would lie thinking of Athelstan's ghost, picturing his quiet figure moving amongst the desolate walls; and a dampness would break upon her face as on the swell of the storm she fancied she heard the urgent pealing of an organ; whose anguished eloquence rode high, and higher, and seemed to shake the very gates of a stern heaven.

Time went on, slowly unwinding his skein, and Ellen perseveringly gathered the colourless threads that fell to her share, and wove them into a garment of patience with which she covered the lonely weariness that was inwardly consuming her strength. By the time winter has fought its way to the threshold of spring, a change became visible in Miss Rowena. It called on Ellen's energies to awake, and concentrated all her thoughts upon her charge. The poor lady began to refuse food, and seemed to waste quickly, while she talked more wildly and frequently than before. Ellen had to listen to strange sayings, and glean from them stranger stories. In her character of Dolores (almost the only name by which she now heard herself called), she almost lost her own identity, and became by degrees rapt away into the maniac's weird world, which was peopled half by memory and half by diseased imagination. From this unnatural dream alarm summoned her. She went at last one evening to Mrs. Kirker's room to beg her to speak to Miss Aungier, and suggest a visit from the doctor. Ellen had not heard of the Drummonds since she had written to Maud, setting forth the reasons why she could not leave Dunmara, even for twenty-four hours, to pay a visit to the Largie Farm. She now felt a terror of having the exclusive care of one in whom life was so far worn down, and longed for the doctor's cheerful counsel to reassure her, even if no medicine could revive life in the wasting patient.

Mrs. Kirker went on her errand because she thought it right to do so, and scrupulous performance of her duty was the one rule of her life ; but she went without any alacrity to show that she had much hope of a good result from her interference. Indeed, she had an especial dislike to mention Ellen in Miss Elsmitha's presence. Some secret tacit understanding regarding this girl, who had been so strangely thrust into the household, and found a place there, existed between the mistress and the housekeeper ; and though Mrs. Kirker had, in her own quiet way, found means to foil all Miss Elswitha's attempts to extract an acknowledgment from her, she was sufficiently weak-minded to dread provoking an attack of sifting and searching from the grim lady's chill eyes and tongue. Since Ellen had passed from her especial shelter to take a permanent place in the household, Mrs. Kirker had withdrawn her former sympathizing solicitude, and seemed to notice her little, had seldom come in her way, or sought opportunity of

speaking with her. So much so, that Ellen had perceived the change with a painful sense of desertion. But in this conduct Mrs. Kirker had a purpose, and one which had been so well served, that never once had Miss Elswitha found occasion to raise a storm on Ellen's account.

And this was no small success, considering that Mrs. Kirker came in frequent contact with Miss Aungier. It might be supposed that in so quiet a household, the housekeeper's duties were few ; but it was not so. Miss Elswitha had multitudinous tasks allotted for those beneath her ; and, indeed, to do her justice, she idled few moments herself. The carrying out of a rigid system of housekeeping was one of the crazes of her pride. Dunmara House must be as thoroughly managed as in the days when visitors filled its rooms and sat at its table. She was as unflinchingly strict in her regulations, and as faithful in supervision as though the silent, half-occupied dwelling were a bustling establishment overflowing with life, and intricate in its domestic machinery. The most remote, old-fashioned chambers, which had not known a tenant for years and years, were preserved, with all their faded relics of fitness for habitation, in a continual state of polish and formal arrangement, as though some dame with light-heeled shoes, or gentlemen in wig and queue, were hourly expected to take possession of them. There were huge presses of old linen which must be constantly aired and inspected, and the plate was supposed to require much punctual attention.

Then there were Miss Aungier's accounts, which no one but Mrs. Kirker could manage. It is to be supposed that long lists of figures were of the few things that gave balm to Miss Elswitha's heart. In her own movements she was precise as clockwork, keeping up a sort of lonely state in which it was a mercy she did not require any one to share. At a certain moment of the day she took her seat in the drawing-room with her embroidery. At a formally late hour she proceeded with much dignity to the dreary dining-room, where she sat at the long table alone, and was served with profound reverence by old Martin, the grey-haired butler. Afterwards she retired to her dressing-room, where she passed the rest of the evening with her writing-table by her side and a capacious bureau near at hand. And it was here that she transacted all private business with trusty Mrs. Kirker, and with the out-door steward. For Elswitha still continued, with the

consent of her erratic brother, to manage solely the whole of the Dunmara estates, even as she had done in the time before he had been of an age to take such cares upon his own shoulders.

Elswitha managed the estates, and managed them well. She was an excellent landlord to a certain point, wisely discerning it better to prop up than to pull down, to foster than to crush ; up to a certain point : for, beneath the broad masculine surface of her dealings, there were inexorable depths, better unsounded. Here on this writing table, in that bureau, lay the main-spring of her life's action. The Aungiers had been mightier than they were. The ruin stood there, a witness of what they had been. They had spoken, and now they kept silence in the land. Vulgar tones were rising every day, and their voice was unlifted. Had she been a man, she would have restored and rebuilt the fortunes of her family, and raised upon them such a superstructure as should have over-topped and awed down the crowd of ambitious weaklings. Her father's ease-loving extravagance had undermined the cause. Her mother's pride had flowed into the same channel. Her brothers, those who had lived and been strong men, Harold and Egbert, what might they not have done ? But Harold (and here we touch a sore spot in the bitter heart), Harold, with a sword in his hand, and a brilliant career before him, had run his youth to waste in infatuation for a woman, one who rose before Elswitha with dark mocking eyes, stirring all her soul with undying hatred of a memory. Harold had wasted his youth, and gone to his grave without adding one honour to the name he had borne. And Egbert, the last, he who she had schooled and trained to her own views, he had grown out of her control long since. He was a man, and a man of power, but he had done nothing, would, it seemed, do nothing, except wander over the world, whither she did not know, whither she had almost ceased to care. Her last hope, to which she clung tenaciously, was that he might choose a wife whose name or wealth might help to advance the Dunmara cause. Meanwhile, for this cause she wrought, and planned, and as a landlord, governed well.

What revolution in her internal life did Ellen's arrival cause ? From what crooked windings of her nature, from what silent complications of memory did that shock start out which surprised her on the night of the girl's strange intrusion under her roof ? We cannot enquire ; we dare not venture into the recesses of so

secret a heart. It is certain that from the day of Ellen's instalment in the house, Elswitha's life had known a change. She had before been watchful ; now she was almost a spy. She had been cautious, but she had latterly become cunning. As for her angry self-communes in private, by her lone fireside, we will only glance at them and draw the curtain. But the most important difference which Ellen's advent had made in the house, was the barrier which it had erected between the mistress and housekeeper. Mrs. Kirker had never loved, nor professed to love Miss Aungier, but she was an old servant, and it was the religion of her life to be trusty. True as steel, and quietly helpful, she had been as Miss Elswitha's right hand in all matters where her services were required. But now, when her mistress's piercing glance met hers, there was a secret lying under the surface of her calm blue eyes, and folded in the corners of her wrinkled mouth. She never denied it was there, she never shirked the cruel gaze continually bent upon her to extract it, but it lay within her unrevealed, though she had daily to baffle the schemes laid to wring or startle it from her lips.

There were two rooms to which Miss Aungier paid little attention, with all her housekeeping precision. One was the library, which the servants might dust as they pleased, where the roses were trained against the door-window, and Egbert's reading-chair stood by the empty grate, and Egbert's gray reading-coat hung behind the door, as his careless fancy would have it. She had no sympathies for this room ; books generally were her aversion, except a chosen few which she kept in her dressing-room, with the bureau and the accounts. These were the Peerage, the Bible, a green volume on " Irish Western Coast Fisheries," a red volume on " Agriculture in Ireland," and some heavy tomes of statistics, which it is to be presumed she found interesting. For her all other books were only so much paper bestowed away to waste between two covers. The other shunned chamber was the room where Ellen lived. Here she paid short periodical visits, during which she deliberately ignored Ellen's presence, sitting for five minutes silently looking at her sister, asking Trina a few questions and then rustling away, leaving a chill air behind her. A very long interval had elapsed since her last visit, when Ellen came down on that evening, and begged Mrs. Kirker to go to Miss Aungier and request permission to send for the doctor.

Mrs. Kirker went and came. Miss Aungier would see her sister and decide on what was to be done. She had no faith in doctors ; it had always been a principle of the Aungier family to have no faith in doctors. Kirker understood Miss Rowena better than could any stranger ; let Kirker attend to her. And Miss Aungier did that night visit the sick-room, and confirmed her first decision. The doctor should not be sent for. Nor was this malice in Miss Elswitha ; she saw no change in her sister's appearance. Had she taken Ellen's place by the invalid's side for twenty-four hours, she must have perceived it, but the unbending formality of her habits forbade the idea of such a proceeding. Like most people who are cunning themselves, she expected others to be cunning likewise. She had wondered much at Ellen's patience under her burden of solitude, and the painful care of an imbecile. Day by day she had expected her to weary of it, and leave Dunmara in disgust. It had vexed and foiled her that Ellen had not done so ; that she should go, and if possible before Egbert's return, was Elswitha's determination. To this end her solitude must be unrelieved ; no face, not the cheery doctor's coming and going, must be suffered to make it endurable. No doubt this sudden anxiety for Rowena was a ruse on the girl's part to obtain that friendly intercourse for which she must pine. It must not be ; no doctor should come there.

If Egbert had been dead, like Harold and Athelstan, there was still a reason why Elswitha's present object in life should be to get Ellen away from Dunmara, as far away, as near to the other end of the world as possible. But it had not escaped her keen eyes that Egbert had looked with relief, with unbending brows and softening eyes on Ellen's fresh face that night at the supper-table ; neither had she failed to notice that he had lingered more at home for weeks afterwards, and paid longer visits to Rowena than it had been his habit to do. His present long absence had relieved her, and her hungry desire was to drive Ellen from Dunmara before his return. It was not her policy to do so by violence, but she would weary her into yielding. She had been surprised at Ellen's uncomplaining patience, but she could ill have comprehended the motives which made the girl cling to Dunmara. She could guess at the instinct which would hold her there for a time, such an instinct as will keep the shipwrecked creature fast on his island of rocks, though freezing or starving, rather than again

tempt the sea. But this feeling, she thought, youth and a temperament like Ellen's would soon outlive, and restlessness must ensue. Ellen's most powerful reason for remaining was exactly that which Elswitha could least comprehend, pity and tenderness for Rowena.

For this poor weak creature who depended on her so helplessly, and showered affection on her so lavishly, had gradually crept into Ellen's heart, and found there an abiding place. In caring for her wants, Ellen had somewhat of the feeling which mothers have for their sick children. But there was also a youthful ideal Rowena, whom Ellen's romance-loving fancy had created out of the snatches she had heard of the Dunmara past, and the wild histories and fitful allusions she had gathered from the poor thing herself. This ideal Rowena was a beautiful, loving creature, nervously timid with her mother and sister, petted by her father, idolizing her brother Harold, and fondling and caressing her little brother Egbert. And this Rowena's sweetest words and most enduring ways were for a companion of her own age ; that Dolores, into whose identity Ellen had found herself so strangely to grow—so strangely and so perfectly that sometimes during the length of blank days, filled only by the unceasing murmur of the weak voice by her side, Ellen would close her eyes for long spells, and fancy that they two, sitting there together, had dissolved into other beings, with perfectly distinct and different bodies and minds, the inner soul of each alone remaining, and had been transported away somewhere into the past, amongst other scenes and other faces, surrounded by circumstances, foreign yet familiar, shadowy yet vivid. And so strongly had Rowena, both in her real and ideal character, wound herself about heart and fancy, that Ellen found it impossible to frame any resolution, to take any step, which should force her to unlock those poor weak arms from about her neck.

CHAPTER XIX

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPRING

It did not please Miss Elswitha to think of Mrs. Kirker sitting in the room with Ellen, bearing her company and sharing her duties. But whatever Mary Kirker might know and conceal, she would never do anything deceitful ; this Elswitha knew. It was better

to have her helping to nurse in the west room, than to have the doctor, with his unfailing atmosphere of sunshine, paying daily visits and leaving ineffaceable tracks of brightness behind him.

So Mrs. Kirker brought her knitting to the west room, on the day after Miss Aungier's visit. Having watched the patient for some time, she said, quietly,

"I wish Mr. Egbert was home!"

"Yes, he should be here," Ellen said with sudden energy. "It is awful, Mrs. Kirker, for her to die in this way, with no one to care for her but you and me. Her brother should be here!"

"I trust there is no fear of death, Miss Ellen."

"I think there is, Mrs. Kirker; and I don't know why you should say fear? Don't you think, if she had sense to know, that she would be glad to get away? Shouldn't we all be glad to get away? If the angel who comes for her, made room on his wings for you or me, do you think that we should be sorry?"

Mrs. Kirker looked up keenly. Ellen had been bending over Rowena, and had risen; she looked a shadow in her black dress. Her figure had been growing thinner, of late, when it should have been rounding into womanhood. Her bright hair had grown limp and dark, her eyes looked too large for her face, and shone with unusual brilliance. Her lips were dry and parted, and lined with black against the white teeth. Two flaming spots had risen on her cheeks as Mrs. Kirker spoke.

The housekeeper looked at her observantly, and said,

"Will you give me your hand a moment, Miss Ellen?" She had dropped the more familiar "my dear" since Ellen had passed from under her charge.

Ellen did as she was asked, and placed her slim hand between the housekeeper's withered two. It was dry and hot, and listlessly white, with scorched, feverish tinges of brown about the palm and fingers.

"Miss Ellen," said the housekeeper again, "will you, like a dear young lady, just go away down to the shore and get a good walk and a breath of the sea? If you don't, I'm sorely afraid we'll have you down in your bed by to-morrow!"

"The sea?" Ellen said, shuddering. "I hate the sea," and she laid her head wearily against Rowena's sofa.

Mrs. Kirker was in distress.

"Why, my dear," she said, resuming in her sympathy the old

sympathizing manner, "you liked it so much when you came first."

"Oh, but it was blue then, and sunny, and I have so sickened of watching those weary white breakers all through these months. I don't want to go out, Mrs. Kirker; I don't feel strong enough to walk, I only want to rest."

She said this in utter weariness, and with a quivering lip. Mrs. Kirker was alarmed.

"You have been too hard-wrought, and too lonely, my dear," she said; "and the sin of it is on every head in this house that let it go on so, and did nothing to prevent it. But see, Miss Ellen, dear, just see how the sun shines, and I'll promise you the sea is blue enough. Only go now to the window, and draw the blind, and look out. Don't you wish for a breath of air?"

"Yes," said Ellen, with something like a gasp; "I feel as if I were dying for a draught of air. I think I must try and go for it; I think I must take your advice, Mrs. Kirker."

With a return of energy, she got up and went to the window. She had been vaguely conscious during the past week, that the spring had been making rapid advances, indulging in happy smiles, and sending little birds about the eaves with chirruping messages. She now drew the blind and was aroused to a sense of the beauty of the evening. Certain ominous clouds which had hung about in the morning had cleared away, and Dunmara was looking gay, with green slippers peeping from beneath its sober winter mantle; a bright garland of crocuses on its brow, and snowdrops on its breast. The prospect did look tempting. Ellen felt a rush of longing to be abroad; she found her sketch-book neglected for long, and tying down her hat, gipsy fashion, as a precaution against sudden winds, she bade pleased Mrs. Kirker good-by, and went off for a ramble.

She took the way to the beach, and walked along for a mile under the cliffs, towards Dunsurf. She left the old castle behind, and all traces of Dunmara. She walked along by the sands, out at the edge of the waves, and now and again was obliged to step briskly landward, by which she might have gained the information that the tide was flowing; but she was thinking of other matters.

Having walked a long way, and finding herself upon unaccustomed ground, she paused and looked around. The land view

right above her, might have charmed any painter's heart. A crimson sun was beaming upon red sand cliffs, crowned with brilliant herbage ; beyond them rose spiritual peaks of mountains, tinged with violet. Ellen thought, " If I had only in the foreground a little girl in a red petticoat, this would be a ripe little study ; as it is, it must not be missed. I will get the bit of landscape, and can add the figure afterwards."

She looked about for a good point of observation, trying one stone, and then another, out far on the beach ; but all were too near to the subject. Ah ! there was a little group of rocks pretty high, and quite out at the edge of the tide ; this would just be the right thing. She reached and found the point of view admirable : with a feeling of pleasure, new and invigorating, she took her seat, and fell to work.

She sat very long, rapt in her occupation, watching the sun's crimson burn redder on the cliffs, and the heather quiver more lustrously on its summit. She laboured with ardour to give something like that glow to her rising peaks, to find a tint that might come near matching that vivid purple. She wrought and wrought, and the sun reddened and burned ; and she noticed that it faded somewhat, and the light began gradually to ebb away. Spurred by this she redoubled her zest, and worked yet longer with enthusiasm.

The glow was gone, and—what was that cold about her feet ? Water ! She roused herself and saw with dismay that the tide had surrounded her tiny island, and flowed in before her to the land. The wind whistled so that her awakened ears were stunned with the hissing noise ; and it began to drag at her drapery so furiously that she could scarcely get block and box thrust into a bag which she secured under her arm. She wrapped her shawl tightly around her, and prepared to wade in to the shore. She tried the depth with her foot ; she knelt, and tried it with her arm, bringing it up dripping to the shoulder ; but it was immeasurably deeper than she had thought possible ; it was too deep for her. The waves, too, were beginning to foam and beat upon the rock.

A great storm was rising. Those threatening clouds that had lurked somewhere behind the mountains for hours, now came marching up, an angry throng. Ellen knew that her only chance of life lay in the hope that some one from the land might see and rescue her by a boat in time. She took off her white petticoat,

and tore it into a long banner, which she held in her hand. Then she mounted the highest pinnacle of the rock, and sat down to expect whatever might arrive, death or succour.

Looking back on that night long afterwards, Ellen often wondered that she had felt so calm, for in that isolated spot, her chance was only a name. She did remember some minutes at the first, during which she experienced an anguish of forlorn terror, but she knew that this passed, and that she sat quiet, it might have been a year or a lifetime, holding her white flag, gazing intently landward, and never daring to give a look down to see how high the hungry water had risen. Meanwhile scene after scene of her life from childhood upward, seemed to rise and grow clear before her ; she seemed to realize again every past hour. Then at last she thought, " If I could only know that he is saved I should not be very discontented to die."

After this thought came another, strange to think of again in cool rational mood, but seeming most right and natural, most great and comforting at that moment when between the thinker and another world, not feared, and close at hand, there was hardly a division, nothing more to be dreaded, except a little struggle and a few gasps. " I will offer up my life as a sacrifice in petition for mercy for that soul ! " Ellen thought. She was past the possibility of pondering a resolve. Impulse was the only guide left her. She came down from her seat and knelt upon it, and lifting her hands as she had once before raised them to a stormy sky, she sobbed out her prayer, hardly hearing her own voice for the roar of the waves, and the shrieking of the wind. She gave up her life unrepiningly, laid it down willingly, if only God, of His power, would give light to the soul of Egbert Aungier. She kissed the rock as a sort of token of her submission, and then she mounted to her high seat again, no longer holding up her flag, only turning her face towards the land.

She hardly felt the storm irksome now, as it tore the hair in fluttering streamers from her neck. She did not care very much for the cutting rain-drifts that were flung upon her face. She was getting quite numb ; at all events the will having let loose its hold on life, there was nothing left of consciousness but the vague presence of a great victory.

She felt the water dashing over her foot, and involuntarily drew it in ; but then, with a blind feeling that she was shrinking

from her sacrifice she slid it forth again, and let it freeze in the foam. Presently, as in a kind of dream, her spirit beheld something which it had craved to see. A head appeared above the waves, now rising, now sinking. Twilight was gathering, her eyes were dull, but he was there. An apparition, perhaps, but there was nothing fearful in that. The possible and impossible were equal to her now. The other, the unknown world, seemed as near to her as this ; but she stirred. With human instinct she clung to the rock. Yes, he was coming, indeed. Every second flung him nearer.

In a boat tossed by peril he came. He neared the rock and grasped it. One arm was thrown round her, and she swung into the boat ; the oarsman took his seat in silence and plied with his entire strength. They touched rocks at the land ; he carried her from the boat, threw his coat upon the sand, and placed her upon it ; he dried her dripping face, and smoothed her tangled hair. She was conscious of it, although too weak to appear so ; her returning senses were in a whirl of awe and rapture ; she dreaded to open her eyes or her lips. All round the rocks, in the wind, in the waves, but now so horrible, was ringing and swelling like the carol of a lark, the burden of those words so often pondered. " If ever I return, if ever I look upon your face again, then you may know that I have conquered."

She could not endure it long ; she got up and wrapped her shawl around her without glancing towards him.

" I am better now," she said, " and I must get home before it is dark."

He said nothing, but took his own scarf from his neck and threw it over her head, then he drew her arm within his, and they began to move homeward. He led her gently along, guiding her over the rough places, and almost carrying her up the rocks, till twilight had deepened, and the stars began to struggle with the darkness here and there, for it was a long walk and they went slowly. All the way from a distant beach till they gained a familiar crag, not a word was spoken between them.

" Ellen ! " he said at last.

She started as if the clouds had opened.

" Did you get a note from me that night before I went away ?"

Ellen struggled for her breath. " I got it."

" Do you remember the last words ? "

" I remember."

" Well, then, I have come back. Do you understand what I mean ? "

" I understand."

" I had horrible hours after you left me that night ; I blamed you, I blamed my fate, I blamed all creation because that I was myself, and could not escape from myself. After this madness I acknowledged that you were right ; I went away in despair, there seemed no hope left for me.

" I have had an illness ; I caught it from a little boy whom I used to visit in a London hospital. He was fond of me, and I went often to see him, for he was a lonely creature, a little organ-grinder without a friend ; I was with him when he died. The little soul went away so sweetly that, great fellow as I was, I cried to think that no such death-bed could be mine. Before he was buried I was raving in the fever myself.

" All through the delirium of that fever you haunted me ; you seemed to keep repeating for ever just such words as you had often spoken to me on the dreadful subject. I used to see you constantly kneeling at the foot of the bed praying for me, and I sometimes caught fragments of the prayers. When I regained my senses these fancies remained so clear, that I could scarcely believe them unrealities ; I even remembered the wording of the prayers, beautiful and eloquent, such as you might have spoken, but which must nevertheless have been the creations of my own imagination,

" These things affected me in a way that I had never before experienced. They did not torture me ; on the contrary, they brought comfort and refreshment ; a new strange feeling was creeping over me. I was afraid to trust it, thinking it might be the result of weakness, and that my enemy would return with my strength ; but days of convalescence went past, and the peace remained. I began to conceive prayers within myself, and with every broken utterance my wonderful tranquillity spread and deepened.

" I shall not forget the first time that I entered a church after my recovery. I was perfectly sick, lest my happy frame of mind should here prove itself a delusion. I heard a sermon, earnest enough, but nothing remarkable ; when it was finished, I felt humble, hopeful, undisturbed. And when afterwards I left the

place, and standing in the dark street, lifted my hat and looked up to the sky, and saw the ' Plough ' glittering right above me, and thought of it hanging over Dunmara and of the eyes that were perhaps watching it there, then I could have cried aloud in my ecstasy, so that the sound might have reached you here to tell that my curse was gone.

" That was two months ago ; I was afraid of presuming on my new-found strength, I fostered it, and I tried it ; I waited patiently. I would not venture near Dunmara till hope all-promising as it was, should have sobered down to certainty, and hope has become conviction ; I am free ! "

He lifted his head triumphantly. The wind blew the hair from his forehead, a rain-drift smote him on his face. The night was setting in angrily. He stopped to wrap the shawl closer about Ellen and to draw her nearer to his strong shelter.

" And now, darling," he whispered as he drew her arm tighter within his own,—“ now I have come back to claim my wife ! ”

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

DAMIEN THE LEPER

I.

A FAIR and tranquil eventide !
The sunlight blazed o'er ocean wide,
And sea and sky in radiance vied.

The waves danced lightly in their glee
And sang, as sped the winged ship free,
With snowy plumage o'er the sea.

In pensive thought I watched the spray
Flung from the dripping prow in play,
And thought of home now far away.

When, hark ! unto my startled ear
Spoke breeze-borne voices, whispers clear :
Unearthly seemed they, far, yet near.

“ Away from country, friends and home,
Across the ocean's glistening foam,
Priest of the Lord, oh, quickly come ! ”

Like music, pulsing soft and low,
The clear tones floated through the glow
Of rose-red sunset glooming slow.

“ Oh haste ! your words with power are blest
To free the soul, by sin oppress'd
And soothe the pain of troubled breast.

“ How sore the need ! Where dawn's pale light
Breaks o'er vast plains, with harvest white,
How few the reapers in God's sight !

“ Your guard shall be our swords of flame,
But well you stronger guard may claim,
Soldier of Christ, 'tis Jesus' Name !

“ Apostle's course be yours to run ;
Your meed, the Judge's word : *Well done !*
For toilsome race so nobly won.”

The strain celestial o'er me stole :
Awe-struck, I heard with deep-hushed soul—
Unheeded now the wild waves roll.

Like lightning flashed th' inspiring thought,
That 'neath Christ's flag, dismayed by nought,
E'en I should fight as saints have fought.

I heard but whispers—strange to tell—
They thrilled me like war's bugle swell,
And braced my heart for strife with Hell.

Angels, I come ! Though weak in sooth,
Yet, with Heaven's aid, I'll teach the truth,
And solace woe with tender ruth.

Against Christ's foes I take the field,
 Weapon'd through faith with sword and shield—
 To die, perchance, but ne'er to yield.

* * * *

Upward I gazed, and, far on high,
 A host stood marshalled in the sky,
 And clad in dazzling panoply.

Such glorious vision could not last ;
 The heavenly splendour, downward cast,
 Smote on mine eyes, gleamed, waned, and passed.

II.

In this green isle the sun's glad rays,
 The ferns and palms and moss-strewn ways
 And golden mist of summer days

Would purge the heart of blackest gloom.
 How glad the birds, how gay their plume,
 How brilliant all the floral bloom !

Here Nature wears her kindest smile.
 Knows this sweet Eden woe or guile ?
 —'Tis Molokai, the Leper's isle.

Rest under this broad pine I seek :
 May no fell spirits vengeance wreak
 On me, defender of the weak !

Sleep will not come :—still as the grave,
 Broodeth the wide-spread darkness, save
 That o'er the shingle laps the wave.

How oft at dark on mountain lone,
 With knees pressed to the turf or stone,
 The Saviour prayed till night had flown !

Then well may I, a sinful man,
 Adoring, pray through night's brief span
 For strength to bear the leper-ban.

Receive my prayer, Lord Jesus, deign !
 Life's pleasures I renounce for pain—
 No loss is this, but richest gain.

What Shade glides near ? My heart stands still,
A sudden horror thralls my will :
—It is the awful Prince of ill.

“ Ha, ha ! thy pride has made thee mine.
What ! Boast like one elate with wine,
Of virtue that, forsooth, is thine !

“ Rare master in Christ’s humble school
Has come this leper band to rule. ¶
Ho, ho ! first teach thyself, thou fool.

“ Behold ! the veil aside I sweep
Of future years—prepare to weep
And bow thy head in sorrow deep.

“ Ha, my proud saint, what seest thou ?
Who is that wretch with lowering brow,
Disowned by all, though boasting now ?

“ Men shall believe him thrice accurst,
In soul more loathsome than the worst
Of leprous bodies, by him nursed.

“ No prayer, no solemn rite for him,
No sacrament, no vesper hymn,
No vigil in cathedral dim.

“ Despairing outcast !—each dear friend
Shall blush for him, shall never send
One word of greeting till the end.

“ Defenceless in this lonely spot,
He cannot ’scape armed force or plot :
His soul shall faint, his body rot.

“ Oh ! who is he ? why gasps thy breath ?
Up, up ! forsake this isle of death,
And shun the sword Fate brandisheth.”

Help, help, Redeemer, ere I fall !
Thou art my hope, my strength, my all—
On Thee, Almighty Lord, I call !

O God, O God, how sore the smart
Of those suggestions foul !—my heart
Beats wild as if its life would part.

Renounce this work by Thee assigned ?
What ! fly with dastard, craven mind,
Unstable as the wave or wind ?

Upheld by Thy strong grace, I swear
To give my life, each act, wish, prayer,
To this, Thy work. All man may dare

I'll dare for Thee and for the good
Of all who suffer here—Thy Blood
Was shed for them on Holy Rood.

The dark Shade like a veering sail
Shivers—a groan of rage, a wail !
And lo ! a burst of light I hail.

Serene, within its centre, stands
An Angel, holding in his hands
A thorn-crown, bound with corded bands.

Most fair his face, it shineth clear
With wondrous light, divine, austere :
He speaks :—his voice expelleth fear—

“ Servant of God, thy Lord sends down,
In proof of love, this glorious crown ;
'Twill win thee more than earth's renown.

“ Thy passions' dross 'twill swift destroy,
As fire frees good from base alloy,
And flood thy soul with peace and joy.

“ Be leal and bold for Christ's dear sake !
Fight steadfastly the power to break
That of this isle a hell would make.

“ God's love and wisdom thou shalt know ;
Trust His Omnipotence and go
To thine appointed work and woe.”

Grey dawn is past. Up from the sea
The sun ascendeth gloriously,
And bringeth light and strength to me.

I am the last of all, and least,
Yet have I been anointed priest
To serve men till by Heaven releas'd.

Come pain, come death—I will not shrink !
'Twixt men and God I forge a link,
That these sad pariahs here, who drink

Their chalice full of anguish sore,
May meekly learn true wisdom's lore,
And drink as Jesus drank of yore.

Then, here where I have knelt and prayed,
In this pandano's kindly shade,*
I shall, a leper corse, be laid.

DAMIEN'S GRAVE.

His grave hath never heard cathedral knell ;
Beneath no lamp-illumined dome he lies
Among a nation's heroes, great and wise,
Where loud resounds the thrilling organ swell ;
Where vesper hymn, like sweet-toned silver bell
Or flute-strain pure, upsoaring Heavenward flies
And sinking slow, in softest pathos dies :
Not there sleeps Damien, yet he sleepeth well.

The wide world is the temple, vast and fair,
In which he rests ; for lamps and hymn hath he
The sun, the moon, the stars, the lightning's glare—
The tuneful breeze, the storm's diapason strong :
In that proud pæan join brook, wood and sea,
Heaven's mighty orbs, Man's heart, Angelic song.

M. WATSON, S.J.

* Damien is buried under the tree (*pandanus*, Screw-pine) beneath whose branches he passed his first night on the island.

REDEMPTORIST SAINTS

THE EARLIEST AND THE LATEST

PART II.

ST. GERARD

WHILE the saints are all alike, they differ. Of every one of her Confessors does Mother Church say : " There was none found like *this one* for observing the law."

But

Still through all variety
What saint was ever found
Unguarded by humility,
By charity uncrowned ?

Assuredly St. Gerard does not seem to be a product of the eighteenth or nineteenth century ; and he is the very antithesis of the qualities the world values to-day. Rather does he resemble those mediæval saints who seem to live in an atmosphere of legend, and miracle, and mystery, with whom supernatural manifestations are perennial. He nursed the sick, he fed the hungry, he clothed the naked ; his life was a fulfilment of our Saviour's prophecy : " In My Name they shall cast out devils . . . they shall lay their hands upon the sick and they shall recover." He was meek, modest, inoffensive, and he loved the brethren. He obeyed in a heroic manner the invitation of the Holy Ghost, " My son, give Me thy heart."

Poetry and romance have cast their spells over the old grey-green cities of Italy, nor is holiness often absent. Among the purple slopes of the Apennines lies the charming little city of Muro, protected by low hills from the biting blasts of the north, and overlooking a smiling plain over which it creeps to the south. It has a population of over 7,000 souls, and is an episcopal see, the present bishop being Monsignor Cappone. The people of Muro boast of many illustrious characters who shed renown on their city. But only one, besides Gerard, is likely to be raised on the altars of holy Church, Father Dominic Gerardelli, the cause of whose beatification has been begun.

Gerard was born April 6th, 1726, and baptized in the cathedral on the day of his birth. His father, Dominic Majella, was by trade a tailor. In the richest and most important cities of Italy, the Tailors' Guild, composed of the leading men of the craft, was one of the most magnificent. In Venice, at their pageants, they dressed in white with vermillion stars, and at their celebrations which the Doge attended, "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind" sparkled. But at Muro, nothing was seen of this. Poor Majella could scarcely earn his daily bread. And his labours supplemented by those of his devoted wife, Benedicta, could scarcely support their only son and their daughters Brigid, Anne, and Elizabeth.

Gerard was a favoured child. Among his first words were the holy names, Jesus and Mary; and one of his earliest actions was to make the sign of the Cross on his forehead, mouth, and breast. His chief recreation was to erect little altars which he decked with flowers and pictures, to plant crosses and imitate the ceremonies of the Church. His childish voice was often raised in hymns and canticles before the pictures of his favourite saints. The cathedral sacristan, a relative, sometimes gave him fragments of wax, which he made into little candles and burned on his altars. He marshalled into processions the most pious of his companions, and taught them to pray and sing. Sometimes his parents found him rapt in familiar intercourse with God, like one transported to another place.

Near Muro is a small church dedicated to our Lady of Consolation, still a favourite resort of the faithful. Here is venerated a statue of our Lady with the Infant Jesus in her arms. Here the Divine Child stood before young Gerard in all His infantile loveliness, and invited the raptured boy to play with Him. Wondrous indeed must have been that play: the gracious familiarity of the little Jesus and the sweet humility of the boy's glowing heart.

The Infant gave him a loaf of fine, snow-white bread, with which he at once ran to his mother, saying: "The dear little son of a beautiful lady gave me this." These gracious familiarities made a deep impression on his tender mind. Twenty years later, when he was a Redemptorist, his sister Brigid coming to visit him, they spoke of these miraculous occurrences, and he said: "Now I know it was the Divine Infant who gave me

the bread ; then I believed He was a child like other children." " Well, then," returned Brigid, as if joking, " come back to Muro to visit the Madonna and find the beautiful child." " No," said Gerard, " I need not go to Muro now to find the Madonna and the Child ; I can see them everywhere."

At seven, Gerard was sent to a school taught by Donato Spicci, a relative of his family ; here he learned to read, write, and express himself with facility. The master loved him tenderly, and was wont to style him " the delight of his soul." Later, Spicci became a priest.

As a child Gerard visited Caposele, where he was to die in the odour of sanctity. The town is scattered over a valley, but the Redemptorist Convent is on the heights, 1,800 feet above sea level. To this Convent is attached the small church of Mater Domini, containing a miraculous picture of that name, the high altar-piece. St. Alphonsus and St. Gerard both had ecstasies before the miraculous Mater Domini.

Muro is dear to the clients of St. Gerard. As St. Paul said of Tarsus, " it is no mean city." On the top of the heights are the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and the seminary. The largest building is the Carmelite monastery. There are convents of Capuchins and Conventuals, an extensive hospital, and the lowly cottage in which our Saint was born. All the localities specially sanctified by his presence are marked for veneration. Below, on the lowly hillside is the vicar's garden, in which the Bambino sometimes appeared to him (1732) with the Madonna, and gave him the delicious white bread.

When nearly ten, Gerard made his first Communion, and afterwards his director permitted him to receive every second day. On Whit Sunday, 1740, Gerard knelt in the chapel of the Poor Clares, before the Bishop of Lacedogna, Mgr. Claudius Albini, who had been delegated by the diocesan Bishop, Claudius Melchior Delfico, to administer Confirmation ; from the moment in which he received this great Sacrament, he entertained a tender devotion to the Holy Ghost.

Death robbed Gerard in his boyhood of his pious, hard-working father ; and, the family being reduced to distress, his mother was obliged to apprentice him to a tailor.

Having worked and suffered in his new capacity, Gerard soon began to feel a yearning for the religious life. He applied

to the Muro Capuchins among whom was his uncle, Father Bonaventure. But they would not even give him a trial. With a similar result, he sought admission among the Conventuals. His uncle, to console him for the first refusal, gave him a coat which he at once turned over to a beggar who asked an alms of him.

The Congregation of St. Alphonsus to which he next addressed himself, would give him no hope. At last he ran away from his humble home, following the Fathers who were leaving Muro after a mission. Again and again they implored him to go back to his mother. But he declared he had left his home for ever. His importunity prevailed, and he followed them into the Illiceto house, saying, "Blessed be God who has brought me to this place!" Father Cafuro, who later became his director, received him. This good Father died soon after, August 13th, 1753, and Gerard being rapt in profound ecstasy declared: "I saw the soul of Father Cafuro going to heaven." Gerard's brethren styled him, *il simbolo dell' umilta*, "the symbol of humility."

Illiceto convent was founded by St. Alphonsus in 1744, at the request of Antonio Lucci, Bishop of Bovino. It had been a monastery under Blessed Felix Carsona. A grotto hewn out of a rock in which Felix loved to pray, remains as a memorial of this holy man. Here Gerard began his life as a Redemptorist laybrother; he worked, prayed, and relieved the sick and poor. From Illiceto he went to other houses of his Congregation, everywhere leading a life of awful mortification and incessant labour. It was customary in Italy in times of scarcity for the poor to surround the convents at meal hours, nor was food ever refused them. In 1754 the harvest almost entirely failed, and famine appeared among the poorer classes. Over two hundred destitute creatures came daily to the convent gate, scantily covered and in every stage of misery. Gerard searched the house for clothing, mended and altered whatever was in the least useful, and by making a fire in the vestibule he supplied the shivering Italians with an unwonted luxury. He could not do enough for the aged and the sick, and the sight of little children trembling and weeping with cold and hunger moved him to tears. "Alas!" said he, "we have sinned, and these little innocent ones must suffer for our sins." He patted and fondled them, and took their hands in his own to warm them. "The poor person," said he, "is a

true likeness of Christ." And, in the same thought, he once said very beautifully : " The Most Blessed Sacrament is Christ made invisible ; the poor person is Christ again made visible."

Here is a pretty incident. The nephew of one of his friends received a lovely bird, of which he was very fond. Gerard took the bird, played with it, and set it free. The boy cried aloud for his little favourite. Gerard went to the window by which it had escaped and exclaimed : " Little bird, do you hear ? Come back, the boy is crying for you. Come, my pretty bird ! " The bird flew to the servant of God, who restored it to the boy, to his unbounded delight.

Gerard's life was one of extraordinary gifts and of course of extraordinary crosses. He bore the cross so as to win the crown. And now the poor ignorant tailor of Muro, the despised, ill-treated servant of Lacedogaa, the slandered Brother doing penance for a sin he never committed, is about to close his eyes on earth. Persecution had been his daily bread, from within and without, from cleric and layman, such as it is wonderful he could have endured and survived. St. Alphonsus loved and valued him, but he was not always able to shield him. Once the acting Rector of his house inflicted on him the keenest anguish and subjected him to the most outrageous treatment, and what was incomparably more bitter than all, forbade him Holy Communion. And though he saw only the hand of God in this unworthy young official, one is glad to learn that a man so utterly wanting in the meekness and benignity of Christ, was dismissed by St. Alphonsus himself, 1754.

In the autumn of 1755 the hand of death was manifestly on him. Sometimes he sat up in bed and said the *Miserere* with touching devotion. And he cried out, " Oh, see ! Oh, see the Madonna ! Let us honour her." While he was keeping nightly vigil before her picture, she appeared to him in all her dazzling beauty. It seemed as though this Mother of Fair Love stood over him to the last. He continued the most touching ejaculations till his voice entirely failed. His death occurred at 11.15 a.m., October 16, 1755. He was nearly thirty years old, and had spent six years in the Congregation. Almost with his dying breath, our Saint bore to himself this beautiful testimony : " I have done everything for the love of God. I never lost sight of Him. I always desired only

to do His holy will ; and, because I always endeavoured to walk before Him, I die in peace."

St. Alphonsus had the highest opinion of this dear Brother. He often invoked him ; and, had it not been for the terrible troubles in which his Congregation was soon after involved, he would have laboured to raise him on the altars of the Church. The people were anxious for a portrait of the holy Brother, and two casts of his face were taken. After some unsuccessful attempts, a painter finished a portrait that gave general satisfaction. It represents him falling into an ecstasy, a crucifix in one hand, the other on his breast, as if in protestation. This, a black and white engraving, is regarded as a genuine likeness.

Gerard was tall and slight, and of a very pleasing appearance. His face was long and pale, forehead high and broad. He was naturally animated and even choleric ; his mildness was the fruit of virtue. Like St. Alphonsus, of whom it was said that he was the most perfect gentleman among the Neapolitan clergy, Gerard was most courteous and agreeable in manner, and full of kindness and charity for all, so that he often worked miracles for the solace of those whom he could not otherwise relieve. Miracles continued to proclaim his sanctity after his holy death.

Gerard was buried opposite the sacristy door at Mater Domini, on the heights of Caposele, in presence of the largest crowd ever assembled on the mountain, composed mostly of the poor, to whom he had been the tenderest of fathers, and who wept for his death, refusing to be comforted. His remains now repose in a fine casket or urn of gilt bronze highly polished. Three sides are of glass, sealed and not allowed to be opened. This beautiful shrine is in a chapel of Mater Domini, on the Gospel side under the altar. The skull and the principal bones bleached white are kept in this urn and are visible. There our pilgrims from New Orleans had the satisfaction of celebrating Mass in honour of his canonized Brother.

Caposele is about fifty miles from Nocera. In the room in which the chastened spirit of our Saint passed to his Father in heaven, the figure of St. Gerard lying in state, with lilies and roses and other decorations, reposes under an altar of the Saint. Many pretty pictures have been taken of this shrine and given to devout clients of St. Gerard. The windows of this room are marked so that one can discern from below that it is the room

in which he died. He was professed July 16, 1752. Near the entrance was placed the following inscription :—

“ THIS IS THE CELL
WHICH BROTHER GERARD MAJELLA OF MURO,
RELIGIOUS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST HOLY REDEEMER,
A MODEL OF INNOCENCE AND PIETY,
CONSECRATED BY HIS PRESENCE
AND MADE ILLUSTRIOUS BY A HOLY DEATH.”

In 1796 this cell was changed into a chapel of St. Stanislaus. Notwithstanding the prayers of many fervent souls, nothing was done towards raising Gerard on our altars till after the canonization of St. Alphonsus, 1839. Gerard was declared Venerable by Pius IX, 1847, Beatified by Leo XIII, 1893, and Canonized by Pius X, 1904.

Among the petitioners for his canonization were Ferdinand II, King of Naples, and the Archbishop of Naples. God was pleased to hear the prayers and vows of many fervent souls, and, at one of the grandest functions of the Church, our lowly and loving Gerard was proclaimed a saint, on Sunday, December 11, 1904. On that auspicious morning the Redemptorists of Via Merulana rose about two so as to say their masses and leave their altars free for the numerous Roman clergy who, in remembrance of the new Saint, were coming to say their Masses in the Redemptorist church. The ceremony at St. Peter's was very long, from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. The procession was most imposing, including two hundred and fifty prelates and nearly every order of the priesthood, many carrying handsome banners. About a thousand persons were in the procession, all with lighted tapers, which they afterwards retained as souvenirs. It was sublime when all cried out as with one voice : “ St. Gerard, pray for us ! ”

M. AUSTIN CARROLL.

CONCERNING BACK NUMBERS AND OTHER BUSINESS MATTERS.

I.

LEST the question should escape notice by being embedded in an article which some may be so ill-advised as to skip, we will abruptly put in front the desire of one person to get a copy of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* for January, 1891, and of another to possess the numbers for January and September, 1896. Offers of these will be gratefully received at the address which heads the first of our advertisement pages. The whole volume for 1891 is also wanted. Similar petitions will be put forward later on.

"Eaten bread is soon forgotten" does not seem to be a very happy proverb. Why should it not be forgotten? If the bread were bad and unwholesome and disagreed with you, it would not let itself be forgotten. But of course the object of the proverb is to reprobate the ingratitude of those who quickly forget benefits and favours which they desired greatly before they obtained them. The chief point is not to forget God and those whom God makes use of to give us our daily bread and every other good thing of life.

There are many analogies between our corporal food and our intellectual food; and the present point holds true with regard to the latter. A great deal of it produces at the moment any effect it is capable of and may safely be forgotten.

Some newspapers, certainly not all, belong to the category of intellectual food; but, unless they be thoughtful and literary journals that are in reality magazines published once a week or once a day, they may, without any remorse, be torn up and consigned to oblivion and the fire, after they have told us how the world is going on. Aubrey de Vere said to us one day that he wished some of the sodalities for young men would make it one of their rules to read newspapers standing, not sitting down to them, and this as a reminder that they were not to study these ephemeral things or take their views from them, but only to pick up scraps of news to serve as the staple of our small talk instead of our neighbours' characters.

There are many magazines of the day equally ephemeral. The rage for illustration has lowered the literary standard. But a good, conscientious magazine that trusts solely to honest literary merit consists in reality of several books published by instalments—stories, books of biography, books of verse, critical and miscellaneous essays. Magazines of this sort often increase in value and interest by being collected into volumes. Hence the great anxiety of many booksellers in London, Dublin, and New York, and in many country towns, to get complete sets or long runs of the *Dublin Review* and the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. Our own magazine is honoured by being coupled with these grave and learned periodicals in the printed advertisement of The Twentieth Century Press, New York, which we hand over bodily to the printer. It is headed "Rare and Valuable Sets"—

It is the work of years to get together complete sets of any of the following magazines, and, therefore, the prices charged are reasonable. The demand is constantly increasing, while the supply is stationary, and each year the prices will advance.

The Dublin Review. From the Commencement in 1836 to 1902 inclusive. Complete in 131 volumes, 83 volumes bound in half calf, gilt ; 48 volumes cloth. Price \$500.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record. A Complete Set from the first year, 1864, to 1902, inclusive, 41 volumes, bound in green cloth. \$250.

The Irish Monthly. A Magazine of General Literature, edited by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., first published in 1873. The Complete Series, to and including 1902, 30 volumes, green cloth, \$135.

Those prices are respectively £100, £50, and £27. The manager explains such high figures by referring to the expense and delay involved in collecting complete sets, and also to the cost of duty, insurance, cartage, and the heavy charges for empty cases. In Dublin complete sets can be procured more cheaply ; but to make one of them perfect the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for January, 1875, is required, and we shall be glad to purchase it for my friend.

In a list which offers, at very moderate prices, all the volumes except i., iii., iv., v., vii., viii., xviii., and xix., I notice

that the volume for 1889 asks five pence more than its neighbours, and 1897 does the same. We wonder why. Unless the volumes have been disposed of lately, all the above gaps, except the two last, can be filled by Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell-street, who can also supply a set from the beginning, 1873 to 1895, in half calf.

Some of our subscribers seem to set great store by that maxim of rustic politeness, "It's manners to wait to be asked." Better advised are those who impose on us no weightier obligation than to thank them for their subscription paid spontaneously in advance. But hardly any have ever been so unsatisfactory as the dignified subscribers to whom the editor of the *Analecta Ecclesiastica* administered the following rebuke last February:—

"Instantissime rogamus Rmos Episcopos aliosque ex utroque Clero adsociatos ut morem debito tempore gerant pro renovanda subscriptione. Nonnulli enim, quamvis pluries moniti fuerint, nec solutionem pro elapsis annis transmiserunt nec responsum ullum dederunt, justitiae pariter ac urbanitatis jura violantes. Pudebat talia dicere; dixi."

It is indeed strange that so excellent a periodical should be treated in this manner. It ought to reach every diocese, in order that the most recent Roman decisions, etc., might be known as soon as possible. By the way, the *Tablet*, May 20, announced that His Holiness Pius X wishes this ejaculation, "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us," to be added to the vernacular prayers said at the end of the Mass. The *Analecta* said that the indulgences were granted to those who repeat this ejaculation three times, *ter recitantibus*. Has this *ter* been overlooked in England? We notice that in the fine *Benedictionale* recently published by M. H. Gill & Son (which we commend at the end of "New Books") this ejaculation is repeated three times after the vernacular prayers at the end of Mass.

TO THE POETS OF TO-DAY

SWEET-LANGUED poets, sing the songs again
 True singers loved three hundred years ago ;
 Let us escape awhile from thoughts of pain,
 And see no sadder sight than flowers aglow,
 And hear no harsher sound than ripples wake
 That on some lone isle's beach at morning break.

White lilies keep their petals pure of stain ;
 Red roses in our gardens bud and blow
 As Herrick saw them once ; each country lane
 With primroses bedecks its green hedgerow ;
 And daffodils and shimmering bluebells make
 A fairy bower of every leafy brake.

Round cottage homes the thrushes' glad refrain
 Is warbled still, and swallows twitter low ;
 The nightly stars peer out about the Wain ;
 The brooks flow seaward, laughing as they flow ;
 And all God's lovely world for human sake
 With wondrous ravishment the heart doth take.

Rich-worded singers, joyance is not slain,
 But you would bury it and leave it so :
 'Tis yours to rive and loose the riven chain
 And chase afar its wily victor, woe,
 Till men wax jubilant and lightly shake
 All sad thoughts off of grief and loss and ache.

Tell us how good is life, how very vain
 The cares that strike our weak hearts to and fro ;
 Smile when for bitterness we would complain ;
 Give us the gladness you can yet bestow,
 With songs as pure as is the maybloom's flake
 And sweet as memories that churchbells wake.

J. W. A.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Spirit of Sacrifice and the Life of Sacrifice in the Religious State.* From the French of the Rev. S. M. Giraud. New York : Benziger. (Price 2 dollars, net.)

Materially and outwardly this is a large, solid, well-bound and well printed volume of five hundred pages ; and in its substance it seems to be the most solid addition made recently to the department of ascetic literature, to which it belongs. The author is a missionary priest of Our Lady of *La Salette*, and his spirit is indicated by the three authorities that he names in his preface—Rodriguez, St. Jure, and Gautrelet. The translator is completely ignored, and the title-page bears the important label, "Revised by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.," whose name is also joined to Father Giraud's on the back of the volume. The special title of the book appears to apply only to a few of the earlier chapters, more than four hundred pages being devoted to a full and solid discussion of the nature and obligations of the religious state, the exercises of the noviceship, the vows of religion, and all the virtues of community life. Besides eight chapters on obedience, St. Ignatius's letter on obedience is given in full. The description of it as "not generally known," will astonish some children of the Saint to whom it is pretty familiar. A sober, sensible tone runs through Father Giraud's entire work. He quotes largely from St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis of Sales, and we could have no better guides. Convents that want a new spiritual book can hardly do better than get *The Spirit of Sacrifice*.

2. *The Haunted Temple and other Poems.* By Edward Doyle New York : The Knickerbocker Press.

Mr. Doyle is styled on his title page "author of 'Moody Moments,'" and on the opposite page are quoted the favourable opinions passed by the *Atlantic Monthly*, *New York Independent*, *Springfield Republican*, and *Boston Literary World* upon that previous volume which we have not seen. These notices emphasize the fact that Mr. Doyle is blind ; and this indeed

is hinted at sometimes in the new volume, as in the sonnet beginning :

" 'Tis now three decades since the shores of light
With their green forests, cities, peaks of blue,
And wandering birds were blasted from my view"—

but one would never guess that our poet suffered this privation from his poems which are full of vivid touches of description. We do not quite understand the allegorical poem which is placed in front and named on the title-page ; but it is easy to recognize the power of language and the liveliness of imagination. Some of the shorter and simpler pieces are very good. The shortest is "Faith," which we would quote if we understood the third line! The patriotic poems, "Liberty Bell," and "The Father of our Naval Glory," are the best, perhaps, except some of the sonnets, which are really fine. Why is the beautiful sonnet "To a Child Reading," marred by making "inquiries" rhyme with "cease"? And elsewhere why is "absents her throne" used in the sense of leaving her throne vacant? Poets ought to obey the laws of grammar and orthoepy like ordinary mortals. Mr. Doyle gives one good sonnet to "Erin," which is probably the land of his fathers. His best bits of workmanship are, we think, "To a Child in Heaven," "To My Sister," and "Chime, Dark Bell." He has a true inspiration.

3. We have before called attention to the *Course of Christian Doctrine*, which is intended as "a Handbook for Teachers." It is a large, though not thick volume, brought out sumptuously by the Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, which produces so well the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, and its splendid off-shoot the *Dolphin*. This work, which we owe to the Sisters of St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, is the mature fruit of the experience of many engaged in the practical work of education, and furnishes many hints and helps in the best methods of teaching Christian doctrine. The illustrative extracts of religious verse, etc., are very interesting. The work has been eagerly welcomed in the schools of the United States.

4. *History of the Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields.* London : R. and T. Washbourne. (Price 2s. 6d.)

In a very well produced volume of some 140 pages we have here an historical account of everything connected with the oldest

Catholic church in London, which is now to disappear in order to make way for one of the new streets by which certain old parts of London are being transformed. Though the name of the Rev. John Dunford, the present Rector, appears on the cover, he has only edited [a work] compiled with difficulty from scanty materials by Miss Joanna Harting. It is full of interesting glimpses of the hardships of the persecution days, and of the brave and gifted who kept up the faith in spite of all dangers. The Catholic Church has indeed made wonderful progress since Dr. Wiseman preached his first course of lectures in this old Sardinian Chapel.

5. *A Gleaner's Sheaf. Thoughts in Prose and Verse.* Compiled by a Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. London : R. and T. Washbourne. (Price 1s.)

Nothing could be neater or more convenient than this little book with its binding of blue and gold. The selections are nearly all prayers, or at least holy enough to be used when kneeling before the altar. As a sworn foe of anonymity, we may remark that many of the unsigned pieces ought to have been traced to the authors and credited to them. Is not page 34 by Miss Eleanor Donnelly ? The baptismal initial of the writer quoted in page 108 is not J. but M. and the same signature might have been appended to the translation of Silvio Pellico's *Dio Amore* in p. 148, and of St. Augustine's *Domine Jesu, noverim Te* in p. 115. In the latter case, even St. Augustine's name is not given. In a new edition " my soul " ought to be omitted from line 9 of page 149, and the last two lines arranged properly. There should be no flaw in so neat and holy a booklet.

6. *Gems of Catholic Thought. Sayings of Eminent Catholic Authors.* By Anna T. Sadlier. London : Burns and Oates.

There is no date to this little book, which we welcomed several years ago. But we are glad to see it again. It is produced with perfect taste. If set up anew, we strongly recommend the substitution of plain Arabian numerals for those puzzling Roman capitals. The last of these thoughts, for instance, would be recognized more easily as 953 than as DCCCCLIII. Some of the thoughts, too, might be replaced by others with advantage. For instance, the second of Cardinal Newman's, No. 211, is not a thought at all, but a very commonplace statement. Why was it quoted, above all, from him who is so rich in thought ?

7. *Truth Stranger than Fiction : being Four Episodes in the*

Life of a Convert. By H. J. M. L. London : R. and T. Washbourne. (Price 1s.)

The four incidents narrated in these simple and pleasant pages do not appear to be very extraordinary, but they are interesting and edifying and show an earnest faith on the part of the writer, Mr. L., who will be easily recognized by many readers. We are told incidentally that he and the present Earl of St. Germans were secretaries to the Mission that took the Garter to the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia in the summer of 1867.

8. *The Christian Home.* By Right Rev. Dr. M'Faul, Bishop of Trenton. New York : Benziger. (Price 5d.)

This is only a pastoral addressed by an American Bishop to his own flock ; but it teaches such useful lessons in so impressive a manner that it has been read widely through the United States, and has run rapidly into a second edition. Though some parts of it happily do not apply to Catholic homes, it might be read here with pleasure and profit. Another American publication is *Sound Readings for Busy People*, by the Rev. James Hayes, S.J., published by the American League of the Cross, 413 West Twelfth Street, Chicago. A great variety of pithy extracts and little essays on questions of the day, for three cents.

9. We do not know how far the *Downside Review* cares to be known to the outside world, or whether it is content to be duly appreciated by Gregorians ; but we must express our admiration for the excellent value they give their subscribers, as may be seen by the Easter Number. The form and printing are most pleasant, and even for outsiders the matter is interesting and instructive, while careful to keep to its own province without straying too much into general literature. But there is one delightful exception to this wise restraint : Mrs. Cashel Hoey's article on Aubrey de Vere is the best that has appeared since the publication of his biography. Subscribers to the *Downside Review* get full value for their yearly crown.

10. By some mischance *Memoirs of Rosebank* for Christmas, 1904, reached us only in the middle of May. We hasten to welcome this excellent school magazine, especially as this is its first visit to our sanctum, and we feel

“ Like some watcher of the skies
; When a new planet swims into his ken.”

St. Mary's College, Rosebank, is a flourishing boarding-school conducted by the Sisters of the Good Samaritan. The illustrations of its *Memoirs* show that it is a beautiful spot, a very paradise of trees and flowers. The articles making up this number are generally very short, very pithy, and many of them very spicy; but too many of them have no initials appended to them, though evidently original. The Charade at page 36 begins with a very bad rhyme and robs *pie* of its last letter. The item that struck us most in all the *Memoirs* was not Leah with her less than a dozen years playing brilliantly Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," nor yet the striking story, "In the Year of the Jubilee," but the premium won by two young ladies for "Darning." We never saw that in a prize list before. God bless all those bright young Rosebankers, past, present, and to come.

11. The latest additions made by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin) to its admirable series of penny publications are *Père Lacordaire*, by Father Stanislaus Hogan, O.P.; *How to be a Saint in a Workshop*, by William J. Forman; and two essays by Cardinal Moran, *The Priests and People of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century*, and *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Early Irish Church*. The last of these is full of the most exact and most minute lore on the subject; and the Cardinal's other paper is an admirable review of the events that have affected religion in Ireland in recent times. Mr. Forman, whom we have not met before, discusses, in a very useful, interesting manner, the difficulties and dangers of artisans in seventeen chapters, which ought, perhaps, to have been differently grouped, for some are too short to be dignified with the name of chapter. For instance, sixteen lines only are given to "Gambling and Betting." Other headings are "Ridicule," "Morning Hurry," "Drinking Customs," "Punctuality," etc. This little treatise will, please God, do a great deal of good. A portrait of Lacordaire is prefixed to the very interesting account which Father Hogan gives of his illustrious brother. In a new issue the name "Lamennais" should double *n*, not *m*.

12. If it be lawful for Cicerunculus to slip a word in *pro domo sua*, it may be mentioned here that of the three eucharistic books by the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., published by Burns and Oates—*Moments before the Tabernacle*, *At Home near the Altar*, and *Close*

to the *Altar Rails*—the number of copies printed (nearly all in circulation) approaches close to twenty thousand. The price of each of these is a shilling. *Communion Day*, published later by the Art and Book Company, at 2s., is in its second edition.

13. *The Transplanting of Tessie*. By Mary T. Waggaman. New York : Benziger. (Price 2s. 6d.)

This is at least the tenth of Miss Waggaman's stories, published separately, besides her shorter tales in periodicals. It is as bright and entertaining as any of its predecessors, which is meant to be high praise. We think it is the *Dolphin* that in reviewing juvenile books puts at the end of each notice such figures as "From 8 to 12 years," to indicate the readers for whom the book in question is specially adapted. *The Transplanting of Tessie* might, perhaps, be labelled, "From 10 to 15." It has interested one reader who is considerably beyond the age-limit. The name of this clever writer is very American ; and we should not be surprised if many readers should object to the way she manipulates the Irish element in her story. She may plead in excuse that none but an Irish ruffian could develop the good qualities required by her plot.

14. The largest and most important of the periodicals that come under our notice is *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Philadelphia, 211 South Sixth Street). Each number contains 208 pages of the largest practical dimensions, and its contributors from both sides of the Atlantic are allowed ample space to develop their themes adequately. The authors of the number for April, 1905, are two professors of the Catholic University of America, a Scotch Benedictine, an Irish Dominican, six American Jesuits, and three laymen. Dom Michael Barrett in "Ancient Scottish Devotion to Mary" does for Scotland what Cardinal Moran has done for Ireland in a recent penny pamphlet of our Catholic Truth Society. The more literary items discuss the Provençal poet Mistral, Gerald Griffin, and an old poem of the Middle Ages. The "Scientific Chronicle" of this review is always full and interesting.

15. The new editor of the *Mangalore Magazine* has evidently striven hard, and not unsuccessfully, to diminish the regret that his readers must feel for the departure of the first editor, Father Moore, who has been recalled to California. The new number is a very good one, though it may not boast such a versatile collec-

tion of "Varia" as graced some of its predecessors. By the way we ventured to demur to one of these, which attributed to Alaric A. Watts the famous alliterative poem that begins with

"An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
By battery, by battlement, besieged Belgrade."

Our denial was brought under the notice of Miss Zillah Watts by the daughter of Mary Howitt. Miss Watts disclaims the authorship on the part of her father. The *Mangalore Magazine* has the good fortune to command the services of a Latin poet who can sing *versiculi Catulliani* with a grace and facility that are growing rarer every year. He celebrates the Silver Jubilee of St. Aloysius' College, as does also the English poet of the magazine—but the *villanelle* is a form of verse too artificial for sincerity. The biographical papers on Father Joseph Vaz, Apostle of Ceylon, and Father Rudolph Aquaviva, are the most valuable items of this number.

16. In the May number of the *Longwood Alpha Mi Pu*—which comes all the way from Chicago, and of which the name may, perhaps, be excused by some hidden meaning—the most important item is an excellent lecture by Miss Elizabeth Jordan, on the Community Spirit of the World; and the first item is the following sonnet addressed to us by Miss Miriam Theresa Sullivan in graceful acknowledgment of our volume of *Sonnets on the Sonnet*, presented to the most besonneted Magazine of either hemisphere:—

Didst ever wander in a garden fair,
Where petals soft like tinted snowflakes fall,
Luxuriant perfume shedding over all ?
Didst note that every blushing flower doth bear
Within its heart enticing beauty rare,
A sweetness all its own, a charm withal
That captive holds, in vague delightful thrall,
The idle fancy midst the perfumed air ?
Hail, Patron Sonneteer, across the sea !
Each Longwood Sonneteerness bows to thee !
A garden of fair flowers thy gift ? Ah, nay !
But one majestic woodland, where long day
Enchanted seems but like a flitting hour,
Where all forgotten is, but beauteous flower !"

17. In the *Redwood* for Easter, which in form is quite an

imposing magazine, the cleverest item is, perhaps, a batch of parodies by Ivo Bogan who dares to mock the style of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Lever, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, Poe, Moore Byron, and Rossetti. The succeeding number is still more ample in its dimensions, and very spirited.

18. The Rev. William Carrigan, C.C., M.R.I.A., has completed the printing of *The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Ossory* in four quarto volumes, consisting respectively of 395, 400, 516, and 400 pages, and containing in the same order 36, 53, 95, and 49 illustrations. This vast work is of great historical and ecclesiastical interest. It does for Ossory what Monsignor O'Laverty has done for Down and Connor. Enquiries are to be addressed to Father Carrigan, Durrow, Queen's County. We trust that his example may be followed by some young priest in each of the dioceses that have not yet found an historian.

19. *The Race for Copper Island*. By Henry S. Spalding, S.J., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger. (Price 3s. 6d.)

Father Spalding in his new romance strikes out in a new direction. His two former stories, *The Cave by the Beech Fork* and *The Sheriff of the Beech Fork* were linked together, as their names imply. But his third tale goes back to the time of Father Marquette, the middle of the seventeenth century, just before the discovery of the Mississippi. Father Spalding is most ingenious in devising a variety of incidents that will hold the young reader's interest on the stretch. The sounds and living things of the forest are set before us very strikingly. The descriptions are rapid and vivid, and the style throughout is excellent.

20. Herder of Freiburg, the great ecclesiastical publisher, has issued a third and enlarged edition of the work, *Cultus SS. Cordis Jesu et Purissimi Cordis B.V. Mariae, sacerdotibus praecipue et theologiae studiosis propositus*, by Father Herman Nix, S.J. It is a very solid treatise for priests on this devotion of predilection, treating the subject historically, theologically, and ascetically. The work is very beautifully printed.

21. *Stella Maris* (Messenger Office, Wimbledon) seems almost to improve each month in literary and artistic merit. "My Birthday," by Lance Ridingdale, is as fresh as if it were the first instead of the latest of a long series. Is "Out of Doors" another rill from the same inexhaustible fountain? In the English *Messenger* we rejoice to see again Miss May Probyn. Her verse is always poetry and never commonplace.

22. We rejoice to see how warmly even the cold hearted Saxon critics appreciate Dean Kelly's *Early Haunts of Goldsmith*, which we commended to our readers in June. The *Times* calls it "an attractive work for lovers of Goldsmith;" the *Spectator*, "a pleasant and readable book," and the *Scotsman*, "a noteworthy monument of literary piety."

23. It is to be hoped that the Catholics of Bombay are aware that they have one of the best conducted journals in the world. We have seen that description given of the *Bombay Examiner*, and it is certainly true. The editor's leaders and answers to correspondents are the very best of their kind, especially such controversial papers as the exposure of Dr. Horton; and he is fortunate in having so pleasant a contributor as the Flying Visitor (May 6), who describes the trips round Khandalla. The news of all the world is served up admirably in snippets. What zeal, and toil, and self-denial have gone to the maintenance of the *Examiner* through fifty-six volumes!

24. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have published a very complete *Benedictionale*, which has evidently been edited with extreme care. It contains all the prayers, litanies, and other devotions that are used in public churches, and all in the most recent authorised forms. It is printed in the manner most convenient for practical use. The price is three shillings.

25. It is not our fault that we are much too late in our notice of *Allè : a Pentecostal Sequence*, by the Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D.D., D.C.L., All Hallows College. (Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son, price 3s.) These sacred lyrics breathe a very ardent spirit of piety, and are marked by a depth and subtlety of theological thought and expression that must necessarily be beyond the appreciation of ordinary readers.

26. Canon Sheehan's new novel *Glenanaar, a Story of Irish Life* (Longmans, Green & Co., price 6s.) has reached us at the last moment, and we can do no more than announce its appearance here. It is cast in quite a different mould from all his previous stories. There is none of the clerical element which Dr. Sheehan has made his own. A priest indeed tells the story, but keeps himself completely in the background while the interesting little drama is unfolded, often with great eloquence and power. We hope it will soon overtake *Luke Delmege*, which is now in its twelfth thousand.

MARSHLANDS

BEAUTIFUL, brilliant, broad marshlands,
 Stretching afar beneath brooding skies !
 Out of the sombre and shifting sands
 Your slender and swaying grasses rise ;
 From loam of the river's dense black bands,
 Forth flame your orange and scarlet dyes.

Though storms may rage, and though clouds may lower,
 Ever your radiant tints are seen.
 Under the shadowy, wind-swept shower,
 Aflame is the scarlet, and fair the green ;
 While your delicate orange and amber dower,
 Like lingering sunlight, shines between.

Over your glory, how light of wing
 The birds and butterflies come and go,
 In sun and in shadow fluttering,
 All blithely and lightly, to and fro,
 As who should say : " Despite storms we sing,
Benedicamus Domino ! "

Beautiful, brilliant, broad Marshlands,
 What brave high thoughts in the soul ye raise !
 Life, light and love, when the Lord commands,
 Spring up supreme through the darkest days ;
 And ever the heart that understands,
 In storm or in sun shall sing His praise.

S. L. EMERY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1905

IN FOND AND FAITHFUL MEMORY

MARY GILL, who died on the 4th of May of this year, was one of whom there is not very much to tell to the outside world. Yet her presence in the world made a great difference to a good many people ; and her passing away out of it has left it comparatively a cold place even for the happiest of us. She was a woman who had a genius of love and beneficence, a genius of the heart. She was the most tender and devoted of wives and mothers ; but when one might have supposed that her arms and her heart were full, there was yet room for many beyond the circle of her home. She exhaled kindness and warmth. If you came to her big bounteous house in her absence, being one of the happy ones who loved her, you were sensible of a feeling of desolation. You wandered through the rooms seeking her, with a forlorn sense of their emptiness without her. It was as though you had discovered with a little chill that the fire had gone out. One imagines the rooms without her now, empty of her for ever ; or one does not imagine them. One turns away from that imagination to think of her in heaven, to think of her coming to greet one as of old, with the warmth of a welcome which used to shine before one like a star, making the longest road to her light and easy. Happy were those who depended on her for happiness, for she gave of the riches of her heart with both hands : there were no reservations in her love, no coldness, no halting, no timidity. Her tenderness flowed in a steady stream that constantly replenished itself within her heart. As she was to her husband and her children and her

friends in their varying degrees, so was she to her dependents, to the poor, to the outside world when she came into relation with it. Her dependents, you felt, were always safe with her, safe in her kindness, her trust, her generosity. She had a beautiful, soft, warm manner ; that manner which is the happy prerogative of Irishwomen. Who was like her in sympathy ? And if it was but the well-earned rating of a servant, there was something of humour, and humanity, and kindness in the sound of it.

In the same way if you went with her into a shop, if she bought a newspaper in the street, she spoke to those who served her in a way that will not be heard through all the shops of London to-day ; unless it might be from one of Mary's countrywomen with a share of Mary's heart. For the English, and especially the English women, genuinely kind and human when you pierce through their crust of outward coldness, have an inhuman manner with their social inferiors to our way of thinking. Mary could not come in contact with any human creature without the human touch : soul met soul for an instant, though it might be a little soul in a ragged body that touched with hers.

Mary gave blessings and she took blessings a hundred times a day. I remember once when she was engaging a carman to drive us from Greystones to Bray, and she set out with a pretence of chaffing with him that could have deceived no one. "Sure, I'll drive ye for the pleasure of lookin' at ye," said the rogue : and it was not mere professional roguery. It seemed a natural thing to say, to hear said, to Mary.

I can see her now in one of the big Dublin shops, where every one knew her, going about from counter to counter, with the brisk light step that was peculiarly hers. There was something so human about the way she made her purchases. It was a little picture in itself. Mary examining the article offered to her, perhaps finding it too dear, perhaps objecting to the quality, but in a soft, coaxing, remonstrating way that was delightful to hear : the smiling assistant, who knew very well that Mary was never exacting or unjust, responding with a cheerful willingness. She made the shopping of other people cold and formal by comparison, as she made their more important things cold and formal by the living life she brought to everything she did.

I can see her in a hospital. During the twenty years of a friendship, which I count among the best gifts of God, I was occasionally with her in her hospital-visiting. She was the ideal of a Catholic woman and lady, taking part in all Catholic good works, identifying herself with Catholic movements, yet with that sense of citizenship, of civic virtue which we should aspire to, ready to take part in good works not essentially Catholic.

The hospital bed by which I place her was in one of the convalescent wards attached to the Coombe Hospital. There were rugs on the floor, cushions in the chairs, coloured pictures on the walls, Mary's gifts. The shadowy, washed-out looking women were smiling as Mary included them in the talk with a wide sweep of her comprehensive humanity. The young woman by whose bed she is sitting is just out of the grip of a terrible operation. She is, as Mary says, like a sheet of paper for colour and almost for consistency; but her lips are resolute. It is about a week before Christmas. "Now, you poor thing," says Mary, "you don't really look fit to go out. Couldn't they do without you for a little while longer?" "That's what I say," says the friendly Matron, leaning easily on the end of the bed. "I was saying to her only yesterday, and the doctor was saying, that it was coming back again knocked up she'd be. We think it very wrong of her, Mrs. Gill." Mary looks with the eye of the wife and mother at the other wife and mother. "Maybe it's doing her more harm than good," she says, softly, "to be lying here wondering what's happening to them at home." The other wife and mother turns a relaxed and grateful glance on Mary: a little sharp sob breaks from her. "Sure it's killing me, that's what it's doing," she says. "And now you'll be sensible, Nora, and not be doing any lifting or scrubbing or hard work," Mary says. They are all Nora, or Kitty, or Biddy to Mary. "Sure I won't; Pat's very kind; and the neighbours 'll give me a helpin' hand at first." The big tears roll down her cheeks, and the other women shake their heads at each other, and make a sympathetic clucking sound with their tongues. And Mary goes out of the ward, leaving behind her a sense of benediction.

Again we are in a room with one lonely occupant, who is awaiting a terrible operation, and is sitting in a big chair bundled

up in some kind of wrapper. Mary sits by her, patting her thin hand softly, and, as one can see, sending her own warm humanity flowing along invisible channels of communication to bring a flush to the hollow cheek of the patient.

Those were the sheep. Afterwards we visited the—well, the flecked sheep; the poor things that were awaiting the motherhood that should be no crown of glory to them. Some of them were very young; I remember one sullen, unhappy child of fifteen. There were the most tragical stories. So many of them were the sinned-against rather than the sinning. From one to another Mary went; just as cheerful, as kind, as consolatory, as to those others, who indeed needed it less.

As she went through such places, she heard stories, she saw them, she imagined them. She had mind as well as heart, and a literary instinct which manifested itself in delight in good writing. Perhaps she might have written herself if her life had not been packed so full.

We went together to the Hospice for the Dying, to the Little Sisters of the Poor, to many asylums and hospitals, and refuges for the shipwrecks of life. These visits took on a new colour in her company. The literary instinct made her see the stories, the dramas, the poems as one saw them one's self.

Then it was good, after one had given sympathy and pity, to go home with Mary to the warmth and comfort of her delightful house, one of the heavens God sets on earth. We used to say in those days that it was the happiest house in the world, with all the merry rosy children growing up about the quiet, student father and the beneficent mother.

One could never say of Mary's house, or of anything else of Mary's, what Sainte Beuve said of the work of a contemporary, that God was forgotten in it. There was not a corner of that house in which God was not remembered, and the radiancy of religion hung about it as a visible light, a palpable joy. There was an altar at the head of the stair-case with a light ever burning before the statue of the Sacred Heart, which extended its hands in blessing over all who went up and down those happy stairs. There were always fresh flowers there. The children grew up amid prayers and sacred emblems. It was a house in which one realized how joyous a thing religion can be.

When the children began to go out into the world, and one

elected to become a member of the Society of Jesus—magnificent and honourable title—the heart of her who was so sure to bleed over separations—and separations in God are often as hard to be borne, even harder, perhaps, than the ordinary human separations—gave up one of the most beloved of her children without a murmur.

I had the privilege of her love and friendship for twenty years. For that time her house was my other home. I went in and out of it without the formality of knocking: I went from room to room of it like any of its children. So familiar is it that I could tell you from memory the contents of many of its rooms. I can see the wild-flowers in the Dark Walk, as in those many Springs. I can see the fruit on the red southern wall: the peach-tree in blossom in the conservatory. I can see the cherry-trees in fruit, and the lovely Siberian crab bearing its fairy-like apples; the yew-hedge and the copper beech; the velvet greenness of the lawn; the quiet ordered garden, where last March, in a day of premature Spring, I sat and talked with Mary. I shall see them as long as I live; but I shall never see them with the eyes of the body any more. Nor shall I take any of the roads that used to lead me there.

We used to say that she was the happiest of women; but before the end, it was God's will to give her much suffering, I had almost said, to break her heart: but that would be wrong, for she died with her great heart and her great spirit unbroken. When she was parted from him who was so dear to her, who never ceased to be her lover while he was her husband and her child, I remember that I wrote her letter after letter expecting no answer for a long time, for I knew the magnitude of the blow that had fallen upon her. But in an incredibly short space of time she was able to write to me, to lean on the heart of my friendship, to be comforted. She had that beautiful and rich nature which takes comfort, which is gladdened by the kindness of others even in an irreparable loss, an unassuageable sorrow.

But how lonely she was! I think of her in her loneliness that winter, when the shadows crept into the big rooms so early, and he was never coming home, who for all his quietness impressed himself so strongly on the lives of those about him. The loneliness was often intolerable, but had always, like every thing else about her, the thought of God in it. I almost dreaded

our first meeting after Mr. Gill's death : but to my amazement I found her cheerful, loving, laughing as of old. She was too great a soul to burden others with her sorrows : and her dark hours were for herself.

Also to the last she kept the sense of humour which is the flower of life that grows as readily in the shadow of death, in dust and ashes, as amid the gaieties and gardens. It is an incomplete nature that lacks it, and her rich nature was complete. She laughed with us then, although she was dying ; and she never for a moment cast her shadow over our joys, of which she was a part. She was dying for many months, and she knew it for a long time before that day, some two months before her death, when she heard her imminent death-sentence from a doctor's lips alone, and locked it away in her heart from those who loved her best. She hinted it to me once in a letter, but, finding that I was wild with alarm, she told me no more. She let me be happy as long as I could.

No record of Mary would be complete that did not tell of her generosity. She was "loving and giving," with that joy in giving which is so gracious a quality. For years she was a fairy god-mother to my children, specially in evidence about Christmas and birth-day times, although her love of giving did not allow her to confine herself to these seasons. I cannot imagine what Christmas would be like without her gifts. She had a great love of children, and my children were almost as dear to her as her own. She was never tired of hearing of them or talking of them, of planning pleasures and surprises for them. "Ah, what a pity !" said her little god-daughter of four-and-a-half, when a merciless elder brother told her her godmother was dead. What a pity indeed for the child who has lost so dear a godmother !

To please her I pretended in those latter sad days an ignorance of the serious nature of her illness, which made it possible for me to write to the last letters full of everyday topics. To the very last she kept up her interest in the things I had to tell her. She sent me messages : "I love to hear of the children," and such things. Once she awoke from a short sleep. "I was just thinking that I should love Pamela [her god-daughter] to have a coat to match her pink bonnet," she said. Almost to the last she was able to laugh, and would arrest herself with

a reminder that the time was too solemn for laughter. "The bravest woman I ever knew," her daughter wrote of her. She would not have prayers for her recovery, but that God's will might be done. For herself, the bitterness of death was past; and her grief was only for the sorrow she was leaving behind.

She died on St. Monica's Day, the 4th of May. She was so essentially mother-hearted that there is a strange applicability to her of the words, yet throbbing with human pain, which the militant saint wrote of his mother when she lay dead at Ostia:—

"And then, nevertheless, I remembered what Thy hand-maid used to be: her walk with Thee, how holy and good it was, and with us so gentle and long-suffering. And that it was all gone away from me now. And I wept over her and for her, over myself and for myself. And I let go my tears which I have kept in before, making a bed of them, as it were, for my heart, and I rested upon them. Because these were for Thine ears only and not for any man."

"A sweet attractive kind of grace" was hers, and hers the "continual comfort in a face" of Sir Philip Sidney's panegyrist.*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* It seems well to add that the subject of this affectionate tribute was the wife of Mr. Henry J. Gill, publisher of this Magazine from its first number in July, 1873. His father was the founder of the Firm, the high character of which is sure to be worthily upheld by the third generation of the family.—ED. I. M.

MAKING THE MATCH

MRS. HEALY had been thinkin' for a long time that Mick ought to be settlin' down. O' coorse she wasn't manin' that he was to go off in a lep, but it 'd be just as well if he was lookin' about him. She'd take care to make a good bargain for wan thing, an' she was between two minds whether there was a girl in the village she'd be after havin' as a daughter-in-law.

Old Biddy Egan agreed. "It's no knowin' what they're up to, now," she said. "Nothin' but dressin' up an' thinkin' themself's shupayrior than their betthers. It's hard to say what's goin' to become o' thim at all, at all. There's none o' the fine bouncin' *cailins* [colleens] that could make a trough for the pigs an' milk the cows and thin be as fresh as ye like for a jig or a reel at the cross roads, that used to be in it whin I was young."

"Ye're not far out, ma'am," Mrs. Healy assured her. "'Tis hard to know the girls that's goin' now, at all, at all. They get the quarest notions into their heads. There's Eily Donelan, now, who says she'll never marry any wan but a townsman, the same as if a dacint boy o' a farmer isn't good enough for her. It's a shopkeeper she'll be expectin' next. Whin girls start takin' notions like that, it's no knowin' where they'll stop."

"True for ye, Mrs. Healy," assented Mary Conneely from Cnochan. "When I was gettin' marrid, there was none o' yer talks o' townsboys or shopkeepers or anythin' but marry the boy laid out for ye. It's hard to say where the girls are goin' to stop, now."

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Healy. "I wouldn't say 'no' to what you're afther sayin', Mary. Things are takin' a quare turn altogether. There isn't wan girl in the parish ye can say ye'd be sure of."

"What's that you're sayin', Mrs. Healy?" asked Honor Killeen, who had come up to the group just in time to hear the last remark. "'There isn't wan girl in the parish ye can be sure of,' is it? Faith, that's quare talks, an' Mrs. Egan an' Mrs. Conneely (good mornin' to ye both) listenin to ye."

"O' coorse she doesn't mane my Katie," said Biddy Egan. "We were just talkin' like between oursel's, an' as we are talkin', Mrs. Killeen, ma'am, though it's mesel' that's sayin' it, there isn't a betther girl than my Katie within the four shores of Ireland, an' a good housekeeper she'll make for the man that'll get her. I'm not sayin' but that there'll be a bitteen o' money goin' along 'ith her too. But himsel' must settle that, for Peter doesn't care to part with the money soft."

"Sure it isn't any money Katie 'd be wantin', Mrs. Egan," said Honor Killeen. "Doesn't she dhress the best an' look the finest *cailin* in the parish or the next parish ayther, for the matther o' that? An' the childre do be sayin' that she does be always readin' grand books. Ye gev her a good edication, ma'am."

Mrs. Egan was not quite certain about the sincerity of Mrs. Killeen, and paused before replying, which enabled Mrs. Conneely to remark that "Book larnin' wasn't everything, an' it 'd be betther for a girl to know how to darn a stockin' than to be able to play the harmonium in the chapel on Sundays. Now there is my Delia ——"

"I'd have ye know, ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Egan, "that my Katie is as well able to darn a stockin' as any other girl in the parish. Kind mother for her, even though I'm sayin' it mesel'. An' even if she does know how to play the harmonium, she paid for her larnin', ma'am—that's it."

"Arrah, don't be gettin' crusty, Mrs. Egan," Honor advised, seeking to soothe her ruffled feelings. "I'm sure she wasn't thinkin' o' Katie at all. Isn't that thrue, Mrs. Conneely?"

"Musha, sure, I was manin' no harm whin I spoke," said Mrs. Conneely, "I was only makin' a remark like, an' Mrs. Egan shouldn't be takin' me up like that. We're all neighbours. I know that Katie is wan o' the best girls in the parish, an' I wouldn't be the wan to cast any reflections on her."

"I'm sure o' that, ma'am," returned Mrs. Egan, mollified by the apology. "I was only tellin' ye the things for fear ye might forget them. An' as for your Delia, o' coorse I know she's a good girl, not a betther."

"Thank ye, ma'am, for your compliment," replied Mrs. Conneely, "Yis, Delia is a good girl. She's always doin' somethin' an' is that light-hearted that ye'd be missin' her if she

only wint out to the well for a can o' water. She keeps the place that clane that ye could ate your dinner off the floor."

"Sorra a loss o' her, at all, Mrs. Conneely," assented Honor Killeen, "Mesel' an' Ellen Thornton were talkin' about her a while ago."

"An' what might ye be sayin', if it's no harm to ask?" queried Mrs. Conneely, somewhat sharply.

"Oh, then, just that she always gets top price for the butter an' eggs on Saturdays, an' we were wonderin' how she managed it."

"Well, then, there's no managin' in it. She takes great pains with the churnin' an' has the roosts that clane an' nice that ye'd be surprised."

* * * * *

Somehow Mrs. Conneely was not taken aback, though she said afterwards she was, when Mrs. Healy waited for her, comin' from Mass on the following Sunday.

"That was a great sermon Father Tom gave to-day, God bless him," Mrs. Healy began. "Is there any truth in the talks of his lavin'?"

"Well, then, I d'n' know, Mrs. Healy. I only heard it mesel'. He's too good to be left out here at all, at all, an' there's talks o' bringin' him into the college."

"You don't mane it. I was tould he was goin' to be sent to another place. It's time they made a parish priest o' him now, and gev him a good change whin they went about it."

"Musha, faith, it's hard to say whin a change is for the good. Wan never knows what's for wan's good."

"Now, that's just what I was sayin' to Mickie last night," returned Mrs. Healy. "'Ye're talkin' o' me gettin' marrid,' sez he to me, 'an' how am I to know what's for me good?' 'Wan never knows what's for wan's good,' sez I."

"Thin, ye are thinkin' o' gettin' Mickie marrid, Mrs. Healy. I'm sure ye'll be hard to plaze."

"Wethen, I d'n' know about that. Ye see, Mrs. Conneely, since himsel' died there's only me an' Mickie, an' we didn't change the name in the resates yet. But I'm gettin' ould an' I'd like to see a good young woman about the place before I go, whenever it plazes the Lord to call me."

"Arrah, don't be talkin' that way, ma'am, sure ye have oceans o' life before ye yet. Sure, now, any wan lookin' at ye this minute wouldn't think ye were more than forty, instead o' havin' a fine son like Mickle that any mother 'd be proud of."

"Thank ye, ma'am. I'm obliged to ye, so I am. O' coorse I'm proud o' Mickle, an' I'll be expectin' somethin' with any girl that'll come into the houldin'."

"Sorra blame to ye, Mrs. Healy, I'd do the same mesel' if I were you. Now, I always had thoughts like that for Delia 'Ye'll want somethin' to bring with ye, alanna,' I'd say to her, an' she used to say she could do without it, for she could make things go twice as far as other girls. But I knew betther an' I've always been savin' up for her."

"Ye have a fair share, thin, ma'am, I'll be bound," Mrs. Healy ventured.

"Wethen, yes, there's not a bad lot in the purse, I'll be bould in sayin', an' (*cugger*, * Mrs. Healy) I'm only tellin' yersel' an' I'm sure it won't pass this, the little bit o' money himsel' left whin he went Home, the Lord be good to him this day, is in the bank yet."

"You're a fortunate woman, Mrs. Conneely. But it 'd be hard to make a bargain with you, now, if wan were thinkin' o' it."

"Oh, musha, it 'd all depind on what the boy had."

"An' besides the money, now, ma'am—o' coorse ye'll tell me if I'm askin' too much, but just as we're talkin'—who'll ye be lavin the place to?"

"Well, now, that's hard to say. Ye see if Delia was settled in a good houldin' an' had a good boy that I'd like—an' don't take me as manin' anythin', but just to give ye an idea like—a boy o' the stamp o' Mickle, now, as we're talkin', I'd lave the houldin' to Delia; but if I wasn't satisfied with the boy she'd got, I'd lave it to Maurteen Kelly, me brother's son from Ballyrue."

* * * * *

Mrs. Conneely was not surprised either, though in talking afterwards she did say she was, when Mrs. Healy asked her to come down to the house on a visit that night, and she wasn't

.. * "Whisper!"—introducing a very confidential communication.

making a mistake when she told Delia that before long she'd be housekeepin' for Michael Healy. Neither was Mrs. Healy wrong when she told Mickle to be very *lauhy** to Mrs. Conneely when she came down, for she was going to be his mother-in-law.

JOHN HAMILTON.

TO A JANUARY BABE

If babes are blossoms, white and pink,
Blossoms in winter are, I think,
More welcome than when red the rose
Scents every royal garden-close.

If babes are blossoms, little maid,
Bloom sweetly like a flower arrayed
To give, by merely being born,
June's beauty to the winter morn.

If babes are blossoms, she who sees
Your waking smile, has gathered these—
The wildflowers that are folded still,
In snowy meadow and lone hill.

If babes are blossoms, mankind knows
A constant summer through the snows.
If babes are blossoms, cradles hold
Rose-gardens worth their weight in gold.

ISABEL KEITH LLOYD.

* Polite, affable, making one feel quite at home.

THE WOMAN AND THE DEVIL

ONCE upon a time the Devil whispered into the ear of a young girl and what he said was, "You are very fair."

But she tossed back her sunny curls, and smiled carelessly, as who would say, "Beauty is my birthright; I need give it no thought."

After a few years the tempter came again, and, listening to her sweet voice uplifted in song, he applauded rapturously. He touched her white fingers as they compelled divine harmonies from the ivory keys or wrought colour-marvels upon canvas, and he said, "You have rare gifts."

But she brushed him aside, and said, "If I have, I thank God!"

Then the Devil assumed his favourite guise of tawny Fortune, and he murmured:

"Darling of the world, you are beautiful, gifted, charming. You have the refined tastes of a connoisseur—extravagant tastes. Why not gratify your self and a world that waits to adore you? Here is one who will help you to supremacy. He admires you; admire his money. Why need you trouble yourself about his character? Once his wife, you may have distinguished social position, a fine establishment, foreign travel, the gratification of every artistic longing——"

But she interrupted him disdainfully. "All these are too cheap to purchase my soul," she said. "I cannot be bought."

By and by the Enemy threw a mighty temptation in her way and eagerly watched her struggling with the greatest force of her life. When her passionate heart leaped high in rebellion against an inexorable decree, the Devil came to her and said softly, "You love?" and, sobbing, she answered, "I love him!"

Then the Devil chuckled, for he felt almost sure of her now. Bending to her, year once more he whispered, "He loves you!" The sudden glow of joy in her face delighted the Arch-Fiend, and in his exultation he made a diabolical error. "Yes, he loves you, he loves you, he loves you!" he repeated again

and again, calling the lightning flash of joy into her tear-bright eyes ; " he loves you ; he would sacrifice his soul for you ! "

The woman regained her command as the Devil blundered in his triumph. " He would sacrifice his soul for me ? " she repeated. " Oh, no, no, no, no ! he shall not—I love him too well for that ! " Tearing the thought of the forbidden one from her and trampling her sharpest feelings under her tender little feet, she arose and stood erect, pale, pure, and strong, so that the Devil, defeated and ashamed, was forced to slink away.

The thought of her victory annoyed the Fiend ; he determined to assail her again. In the meantime he had plenty of work to do ; there were many to be tempted in the temptations she had so heroically resisted. So it happened that long years passed before he troubled her anew, and when he returned he found her greatly altered. Her luxuriantly flowing golden hair had grown gray and scant ; her once satiny fairness was creped with wrinkles ; her lissome grace had stiffened to angularity ; there was a suspicion of primness in her thin lips and drooping eyes. But she was widely known for her good works, and the world approved her sacrifices.

The Devil hid himself in her thin shadow, and followed her watchfully. He saw that her face was glad whenever some plausible beneficiary called blessings upon her head and that she seemed but ill-pleased when free-souled sincerity offered brief-worded thanks for her favours. The Fiend exulted ; he had her measure now.

So he slid beside her and said, " You are a heroine ; who but you could have overcome temptations so nobly ? " She paused and, echoing the suggestion, flushed with pride-in-self. And the Devil, noting the success of his insinuation, went on : " Who is so good as you ? Who so charitable, so pious, so gentle ? "

The woman's face looked almost girlishly roseate again in its complacent irradiation. " Many people are heedless and ungrateful," continued the Tempter, and she nodded in confirmation. " Your heroic sacrifices have not been appreciated at their just value ; sometimes your best intentions are misunderstood. But you, you can afford to overlook ingratitude or indifference, for selfish as the world is, it recognises your benevolence ; it loves you living ; it will honour you dead."

The woman bowed reverently to her own image thus con-jured, and the old Devil smiled.

"O sinless one," continued the All-Sinful, "high will be your place in heaven, radiant the halo encircling your head! You conquered the temptations of your youth; in your age your hands are filled with deeds of mercy. Mighty should be your reward, for your virtues are so many and so uniform that no one living can judge wherein you excel!"

"But I can judge for myself," she said, proudly. "I know that my greatest virtue is humility."

"True," assented the False One, gloating in her arrogance. "In all else you are merely the best of good women, but in your humility you are a saint."

Then the woman, falling upon her knees, worshipped herself, and the Devil scorned his easy prey, in whom beauty was a withered husk, in whom ambition was a shriveled seed, in whom passion was a cold ember; who had saved herself from vanity and avarice and forbidden love, only to lose her soul at last in the baser idolatry of Self-Righteousness.

HONOR WALSH.

SONNET XVII

From Dante's "Vita Nuova."

O GENEROUS hearts and for compassion fain,
 Come hither now and harken to my sighs!
 Sighs that to wander desolate arise,
 Yet if they were not, I should die of pain,
 Since for this cause, in sooth, to ceaseless rain
 Else were the sentence of my hapless eyes.
 Ah, woe is me! lamenting in such wise
 My lady, that my heart were spent in vain.
 And you will hear these sighs that call and call
 On my sweet lady, passed unto the goal
 Of the life eternal that befits her worth,—
 And note their scorn, henceforth, of this life's thrall,
 Breath'd in the anguish of a lonely soul
 Forsaken of his only stay on earth.

G. N. COUNT PLUNKETT.

MOTHERS AND THEIR WORK

"IN the beginning was the Word," says St. John, speaking of eternity. In the beginning is the mother, we may say, speaking of time. "A mother," says a holy writer, "is a child's first idea of God." To the little ones she is omnipotent. Every want she can supply, every sorrow she can soothe, every misdeed she can punish and forgive. In all God's Church there is no work so far-reaching as hers; she is at "the beginning" for good or ill. She can sow what seed she will, and sow it securely in the virgin soil. No thorn or brier can choke it thus early if she keep the ground clear; the young soul cannot so soon be hardened to a rock if her love keep it warm; the devil cannot yet come very close if she take care, and so the young plant pushes up stout and strong. When, by-and-bye, the passions grow, and the devil comes, and the world with its cares, and maybe its riches and honours—well, they come late at all events; the seed will have had a good start.

Look at St. Augustine: his mother did her work "in the beginning." When, afterwards, the devil did make his appearance, he came with a vengeance: all the wickedness of paganism overflowed upon his soul, and the boy seemed utterly lost. Wait awhile. *Tout arrive à qui sait attendre*; and St. Monica knew how to wait. She did not spend the time in silence or in idleness. At last, in God's good time, the buried seed sprang up to glorious life. Giant in holiness as he had been in sin, Augustine stands before the world a canonized saint.

I do not know if it is admissible in the pages of a magazine, but I wish that I could somewhere say a word as to the exquisite fitness for a children's prayer of the Stations of the Cross.

They are generally put off until the youngsters have "more sense." But it is just at the time when they have not much sense that they enjoy being allowed to make the Stations. Very young children hate to "stay quiet." I am afraid they almost dislike a visit to the church because they must stay quiet there.

Now, at this prayer they may move about ; they need not stay long at any part of it. A minute's pause at each picture is enough to take in the story that it tells ; to turn to the Tabernacle where the Hero of the tragedy is listening, and say to Him that they are sorry for His pain.

Once, long ago, in a house full of children, a little set of Stations was procured ; the children were told about them, the pictures were laid upon the chairs round the room, and the little people went from chair to chair as they listened. Later on they were promoted to the church, and there they trotted solemnly about, full of interest and attention from the beginning of the journey to its end. And, when the last Station had been reached, they went home contentedly, having accomplished the object of their visit.

M. A. CURTIS.

THE CITY'S PRAISE

NE'ER did I think to like the crowded town,
With noises sown and babel towers of care ;
For all my years had loved the gentle air
Of country lanes ; my eyes with brooks ran down
The sunny vales, while all the hills for gown
Wore peace perennial ; each hour was fair
With gifts entrancing—day with music rare,
And night so royal with its starry crown.

Years change and we : now dearer seems to me
The city's life. Here run in lovely ways
Lives beautiful to God, as brooks I know
To ocean run ; nor does the country see
In all its fields such flowers to win my praise
As youthful hearts that here beside me grow.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER XX

DEATH

MRS. KIRKER's commiseration and anxiety were plentifully expressed when Ellen came in to her with wet clothes and untidy hair. She insisted on a warm bath, and went off to procure a certain spiced drink with which she declared she was accustomed to save, every winter, the lives of half the country people.

Downstairs a new surprise awaited her ; Mr. Egbert had arrived at home. He too then must have got the worst of the storm ? He had asked for her, and she went to offer her services, but he would not have them ; he declined them gently. No. Cook was getting him something, he believed, he would do very well. Would Mrs. Kirker please to attend to Miss Ellen, whom he had overtaken in the storm, and saved from drowning ? Mr. Aungier knew to whom he was speaking when he gave this order ; Mrs. Kirker also felt that he would hardly have given the commission to another ; she observed her master with cautious attention. Had she ever seen him look quite like that before ? and there was a something also in his voice, richer and gentler than she was used to hear it, which lingering in Mrs. Kirker's ear left its trace on her understanding. She received his directions and withdrew, resolved to defer telling him the bad news of his sister's increased illness, as the poor lady had seemed better during the evening, and was now reposing quietly. It would do to-morrow ; Mr. Egbert might as well have his night's rest in peace ; she, Mrs. Kirker, would not drive that strange bonnie look from his face, not for the world.

" It is not like most of his comings home," she soliloquised on her way upstairs, " all pale and tired, and dark-looking, as if he saw nothin' and nobody, and flingin' himself into that room, and 'Let me have this, please,' or 'let me have that,' or 'No, I'll have no fire ; I don't want any tea,' and then bang with the door, and nothin' more heard of him till morning. I never saw his face like it is to-night, no never, in all the years

since he used to come to my room in his long lonesome holidays, and hide his eyes, cryin' into my apron. That's the face of a man that sees light in this world and the next, and I'm afraid it's little poor Mr. Egbert has seen in either for many a year ; God Almighty bless him, and send the sunshine into his heart, and into this lonesome darksome house. There never was a blithe laugh heard in it yet ! ”

She stopped at the corridor window which looked to the ruin. The night was very dark, and clouds were riding high and angry. The storm kept a threatening sough among the trees, as though preparing for a fresh fit of rage.

“ Ah ! that I could see this house as bright as yon old castle was when she came to it first. How well I mind the first day I saw her, and I picking fruit for jam, in the garden. I think I see her comin' racing out, a young thing not over fifteen, and her white gown flyin' and her face all bright and merry. I mind how she stopped and said something to me in her queer foreign tongue, and took some strawberries out of my basket ; how Mr. Harold followed her and asked her for them, and she held them out to him, and snatched them back, and then threw them all at him, and ran off like a hare, laughing as if her heart would break. And then he after her, with his head bare, and the sun in his curls, and his face all flushed up and happy looking. Dear ! how like him Mr. Egbert looked, when he turned round on me there in the library. To think of the black grave being heaped up on those two heads all these years, and that brave castle in ruins, and that garden run wild with dockens and thistles. I'm thinking the curse has hung long enough over this place. God send, it may be near worn out ! ”

She returned to the west room. Ellen was a docile patient, accepting the housekeeper's restoratives in silence, with only a grateful look. But Mrs. Kirker was satisfied, and still more so when the girl lay back in her chair and fell into a sound sleep. Then she produced her never failing knitting, and when she had seated herself by the fire, opposite the sleeper, and her needles were in full play, she gave rein to her lucubrations, and allowed them to ramble on by whatever out-of-the way path they chose. Her vigilant eyes fastened themselves on Ellen's face, noting the full scarlet lips, the brilliant colour of the cheeks, the healthy clearness of the forehead from which the still wet hair was swept

back, falling heavily on the shoulders. She stopped her knitting and recalled the face, that had risen and fronted hers by Miss Rowena's side, only a few hours since. Could this be the same? She rose, and went softly to Ellen's side, and bent low over her, and lightly touched her brow and cheek. A smile, dreamy, flitting, wistful, hovered over Ellen's face, and her lips murmured something sweet and unintelligible. The housekeeper returned to her seat, muttering low,—

"No, Mary Kirker, it's not fever. You have been long enough nursing in hospitals to tell that. That's health and not fever. It's downright magic, it is. Ah, my dear, I'll read your magic for you! Dream away to your heart's content!"

And obedient to the half-uttered bidding, Ellen fell into deeper dreams. She was sailing down a summer stream, borne swiftly by silken sails, undirected by hand of hers. Looming in the distance, there were wintry forests left far behind. She floated past golden cornfields and brilliant flower-gardens, with her eyes closed because of the ardent sunshine; past shady trees, under whose shelter she raised her languid eyes to peer forth into the brightness, and to receive the delicious messages which the cool branches whispered over her head. A drowsy atmosphere of music encompassed her, the music of almost impalpable chimes rung out from the hearts of the flowers, of lilies stirring in the river's current, of reeds swept by the breeze, piping forth notes of ecstatic melody, of birds too lazy to sing much, but just rustling in their nests, and suffering little ripples of song to escape and ease their hearts, overflowing with fulness and peace.

Mrs. Kirker knit some rows off her needles, and then let the stocking fall in her lap, leaned her elbow on her knee and her head on her hand, while she looked at the fire. Her close mouth relaxed into a shrewd smile, and a keen sparkle of amusement eddied from somewhere in the depths of her nature, and remained visible on the surface of her sober blue eyes.

"I wonder what Miss Elswitha will say to it," she thought. "There's Whinmoor she might have all to herself. Martin would go with her, may be, and some of the rest, but I'll stick to Mr. Egbert. Some folks don't care about heartsomeness. Then they're stupid and old-fashioned themselves, but I'm not one of them. If I've lived all these years, like a mole under a

hill, it's in me to get warm to the light of the sun when it comes. I'll be right glad to hear a young step, pit-pat on the stairs, and a laugh and a song going through the house not afraid of being heard. She'll wear gay dresses, silks and satins, I'll be bound, and she'll look sweet in them ! The house will be new furnished too ; they must not touch my room, though. I'll keep my old things about me. There'll be company coming, and better work for a housekeeper, than saving fine linen from going to rot, and plate from rusting for want of use. Dunmara will see grand days yet. It's beautiful to see that smile on her face this minute. It will be some make up. Lord ! to think of the strange place this world is.

"It was just such a flower as that, was snapped out of Mr. Harold's fingers. But he was over hot and hasty, poor lad. He hadn't the cool steady eye of Mr. Egbert. I'm thinking nobody will snap anything out of his fingers. He'll be surprised at what he'll surely hear before long ; Miss Elswitha 'll have to tell him now, I'm thinking. It'll take the breath from him for a minute, but it'll make no difference to him, nor to her either. If what's lost was found, and in her hands this minute, she'd just drop it in the fire, and lie smiling and sleeping there all the same. Well, well, it's time she was in bed, poor dear ; she'll be catching cold !"

Acting upon this idea, Mrs. Kirker roused Ellen gently, and advising her to go to bed, bade her good-night, and went away.

"There'll be queer doings here to-morrow," she muttered, as she went down the corridor, "very queer, or I'm farther out than I ever was in my life before !"

Left alone, Ellen sat for some time looking round the dim room, listening to the wind roaring, and the boughs beating the panes, and striving to realize all that had happened since sun-down, to separate actual events from the swift, vivid pictures of her interrupted dreams. She tried to think of the likelihoods of to-morrow, but in doing so she only involved her brain in an extricable maze of conjecture and wonderment. A sudden turn in her dull path had brought her to a sunny spot, whence was seen a radiant prospect, so wrapped however in golden haze that it looked very far away, too distant to be ever gained. And yet upon this happy point on which her

feet had paused, they could not remain for ever. She could not stand so till eternity, shading her eyes with her hands, because of the rising sun. It was true that Egbert Aungier had conquered,—had returned,—and that she had promised to be his wife. It seemed unreal yet, but it was true. She wished that he had been poor, like the village schoolmaster, and then Elswitha could not say the cruel things that she would be sure to say. Thinking of Elswitha, Ellen felt inclined to put on her hat, and run off straightway out of the house. But Egbert would find her again ; she knew he would. He had no one else to love him any more than she had.

Coming to this point, why did Ellen's thoughts go off to Dunsurf, and the story told her there by Mrs. McDawdle ? Why did she seem to see herself stitching at a black gown, and the bay glittering under the window, and Lucinda sitting opposite to her, with her rosy face ? Why did the well-remembered chintz coverings of the little drawing-room, and the sparkles glancing up from the tide, and the little brass spikes shining on the fender, all keep flinging back to her and repeating to her, " What a wild, mad idea ! what a wild, mad idea ! " her own whispered thought, spoken to herself on that evening so many months ago ? It was getting very late in the night, and Ellen was growing very pale, sitting there at the fire in the west room, piecing and fingering at an old hopeless puzzle. " I had better ask him about it," she said at last ; " and if my strange, strange suspicion is right, and it makes a difference, why then—" she rose up here and slowly searched the corners of the dim room with a look of pride and self-reliance, but blank withal. " Then," she mused, standing straight on the hearthrug, and fastening her eyes on the fire, " then indeed I shall wonder why God ever suffered me to come to Dunmara ! "

She took a light in her hand, but paused on her way to her room to look at Rowena. She bent over her wan charge, and started at something she saw, some change, she scarcely knew what, an expression of mouth, a hollowness of eye, which she recognised as nothing familiar. She shifted the light this way and that, trying to find a meaning for the strange appearance, but without relieving her mind of a vague dread. She opened the door softly, and went down the corridor, with the intention of descending to summon Mrs. Kirker. The house was breath-

lessly still. The echoing surge of the storm sounded unearthly. No doubt all were sound asleep. A branch outside smote the corridor window. Ellen started violently, and turned sick. She leaned against the staircase and considered :

"I am over excited and nervous to-night, the least thing startles me. Perhaps my uneasiness about Miss Rowena is foolishness. Mrs. Kirker thought her much better to-night, and she is sleeping peacefully. It might be only cruelty to disturb her, and alarm Mrs. Kirker. I had better go back and look at her again, before I do so."

She returned, and whether it was that the strange expression had passed away, or that the cold draught in the corridor had braced Ellen's nerves, Rowena seemed to sleep naturally, her pale face peaceful as a child's. After watching her intently for some time, Ellen rejoiced that she had disturbed no one, and stole softly away to her bed.

She could not sleep, however, and lay in great awe of the storm which now shook the house. It was one of those tempests which sometimes comes in the midst of fine weather, with a sudden might of fury, such as winter's continuous wrath seldom concentrates into a single attack. Ellen felt no fear. A great peaceful feeling of protection encompassed her; a humble consciousness of God's favour lately lavished upon her, kept her heart sweetly at rest and panic afar off. At last she did sleep, and slept into the midst of the night. Then she awakened with something cold touching her hands and face, and as she sprang up in terror, a flash of lightning showed her Rowena, bending over the bed in her night-dress. "Dolores ! Dolores !" she was calling ; "get up ! It is the Judgment Day. Don't you hear the trumpet ?"

Ellen sat up and stared at her. The poor lady was standing with her head strained forward and her eyes dilated, listening intently to the awful shrieking of the wind which called high above the groaning of the trees, summoning all souls to wake and be warned of the future which God holds in His hand, ready to engulf us at any moment. Rowena's madness had taken a new form. Ellen summoned her presence of mind, and thought of how to act. She said,—

"I hear it, dear ; but I think we shan't be wanted yet awhile. Let us have a light, and wait patiently in the other room."

"Come," Rowena said, taking Ellen's hand, and pulling her quickly along; "come fast! I shall be called first, and I have something to give you before I go."

Ellen made her way to the fire-place in the outer room, and procured a match. When her candle was lit, she saw Rowena at the other end of the chamber, apparently searching for something in the fluted drapings of the wall.

Ellen threw on her dressing-gown, and taking a large cloak, wrapped it around Rowena as she came towards her, holding some yellow papers in her hand.

"You need not mind," she said, "if it is not worth while. I am going now; I must dress and get ready. Here, dear, this is the will; I have hidden it for you so long. It has been a weight upon my conscience, keeping it from you, but I was so afraid of Elswitha; she guesses I have it, but she doesn't know where it is, or she'd have destroyed it long ago. The castle was burnt, you know, and mother was so glad that the will was gone with the rest. And then it turned out that the bureau was saved, poor father's bureau. I knew what they would do then, and so I stole out the will and hid it away for you. They suspected me, but I was clever for once in my life. I have had it in a good many places, but they never found it. Nobody gives me credit for being so clever as I am. All the property is yours now, dear, and you deserve it the best. They were all cruel to you, every one, but me. And poor little Egbert, Dolores, you won't be angry at him? I ought to have given it to you long ago, I know I ought, but Elswitha was always watching, and here are your letters too—all of them. I'm glad you didn't curse me, dear, but you ought to forgive the rest. Mother is dead, you know, and poor Elswitha never could help her temper. I must go now, dear, hold them fast, all the papers; Elswitha's eyes are so sharp, and she would burn that will, and leave you without a penny. Hide them away, quick!"

She thrust the papers into the folds of Ellen's gown, and bade her keep them there. Then she went on raving incoherently. Ellen could gather little more of meaning from her words. The poor emaciated face had two burning spots upon it; her lustreless eyes had grown brilliant; she coughed rackingly. Ellen, who had been trying to draw her near the bed, whilst listening eagerly, now answered,—

"Thank you, dear, I'll take great care. But come and let us lie down for a little. We shall not be wanted, yet awhile, and we'll need some rest first."

Poor Rowena grew quieter, then, and said quite meekly,—

"You know best, but I'm so glad you are not angry; you were always wiser than I. I daresay we had better lie down."

She got into bed, and, fearing to leave her, Ellen lay down beside her. Rowena held the girl's hand tight, with a clasp which did not relax even after her poor tongue had ceased raving, and she had fallen into a deep sleep. It was long before Ellen could sleep again; she lay holding those papers, and unable to get up and examine them, because of that poor clinging hand. She lay listening to the hurricane, and thinking with burning impatience about Dolores and the will, and that puzzle which she had pieced and pieced at so often in vain. At last, from utter weariness, she slept.

She awoke in the morning, strangely perplexed for the first instant at finding herself where she was, and wondering more at a frosty grip which held her fingers. She sat up and tried gently to loosen the hand from her own, but it was very cold and stiff. Rowena's face was turned away; Ellen leaned over her; the face was very white, and awfully changed. Ellen touched and spoke to her—Rowena was dead!

Ellen rose up shivering. In her great awe, she forgot to dread Miss Elswitha; she hid the papers which she still held in the bosom of her dressing-gown, and hurried to Miss Aungier's room.

Elswitha came directly, and sent Ellen away, shutting herself in alone with the dead. Ellen stood at the corridor window. It was a lovely morning with summer warmth and spring freshness in the atmosphere; the only visible traces of last night's storm were the white blossoms from the cherry-trees which lay on the ground like spilt milk. The sun was dazzling, the birds were singing, even the glimpse of grey ruin among the trees looked bold and fine. Impelled to escape for a moment from the shadow of death, Ellen went slowly on down the stairs, and stepped out from the porch into the glory of the morning.

It seemed an age since she had closed her eyes on that vision of brightness which had painted itself on the horizon of her future. She now found herself in a region of mist and gloom,

whither leading she knew not, only that her eyes could see nothing but looming clouds, and her feet distrusted each step in the dark. She looked around to see that no one was near, then sat down on the porch step to think.

She was grieved for Rowena, but death was not the cause of her trouble. The presentiment was strong upon her, of evil to come of those papers at that moment hidden in the bosom of her dress. She longed to take them round to the grove, and to dig up under the sods, and bury them, unread, to rot under some old tree. She knew Elswitha was at that moment searching for those very documents: also, that they contained the clue to that puzzle, in whose solution she herself was strangely concerned. And the conviction hung upon her like a chain, that through this miserable deposit made by the dead, all the brightness would be overcast, the path to its verge lost; these clouds hanging around her must gather in and settle down. And yet the trust of the dead was sacred: she dared not lay a hurtful finger on Rowena's gift.

She felt a hand laid gently on her shoulder, and looked up to see Egbert standing between her and the sunshine. He had been for an early ride, and had heard no whisper of death. He stood on the verge of the shadow, still in the sun. Spring's reflections were in his eyes, a universal spring, inward as well as outward; summer beams were in his hair, on his lips and brows, tracing the bold outlines of head and face with a full pencil, flowing with generous hues, and delighting in free and gracious curves. Since last night he had made rapid advance in the right direction. His height, eye, attitude, the very gesture of hand and foot, attested it. From a morning ride the soul may draw sustenance, expanding respiration may breathe bracing resolves; the rearing of the head sunward may be homage rendered aloft. Egbert had found his nobler self, was the man he had been created to be; and Ellen felt it.

He was looking down on her now with that new expression of eye, new in its unveiled fulness of meaning, and yet not quite strange; that look which had been in her memory all night and all morning. For a moment death and shadow vanished, but the next she drew her hand from his, and, locking both her own, said—

“Hush, for God's sake. Your sister Rowena is dead!”

CHAPTER XXI

ECLIPSE

ELLEN remained in the housekeeper's room all the morning, restless and feverish in her impatience to read those papers, yet not daring to unfold them in the daylight. She walked up and down the floor, trying to arrange her painful thoughts, wrestling with conviction, while memory kept furnishing scrap upon scrap, and link upon link, out of which reason was rapidly weaving a chain which seemed to bind her, hand and foot. She thought, "I know that these documents concern me more nearly than any one else, and I ought to read ; but the responsibility, the secrecy, is hateful. I wish I could walk into the library yonder, and lay them down to him, and say, 'Read these, I wish to know nothing of them.' But how could I speak of such things so soon, thrusting them before his sorrow ? even if I did not know, did not feel that those letters,—oh, *what* was she to me, who wrote those letters ? "

The desire to give the papers unread to Egbert, came back again and again. Once she even opened the door, obeying a sudden impulse to go to him where he sat mourning for Rowena alone ; to appeal to him for help, and place her puzzle in his hands. "Why should I fear him ? " she thought, "no matter what the worst may be."

Trembling with this impulse, she opened the door, and met Egbert face to face on the threshold. He was passing down to the garden in the hope of seeing her. He had sickened of grieving in the library alone. His grief was deep, but not unto death : he would find comfort, since he knew where to seek it. The door of the housekeeper's room opened suddenly as he passed, and Ellen appeared. The blinds were all shut, the hall and passage were dim ; the amber space of Mrs. Kirker's open window, with its fringes of scarlet geranium, framed Ellen's figure. The rich face, with its earnest trouble, was set in the glory ; the eyes, wide, darkened, and eager, met his for one moment, and fell. He thought that all the pain he read in them was for the sister who had loved him, and it came upon him with a transport which even the atmosphere of death

could not chill, that henceforth in his sorrows he was not solitary. He tried to take her hands, but the distress in Ellen's face grew deeper. It seemed that she could not speak to him. She shook her head, and slid from him quickly back into Mrs. Kirker's room, shutting the door.

When they next met, it was in the presence of death. Ellen's eye would not meet his ; she took her place at once as watcher by the corpse. All the last offices had been performed. The room had been completely upset, and re-arranged by Elswitha. Glancing around, Ellen felt that a search had been made ; a search, as she guessed, for something of no less importance than those yellow documents which were safely hidden in the folds of her dress. To her, Elswitha never addressed one word, but she felt the cold suspicious eyes constantly upon her.

Ellen persisted in watching with Trina this first night. By one o'clock the little maid was nodding in her chair, and Ellen coaxed her to go to bed.

When Trina had gone, she looked half fearfully round the wide dismal room, with its gloomy funereal hangings, its enthroned dead, its tall spectral candles, burning drearily, with long glaring wicks. The suspense of the day had made her nervous.

She took the papers from their hiding-place, and she unfolded, first, the will. It told her little beyond what she already knew. It was the last testament of Henry Aungier of Dunmara, and it bequeathed the entire bulk of his property to the child of Dolores, wife of Charles Wilde, as some compensation for the cruelty which its mother had suffered from his, the testator's family. There were only deducted some legacies and annuities to his family and servants. This was the substance of the will. Having read it attentively throughout, Ellen laid it aside.

The other papers were letters whose ink was paled, almost to obliteration. They were addressed to Rowena, and were signed "Dolores." The beginning of the first was so faint, Ellen could not decipher it ; she passed eagerly on to the legible part. It ran thus :—

"Your mother and Elswitha drove me to do it. Their taunts made me desperate ; I am not meek like you—I am hot. I have been rash and wicked, and do not deserve so good a fate as to be the wife of Charles Wilde. He is poor, but he is a

gentleman, and will one day, I am sure, be a great artist. You know how good he is ; he is far too kind to me, and too fond of me, but I will try and make him a good wife. I must love him well very soon. He thinks of going to Rome, and I urge him to do so ; if he succeeds there, I will join him in a year ; till then, I will support myself here by teaching music. This will be against his wish, but I mean to help, not to encumber him. I shall be lonely here, I dare say ; but I shall be at peace and independent. Give my love to kind Mrs. Kirker, and tell her I am well and happy. I have told you now all about myself and my plans, and I want to hear from you in return. Write soon, dear, to your affectionate,

“ DOLORES.”

The letter which came next, according to the dates, began as follows :—

“ Your packet has just arrived. Harold seems to have behaved like a madman. It terrifies me to hear that he has gone to Italy. I have not been very strong since my baby's birth, and, perhaps, I am nervous, but I have a dread that mischief might happen if those two should meet. Italy is wide, but still I trust that your brother does not know that my husband is at Rome. Charles is as hot as he, and heard at the time, of Harold's threat. I know that he has not forgotten the bitter things that were said to him and to me. Pray with me that they may not meet. If all goes well, my husband is to return in three months from this day. He is coming to take me and baby to London, where he means to remain. He says—etc., etc.”

The third letter was written in a wofully different strain ; it said,—

“ Rowena, I am dying here in the doctor's house at Dunsurf. You do not know, I am sure, that the other night I stood under your window, with my child in my arms, and that I knocked at the door, and was cruelly turned from it by your mother. You do not know what news I brought. All my prayers could not avert that meeting. Harold hunted him down. My husband died in a hospital at Rome. The letter which I send you came to me in the midst of my happy preparations for his return. I took my child in my arms, I walked with blistered feet over the weary roads, and reached Dunmara. I wanted to see your father, to tell him of my husband's murder. I thought his anger towards me must have passed away, he was always so kind. But I was driven away. I would have waited

about, and watched for him or you, but that I felt something coming upon me, something that has overtaken me now.

"I dragged myself as far as this place, and have been sheltered and nursed by these kind people. My child is by my side. I have tied a precious little locket round her neck. It is all her mother has to leave her. I have written to Monica, telling her everything, and asking her to come and fetch my baby to Spain. My child will have poverty to bear, but she shall never hear the name of Aungier. She need never learn her mother's miserable story, nor how her father died.

"Rowena, I have tried to tell you these things, without wandering or raving. I wish you were here to kiss me; it might melt my heart. It is awful to die like this, with a heart full of anger and hatred. I wish my child had been a boy, who might one day repay the murder of his father. She is only a weakly girl, my poor, innocent little Ellen. May she never see Ireland. May she never look on the face of one bearing the name of Aungier! When she grows to be a woman, Monica will warn her that her mother's curse will haunt her, if ever she smile upon one of her mother's and her father's enemies. I do not include you amongst them, nor your father, but the rest.

"I cannot scrawl any more. I always loved you, Rowena. We have been so happy together. Tell your father that Dolores was grateful to him. This is the last you will ever hear of me. Good-by, dear, don't forget."

The last sentence whirled before Ellen's eyes. She put her hand to the locket always round her neck. She tried to fold the letters, but a deadly sickness seized her before she had accomplished the task. The candles with their heavy red wicks glared at her like bloodshot eyes, everything in the room seemed to move, even the white figure on the bed, and then she remembered nothing more, till she opened her eyes where she lay cramped and stiff upon the floor, with her head against the fender.

"How had she got there, and what had happened to her?" was her first thought. Surely an infinity of time had elapsed since she had stood upright, and moved about in the world like other people. And who was that, that person standing between her and the light, and reading some papers close by the candles? Surely, yes, was it Elswitha? She struggled in silence for some moments, and realized that her unlucky deposit was in Miss Aungier's possession. Then a tide of strength

came rushing back through her veins. She crept to her feet, made a sudden spring, and regained her prize. Elswitha, trembling with anger, opened her hard lips and began to speak rapidly, some things which would have surprised Ellen, and some which would not. But she might as well have kept silence except perhaps, for her own satisfaction, as Ellen could hear nothing but the continuance of a rasping sound, and, recoiling from her, fled dizzily into her own room, and locked the door. Then Elswitha went away out of the west room.

Ellen drew her shawl around her, and sat down shivering in the dark, to think, holding against her breast those letters in which were written her mother's words, fatal words, but still her mother's. What was it all about? What was it that she had got to think over? It would all come back by degrees. There was her mother's curse; that was hovering vaguely about her, but she could not put her hand on it yet. How had she earned it? What fact was that, which had suddenly glowered at her so horribly? Ah, here it came, stepping forth, bold and plain. Egbert was the brother of her father's murderer, and with that curse upon her head she might have become his wife. That was it.

Indeed, the darkness had come down, and life turned into an irksome blank. She laid her head wearily upon her arms, and longed to be lying at rest, waiting for her coffin, like that straight, white form upon the bed, yonder. Some souls, in their anguish, will cry with daring impatience, "Would I were dead!" then pause terrified, and retract the awful wish. Ellen framed no desire, was conscious of no sinful defiance of Providence, only felt that there was nowhere a corner appointed for her in the world. This was the first stage of her trouble, and hardly the worst, because of its numbness. It is when the strong blood of returning vitality comes battling back into one's veins, that one feels the deadly wrestling of hostile instincts, the conflict between the weak bleeding human heart, whose wounds gape and crave for oil, and the spirit that would fain soar and assert its immortal attributes. The first summons to action would recall Ellen's courage, and with strength and fortitude would also come a suffering which the weak cannot know because they lay down their arms and will not fight.

She sat there all night. Trina came in the morning,

declared she looked like a ghost, and begged her to go to bed. Ellen crept in amongst her curtains, dreading to speak to, or be seen by any one. She turned her face from the light, and smothered her moans in the pillows. Many hours she lay so, trying to think and determine what it was her duty to do. She heard no sound outside, except Trina moving occasionally in the outer room. Elswitha did not come near the death chamber, no one intruded upon her. There was nothing to disturb thought, if that could have helped her.

Her heart bled for her father who had been murdered, for her mother whose youth had been blighted, who had died by her side.

"Monica," she moaned, "why did you not warn me sooner?" And yet, would she have given the memory of Egbert's love to be redeemed from all she might yet have to suffer? Even the memory; only a memory! And all this anguish, was it to be endured because of the resurrection of a dead past, whose scenes compared with the quick warm present, seemed only a ghastly unreal phantasmagoria? Who would tell her if she were indeed bound, after all these buried years, to cloud over a life far more precious than her own, which had been already so darkened by the fault of others, and which it had been hers to gladden. It seem that God had fulfilled her mother's wish by sending through her this trouble to Egbert. It seemed that she had also been punished for her mother's sin in dying with such a desire in her heart. Oh! for some witness that she had changed before death, and had revoked her words. But—her father's murderer. The fact of Harold's life and deed was there in existence, had its place in eternity, where there is no such thing as annihilation. No, no; the burden was fastened round her neck and would not be unloosed.

A tap at the door aroused her, and Mrs. Kirker came in, bringing a tray with some tea. If Ellen had been alive to anything but her own wretchedness, she would have seen a look upon the housekeeper's face which it had never before worn for her—a look of mingled suspicion and reserve. The stiff white cap was stiffer and more erect than usual, the lips were tighter, the eyes smaller, the brow more wrinkled than Ellen had ever seen them, and the russet rosiness had left the tips of her cheek-bones. But Ellen noticed nothing.

Mrs. Kirker placed a little table beside the bed, and set her tray upon it in silence. At first Ellen could not bear for shame to turn and look up, but then it crossed her mind that speedily her secret must be known to all, and that, probably, the house-keeper was at that moment the best friend she had in the house. She lifted her head, sat up, and said "Thank you." One glance at the face turned upon her, and the strange look vanished from Mary Kirker's countenance. The apple rosiness came back, she smiled, came close to the bed, and drawing Ellen's head down on her motherly breast, fondled and stroked it. Mrs. Kirker had hardly ever before in her life made such a demonstration of affection. Ellen, petted so, sobbed with all the strength of her young energy.

"Cry, dearie, it will do you good. I know what is worrying you: Miss Elswitha's been talking to you. But, Lord, my dear! it's no news to her nor to me either. I thought it was your mother come back from her grave the first night when you were lyin' for dead in the hall, and so did Miss Elswitha. She was terribly frightened that night. Don't fret about it, dear; it's no news to her. Here, pet, drink your tea. You'll fairly ruin your head with all that cryin'.

"Come, now!" she went on, briskly, "it must be all laughing to you any more. To think of you being mistress here, and Master Egbert nobody at all. God help us! it is a strange story about that will, through and through!"

Ellen heard her talking in this way, and her thoughts went from the letters on which they had been fixed, to the will on which they had not for a moment rested. A new idea flashed upon her. She started up suddenly, smiling, through her misery—a painful smile, but still a smile full of fire.

"The will, that will! Is it genuine, Mrs. Kirker?"

"I don't know anything about wills, Miss Ellen, but I should say it was as real a thing of the kind as could be. Miss Rowena was the only one of the family he would let stay in the room while it was being written. He sent them all away—the old mistress, and Miss Elswitha and all, and they were wild mad, but they were afraid of him, he was so fierce-like. I signed it, and another woman who was in the house, and Martin. Miss Rowena took it and locked it up, and it was never seen again. I didn't believe it was burnt. To think of the sea bringing you

here for it, and Miss Rowena, poor soul, keeping it all these years for you. She always took you for your mother. God help us ! I hardly know where I'm standing when I think of the strangeness of it all ! ”

Ellen was still staring out of the window with that wild, bitter smile on her face.

“ And you are really sure,” she said, “ that it gives me everything—this house, this estate, everything ? Oh ! if I could be certain that it is legal ! ”

Mrs. Kirker cleared her throat twice, and eyed Ellen gravely. She laid the cup which she held upon the table, and drew herself up very straight. The strange look came creeping back over her face. She said, dryly,

“ I warrant, Miss Ellen, you'll find it all out soon enough. You'd better rest yourself a bit ; Dunmara won't run away in the meantime ! ”

She walked to the window, and drew down the blind, put some things straight in the room, and then went out and shut the door. In the death-chamber without, she paused at the foot of the bed, and looked down at the face of the corpse.

“ You poor, faithful soul ! ” she muttered, “ you did your part, mad as you were. And all for this ! Heavens above ! is Miss Elswitha right ? Can she be one of that sort after all ? And I would have staked my life on her honest face.”

Mary Kirker groaned to herself, and wiped her eyes and her spectacles.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

UNA BAWN

My Una Bawn ! She wears the gold coulin on her brows.
 She is a star in the twilight, she is a light in the house.
 She is a white shining pearl, a May-blossom in winter,
 He were a fool and a churl, who of praise would stint her.

My Una Bawn ! Her suitors are many and many,
 She will be kind to all, she will not show favour to any.
 There are farmers of wealth and ease, who set great store
 on her,
 And Spaniards from over the seas would spend golden ore
 on her.

My Una Bawn ! When to market or Mass she is going,
 People stand on the road, though the heavens be snowing,
 Appraising her beauty bright, and her swan-smooth motion,
 Her little feet gliding white, like the foam of the ocean.

My Una Bawn ! Her father is a shepherd on the hill :
 My father has pastures, and kine (God keep them from ill !)
 He bids me speedily wed with a girl of fine fortune :
 I'd sooner go beggin' my bread, and Una my portion.

My Una Bawn ! When her eyes majestic turn on me,
 I feel the gaze of God's high Archangels burn on me.
 She is like the tree's topmost bough, and its honeyed
 blossom,
 No hand plucked, but a wind of love bore her down to my
 bosom.

ALICE FURLONG.

AMEN CORNER

VII.—THE HOLINESS OF THURSDAY

THE only days of the week of which the Church makes a special consecration are Friday and Saturday. The Passion is very specially commemorated on Friday, and Saturday is in many ways devoted to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Wednesday is St. Joseph's day, but only in convents and among some of the very devout faithful. It is a wonder that greater notice is not taken by pious Christians of the eucharistic holiness of Thursday.

The claim that I would now put forward on behalf of Thursday is of course derived from Holy Thursday. That name itself is, as far as I know, a tribute paid only by the English language to what the Church calls *Feria Quinta in Coena Domini*, "Thursday of the Lord's Supper." The epithet "Holy" she reserves for Easter Eve, *Sabbatum Sanctum*, Holy Saturday. But among Catholics using the English language "Holy" Thursday has prevailed over the old "Maundy Thursday," which is derived from the antiphon *Mandatum tuum* that begins, on that morning, the ceremony of the Washing of the Feet.

The holiness of that Thursday in Holy Week is due to its having been chosen by our Divine Lord for the institution of the Sacrament of His Body and Blood. In reference to Good Friday—another excellent name peculiar, I think, to English—the Catechism asks, "Why do we call that day good on which Christ suffered so painful and ignominious a death?" and it teaches the child to answer, "Because on that day, by dying on the cross, He showed the excess of His love and purchased every blessing for us." We might ask a similar question with regard to Holy Thursday, and we might answer that we call it holy because on that day, the day before He suffered, the eve of Good Friday, Jesus instituted the Blessed Eucharist, which is the last exhaustive and supreme proof and pledge of His infinite love. The Church herself calls Holy Thursday *dies in qua Dominus Noster Jesus Christus tradidit discipulis suis corporis et sanguinis sui mysteria celebranda*—words of the

liturgy which many priests in fifty or sixty years of priesthood never have an opportunity of repeating, for they occur in the *Communicantes* of the Mass of Maundy Thursday, on which day one priest only out of each community celebrates Mass, the others receiving Holy Communion from his hands.

The eucharistic consecration of Thursday is not confined by the Church to the fifth day of Holy Week. She adverts to it in many of her public and private devotions. In the yearly cycle of the Church's festivals there are three Thursdays, three feasts attached to the fifth day of the week, and each of them is associated with the Blessed Eucharist. Holy Thursday is the very feast of the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist. But how could there be a joyful feast on the eve of our Lord's most bitter Passion and Death? Only by stealth, as it were, does the Church rejoice then; but she makes compensation to herself by instituting a special feast in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. When shall it be? What date shall be selected for this eucharistic consecration, for the fuller gratifying of our pent-up feelings of joy and gratitude for the institution of the great banquet of love? There was a certain fitness in choosing some day that comes as soon as possible after the completion of the yearly cycle of feasts which commemorate the events of our Lord's life on earth, ending with the establishment of His Church and the descent of the Holy Ghost. All these mysteries of the Redeemer's life and death, and resurrection and ascension, are bound up, fulfilled, recalled, repeated, and perpetuated in the sacrament and sacrifice of His abiding presence on our altars; and the feast of Corpus Christi is the glorious crown of them all—of all the festive celebrations of the Church on earth, for the Assumption lifts us in spirit to heaven. After Corpus Christi there is no other great solemnity of our Lord till Advent and Christmastide begin again the annual cycle of festivals.*

That cycle, as we have said, closes with Pentecost. What day, therefore, after the octave of Whit Sunday shall be the glorious feast of reparation and thanksgiving for the Sacrament of the Body of our Lord? The Thursday of the first week after Whitsuntide is Corpus Christi, not preferred at random (as I have remarked several times) to the other days of the

* At what date was the beautiful feast of the Transfiguration first assigned to the sixth day of August?

week, but chosen by right on its own merits, out of homage to that particular day on which this most Blessed Sacrament was actually instituted.

But the remaining feast that is fixed permanently and of set purpose on a Thursday—what claim can Ascension Thursday advance to be ranked as a eucharistic festival, like the two other Thursdays that it comes between? The feast of the Ascension is kept on this one fixed and determinate Thursday, not arbitrarily, but because (to quote the Catechism again) our Lord Jesus Christ remained on earth after His resurrection “forty days, to show that He was truly risen from the dead, and to instruct His apostles.” As He had spent forty days in the desert at the beginning of His public life, so after His resurrection our Saviour lingered on for another forty days in the desert of this world. In these forty days—five weeks and then five days added—we reach exactly the Thursday of the sixth week of Paschal time, which is therefore the anniversary of our Lord’s ascension from Mount Olivet, and which we therefore call Ascension Thursday.

But what are the eucharistic associations that cling round Ascension Thursday? The withdrawal of the visible corporal presence of our Divine Redeemer makes us think at once of His invisible sacramental presence. The commemoration of His departure must needs call to our minds His abiding habitation amongst us. He who is gone stays still. Hundreds of years before the Ascension the royal psalmist who foresaw it, linked this consolation with his prophecy, or at least piety is delighted at seeming to discover this hidden eucharistic meaning in the prophet’s own words: “Ascending on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, Thou hast given gifts to men” (Psalm lxxvii. 20). The Blessed Eucharist is the supreme gift and dearest love-token, which, if it had not been given already, would have been given *then*. As many of the beautiful, pathetic words spoken at the Last Supper might well have been repeated now at the very end of our Lord’s farewell, so He might have renewed His promise of remaining always among us under the sacramental veil; for was not this the best and tenderest comfort that even He could offer to those He was leaving behind in loneliness on the mountain of the Ascension? *

* The latest proof of the close connection between the Ascension

In the liturgy of the Church we are often reminded of the close connection between those two great dogmas of our faith, the Incarnation and the Blessed Eucharist, which is in reality a repetition, continuation, perpetuation of the Incarnation. Thus, the Preface of the Nativity is said in the Mass of Corpus Christi and other feasts of the Blessed Sacrament ; and on such feasts the last verse of most of the hymns alludes to our Lord's virgin birth :—

Jesu, tibi sit gloria
Qui natus es de Virgine—

and at Prime the versicle *Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris* is changed into *Qui natus es de Maria Virgine*, once more indicating the union between the birth of Bethlehem and the birth upon the altar. This union again makes it appropriate that in assigning the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries of the Rosary to the first three days and then to the last three days of each week in this natural order (the Sundays being provided for independently according to the ecclesiastical season of the year) Thursday fitly gets for its share the joyful mysteries of which the Nativity is the centre.

There is one very peculiar homage that the Church in her liturgy pays to the Incarnation—she prepares for the feast of the Nativity by keeping on the eighth day before it, January 18th, the feast of our Lady's Expectation. Great feasts indeed are followed by octaves ; but is there any other instance of an octave day in front of a feast ? There are novenas of preparation for certain festivals ; but these are private devotions, they are not liturgical, they have no place in the authorized liturgy of the Church. Yet I think I have discovered a trace of something similar in the divine office the week before Holy Thursday. It is customary, as will be seen by examining the Breviary, that when the Mass and Office are *de tempore*, when the Sunday or feria has a Mass and Office of its own, the antiphons for *Benedictus* and *Magnificat* are drawn from the Gospel of the Mass of the day ; and to know at once the most striking points

and the Blessed Eucharist is the fact that His Holiness Pius X on the 8th of February, 1905, granted permission to all Bishops to insert in the Litany of Jesus this new invocation *Per Sanctissimæ Eucharistiæ Institutionem tuam, libera nos, Jesu*. And where is this to be inserted ? After the invocation *Per Ascensionem tuam, libera nos, Jesu*.

in such gospels it is well to look at those antiphons. Now this is done all through the week between Passion Sunday and Palm Sunday, except (and this is my supposed discovery) except in the *feria quinta* of that Passion Week, the Thursday before Palm Sunday. On that morning the gospel of the Mass is taken from the seventh chapter of St. Luke where the Evangelist describes how the penitent woman (whom I hold to be St. Mary Magdalen) anointed the feet of Jesus at the table of Simon the Leper. That beautiful scene would have furnished striking antiphons for *Benedictus* and *Magnificat*; but the Church ignores it completely, and, as if remembering that that day week will be Holy Thursday, she sounds a little note of preparation by putting eucharistic antiphons before and after the canticles of the Blessed Virgin and of Zachary, these antiphons having no connection with the gospel of the day, as is usually the case. Before the *Benedictus*: "The Master says, 'My time is near, I with My disciples make the Passover at your house.'" Before the *Magnificat*: "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer." It may be noted that the post-Communion of this Thursday before Palm Sunday is the first prayer that the priest says in secret in every Mass immediately after receiving the Body and Blood of our Lord. "Quod ore sumpsimus, Domine, pura mente capiamus, et de munere temporali fiat nobis remedium sempiternum."

Is this eucharistic accent, as we may call it, given to the Church's offices on any other Thursdays through the year? We might not expect this for the Thursday before Corpus Christi; because the feast of Corpus Christi is of comparatively late institution, and the Masses, etc., of the preceding ferias were settled before it. And yet an arrangement similar to what we have described with regard to Maundy Thursday *does* occur in the week before Corpus Christi, but on the Wednesday, not the Thursday after Whit Sunday. The gospel of Wednesday is taken from the famous sixth chapter of St. John, which furnishes the *Benedictus* with the antiphon, "I am the living bread that cometh from heaven, saith the Lord"—these words being repeated as the antiphon of the *Magnificat*, which adds to them the solemn eucharistic words, "If any one eat of this bread, he will live for ever, and the bread which I shall give is My flesh for the life of the world." If this gospel had

been kept back for one day more, the Thursday of Whitsun week, seven days before Corpus Christi, would have been like the feast of the Expectation before Christmas, another cry of warning, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

Traces of this eucharistic character can be detected in the liturgy of some others of the very few Thursdays through the year that have a ferial office of their own. The first of those after Advent and Christmas is *feria quinta post Cineres*, the day after Ash Wednesday. Here at once the eucharistic note is struck. As usual, for the antiphon of the *Magnificat* is chosen the most striking thing that the Gospel contains—namely, those words of the centurion which the Church has honoured beyond any words that ever fell from human lips by adopting them (with the change of one word) as the last prayer of every communicant before receiving his Eucharistic Lord, the *Domine non sum Dignus* said before every communion of priest and people within the Mass and outside it.

The Mass of the second Thursday of Lent has another eucharistic allusion, not so plain as the foregoing. The gospel is about the poor Chananæan woman whose daughter was grievously tormented by a devil. Her heart is so wound up with her child that she identifies herself with her. She does not pray, "Have mercy on her," but *Miserere mei, Domine fili David*; and her second prayer, after the apostles tried to put her away, was simpler still: "Help me, O Lord!" He replied: "It is not good to take the bread of the children and give it to dogs." And then came the humble and we might say brilliant answer which drew from our Redeemer the praise, "O woman, great is thy faith," and the reward: "Be it done to thee as thou wishest." And from that hour the daughter was healed. A touching scene, but where is the eucharistic allusion contained in it? Nothing more pointed than this that our Lord's words, *Non est bonum sumere panem filiorum et mittere canibus*, come into the marvellous *Lauda Sion* of St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of his eucharistic hymns:—

Ecce panis angelorum
Factus cibus viatorum;
Vere panis filiorum
Non mittendus canibus.

I cannot bring forward from missal or breviary any other

testimonies in favour of that special eucharistic holiness that I am claiming for Thursday, except indeed the plainest of all, that the *Missale Romanum* among the *Missae Votivae per annum* assigns to Thursday the Votive Mass of the Blessed Sacrament. As a matter of course, in this allocation of votive Masses Wednesday has that of St. Joseph, Friday that of the Passion, and Saturday that of the Immaculate Conception. All this we might readily conjecture, but not that the Holy Angels are honoured thus on Mondays and the Apostles on Tuesdays.

The strongest support, however, for those eucharistic pretensions that I am putting forward on behalf of Thursday is to be drawn from the action of the Sovereign Pontiffs in dispensing the Church's treasury of indulgences. I have been astonished at the partiality shown to the fifth day of the week in that section of the *Raccolta* (the authorised collection of indulgenced prayers and devotions) which is entitled "*Gesu Sacramentato*." Besides the various indulgences attached to Holy Thursday itself, ordinary Thursdays figure largely in this list of spiritual favours. To the sixth item in that sixth section (No. 68 of the whole collection) is attached on the usual conditions a plenary indulgence on the first Thursday of every month, and for the mere saying of the prayer on Thursday seven years and seven quarantines, but only 100 days on other days of the week. Again, Pius VII and Pius IX granted, on the usual conditions, to those who spend one hour devoutly in honour of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, a plenary indulgence on Holy Thursday and Corpus Christi, and 300 days' indulgence the other Thursdays of the year. Finally, to pass over other examples, the last item in this eucharistic section of the *Raccolta* is the well-known ejaculation :—

Sia lodato e ringraziato ogni momento
Il santissimo e divinissimo sacramento.

This is given thus in Latin :—

Laudes et gratiae omni momento
Sanctissimo et divinissimo sacramento.

And in English thus, changing the third person into the second :—

O sacrament most holy, O sacrament divine !
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment thine.

For this an indulgence of 100 days may be gained once on other days, but three times on Thursdays.

Please God, the claims of Thursdays have not been so sadly ignored as we in the indiscreet ardour of our advocacy may have seemed to imply. Amid such rude surroundings as those of the Jesuit Missions to the North American Indians, John Gilmary Shea tells us that Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament was given on Thursday evenings at certain stations. In our own time, in some district (I think) of Spain, a quaint and curious custom is kept up which has existed, it seems, from time immemorial. On Thursday evenings everyone places a light in his window for a few minutes in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. A traveller says : " It was pretty to see the little tremulous sparks appearing one after another in the windows of the humble dwellings, resting there for a short time and then disappearing again."

Can we, by hearing Mass devoutly on that day, by receiving Holy Communion, by paying visits to the Blessed Sacrament, perhaps by making what is called the Holy Hour—can we, by any or all of those means, increase for ourselves, at least sometimes, the Holiness of Thursday ?

M. R.

A FILIAL CRY

O Mother of Jesus, my own Mother too,
Help me God's pleasure to know and to do.
Watch over me well in life and in death,
Until I am drawing my last feeble breath.
Pray for me now, and pray for me then,
And all will be well with me, Mother. Amen.

W. L.

THE WISDOM OF THE DESERT

IN two of the early volumes of the *Month*—and that is long ago, for it started nine years before *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, which celebrated last month its thirty-second birthday, as it began in the middle of the year, July, 1873—there was a page in eight or nine numbers bearing the title “Saints of the Desert,” and marked by the initials J. H. N. I fear many readers of the magazine were little struck by them, just as in subsequent numbers they threw an indifferent glance at “The Dream of Gerontius,” which was afterwards to attract so much attention, even before it inspired the music of Elgar.

In these “Saints of the Desert” Cardinal Newman merely put into English certain wise and holy sayings of those saintly men preserved chiefly in the *Conferences of Cassian*. I have been reminded of them lately by a work produced with great taste by Methuen & Co., of London, under the title of *The Wisdom of the Desert*, written by an Irish Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James Hannay. After an interesting introduction Mr. Hannay groups into separate sections sayings of the hermits of the desert that regard poverty, humility, fasting, obedience, anger, evil thoughts, and several other spiritual subjects.

As the Oratorian Cardinal and the Protestant Rector worked in the same field, I was curious to compare their respective gleanings; but I have only been able to detect them as it were in collision two or three times. For instance, seeing one of Mr. Hannay's sections headed “Evil Thoughts,” I looked for his version of the passage which Cardinal Newman translates in this manner. “Abbot Cyrus said to a brother: ‘If thou hadst no fight with bad thoughts, it would be because thou didst bad actions; for they who do bad actions are thereby rid of bad thoughts.’ ‘But,’ said the other, ‘I have bad memories.’ The Abbot answered: ‘They are but ghosts; fear not the dead but the living.’” This I cannot find in Mr. Hannay's volume, which, however, does at least once in this section hit on the same passage as J. H. N., who quotes Abbot Pastor as saying: “We cannot keep out bad thoughts, as we cannot stop the wind rushing through the door; but we can resist them when

they come." This is given more at length by the Irish clergyman. "A certain brother came to the Abbot Pastor and said, 'Many evil thoughts come into my mind, and I am in danger through them.' The old man led him out into the air and said to him : 'Stretch thyself out, and stop the wind from blowing.' The brother, wondering at his words, replied : 'I cannot do that.' Then the old man said to him : 'If you cannot stop the wind from blowing, neither can you prevent evil thoughts from entering your mind. That is beyond your power ; but one thing you can do—conquer them.' "

Mr. Hannay gives half of page 147 to the incident thus narrated by Newman. "On a festival, when the monks were at table, one cried out to the servers : 'I eat nothing dressed, so bring me some salt.' Blessed Theodore made reply : 'My brother, better were it to have even secretly eaten flesh in thy cell than thus loudly to have refused it.' "

What fills half of page 100 for Mr. Hannay is given more tersely by the Oratorian. "Abbot Antony said : 'I saw the nets of the enemy lying spread out over the earth, and I cried out, "Alas, who shall escape these?" And a voice answered, "Humility." ' "

It is a long leap from the Egyptian desert to Windsor Castle ; but I find that Queen Victoria, without knowing it, almost quoted Abbot Antony. The good old Queen said that the longer she lived, the more she was puzzled by the ways of the proud world. "They all seem to me to be a little mad." The good old Abbot had said long before : "The days are coming when men will go mad ; and when they meet a man who has kept his senses, they will rise up against him, saying, 'You are mad because you are not like us.' "

Both Cardinal Newman and Mr. Hannay give the saying of Abbot Alonius (or Allois, as the latter calls him) : "Unless a man say in his heart 'I and my God are the only two in the world,' he will not have rest."

The fifty-fifth page of *The Wisdom of the Desert* is no doubt taken from a different source, but the pith of it is given thus in "Saints of the Desert," "St. Antony pointed out to a brother a stone and said to him : 'Reville that stone and beat it soundly.' When he had done so, Antony said : 'Did the stone say any-

thing?' He answered 'No.' Then said Antony: 'Unto this perfection shalt thou one day come.' "

These are all the passages that I can discover in Mr. Hannay's excellent book in which he has been forestalled by Cardinal Newman. If he had known of these fragments, he would probably have turned them to account. I will now give as many more as I can of what so great a man thought it worth while to turn into English—his English.

Abbot Antony fell on a time into weariness and gloom of spirit; and he cried out, "Lord, I wish to be saved; but my searchings of mind will not let me." And, looking round, he saw some one like himself, sitting and working, then rising and praying, then sitting and rope-making again. And he heard the Angel say: "Work and pray; pray and work; and thou shalt be saved."

Arsenius, when he was now in solitude, prayed as before: "Lord, lead me along the way of salvation." And again he heard a voice, which said: "Flight, silence, quiet; these are the three sources of sinlessness."

"Which of all our duties," asked the brethren, "is the greatest labour?" Agatho answered: "Prayer; for as soon as we begin, the devils try to stop us, since it is their great enemy. Rest comes after every other toil; but prayer is a struggle up to the last breath."

Abbot Theodore said: "Other virtue there is none like this, to make nought of no one."

Abbot Sylvanus said: "Woe to the man whose reputation is greater than his work."

Holy Epiphanius said: "A great safeguard against sin is the reading of the Scriptures; and it is a precipice and deep gulf to be ignorant of the Scriptures."

Once a monk was told, "Thy father is dead." He answered: "Blaspheme not; my Father is immortal."

Abbot Antony said: "Lord, how is it that some live a short time, others live too long; some are poor, others are rich; and unrighteous men are rich, and righteous men are poor?"

A voice came to him: "Look to thyself; it is not good for thee to be told the judgments of God."

Abbot Arsenius was told that a certain man was dead, and had left him a large inheritance. He made reply: "It is not mine; I died long ago. He has survived me."

Abbot Agatho said : " Though a passionate man were to raise the dead, that would not give him acceptance with God."

Holy Epiphanius said : " Sin doth but touch the lips of the just ; but it bathes the bodies of the wicked."

Abbot Theodore said : " Many a man in this day takes to himself repose, before God gives it to him."

Abbot Pastor said : " Over no one doth the Enemy rejoice so much, as over him who will not manifest his inward self."

Once, after Mass, there was wine over. One of the old men brought some to Abbot Sisoi. The Abbot sipped once ; and he gave it him again. He sipped a second time ; and he offered it the third time. But the Abbot put it from him, saying : " Keep still, brother ; it is the evil one."

Abbot Arsenius used to say : " I have often had to repent of speaking ; never of keeping silence."

Abbot Theodore said : " If God impute to us our negligences when we pray, and our distractions when we sing, we cannot be saved."

Abbot Pastor said : " One man is at rest and prays ; another is sick and gives thanks ; a third ministers cheerfully to them both. They are three ; but their work and their merit is one."

A brother said to Abbot Sisoi : " What must I do to keep my heart ? "

The old man made answer : " Look to your tongue first, for it is nearest to the door."

Abbot Abraham said : " Passions live even in the saints here below ; but they are chained."

Abbot John said to his brother : " I do not like working ; I wish to be in peace, and to serve God without break, like an angel ; " and he set off to the desert. In a week's time he returned, and knocked at his brother's door, saying, " I am John." His brother answered, " No, you are not ; for John is an angel." He insisted, " Yes, but I am John." His brother opened to him, saying, " If you are a man, why don't you work ? If you are an angel, what do you knock for ? "

Here I break the flow of the terse J. H. N. apothegms, to put beside one of them a saying of Father Henry Young, the quaint old Dublin saint, whose life was written with loving minuteness by Lady Georgiana Fullerton in the second volume of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. To some one who had asked him to pray for her, he said : " My prayers will do you no good unless you pray for yourself." Was not this anticipated in the old chronicle which Cardinal Newman thus translates ?

'A careless brother said to Abbot Antony, 'Pray for me.' The old man made answer : 'I shall not pity thee, nor will the Highest, unless thou hast pity on thyself, and makest prayer to God.'

I will end for the present by transferring bodily to our pages the whole of one of the monthly instalments of the little series, just as it appeared in the *Month* in 1866 :—

1. A sportsman fell in with Abbot Antony, when pleasantly conversing with his brethren, and was scandalised.

The old man said : "Put an arrow on the string, and bend your bow." He did so.

Then Antony said : "Bend it more ;" and he bent it more.

Antony said : "More still." He answered : "I shall break it."

Then said Antony : "This will befall the brethren, if their minds are always on the stretch."

2. It is told of Abbot Arsenius, how he used to remain all night without sleep.

Then, when morning broke, and he needed rest, he used to say to sleep : "Come, you good-for-nothing."

Then he took a nap, as he sat ; and soon woke up again.

3. A brother said to Abbot Theodore : "Say some good word to me, for I am perishing."

He answered : "I am in jeopardy myself, and what can I say to thee ?

4. A brother said to Abbot Pastor : "I have done a great sin ; give me a three years' penance." The Abbot answered : "It is too much."

The brother said : "Give me a year." The old man said again : "It is too much."

The brothers round him asked : "Should it be forty days ?" Still he answered : "It is too much."

For, said he, whoso doth penance with his whole heart, and never does the sin again, is received by God even on the penance of three days.

5. A brother had sinned, and the priest bade him leave the church.

Bessarion rose, and went out with him, saying : "And I, too, am a sinner."

6. Abbot Macarius said : "Never chide an erring brother

angrily ; for you are not bid save another's soul at the loss of your own."

7. Abbot Nilus said : " If you would pray as you ought, beware of sadness ; else, you will run in vain."

J. H. N.

I must not let those illustrious initials end this paper, lest I should seem to be claiming an honour that I sought in vain in the Cardinal's lifetime. I coveted for our magazine in its infancy some small scrap by J. H. N. like one of the series from which I have quoted. His kind answer may be seen at page 459 of our twenty-first volume. But with all its kindness it was a negative. Too old and not likely to write anything more except under some unforeseen and urgent stress of duty. That was in November, 1873, and there was practically little after it. The *Apologia* had stirred the world nearly ten years before.

M. R.

THE CHOICE QUOTATIONS OF A BEAUTIFUL BOOK

IT is probably more than a year, time flies so quickly, since we recommended to the readers of this Magazine *The Inner Life of the Soul*, as one of the freshest and most solid of recent spiritual books, full of piety and unction, and at the same time marked by great literary grace. The writer has achieved her aim, which was to show that it was possible for Christians in all states of life to love God in some measure as the saints have loved Him, to rise for His sake above the sordid views of the world of our day, and to aspire to a high degree of holiness.

One of the literary charms of the book is the skill with which it weaves into its argument beautiful and wise thoughts of other souls. These are gathered from very many fields not accessible to all ; and my only complaint was that we are too often left

in ignorance of the person whom we have to thank for such or such an exquisite thought.

Miss Emery at first defended her practice by reason and authority. For instance, Cardinal Newman, long before he was Cardinal, in his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, page 377, says: "Even towards St. Thomas He was gentle, as if towards one of those who had 'eyes too tremblingly awake to bear the dimness for His sake;'" and he does not mention that he is quoting Keble's *Christian Year*. But in the end she was partly converted to our opinion, and she was so good, as to indicate the sources of most of her quotations. We are not quite sure that she intended us or allowed us to share this information with others; but surely it is an advantage for this holy and dainty book that the revelations should be made which we now proceed to make.

The brief and earnest invocation of the Holy Ghost, which serves as a sort of dedication, is naturally by the author herself, and the initials S. L. E. ought to have been appended to it, as also to the verses in pages 247 and 249. The translation of the *Dies Irae* quoted on pages so far apart as 7 and 213 is also her own. On page 6, "Pure lilies of eternal peace whose odors haunt her dreams" is Tennyson's poetry quoted as prose. "Anon." is the only signature of the solemn lines on page 15 and the beautiful eucharistic piece on page 50. Page 22 quotes one of Miss Alexander's "Roadside Songs of Italy"—Ruskin's friend, Francesca Alexander. Surely it is right that E. R. Sill—who is well known in the United States but not over here—should get the credit of the pleasant lines on page 23.

"Bide thou thy time," page 58, is Newman, and page 67 is of course Faber, who is more easily recognised, as in pages 85 and 185. From him also are the prose quotations in pages 11, 27, 29, 50, 55, 105, 119, 202, 203, 204, 214. Why should he be referred to only as "a famous director of souls," "a great spiritual writer," leaving the reader unable to guess who is the person quoted?

The five lines quoted on page 73 appeared in the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and we think they were not marked, even by initials—more shame to the Editor, who, we think, was then Father Augustus Dignam of pious memory.

John Mason Neale is quoted on pages 75, 252. The author

of the poem *Ad Mariam* on page 126, which is truly called a "remarkable poem," is Father John Gerard, S.J., at present editor of the *Month*. We have learned this from Father Gerard himself. It was contributed to the first number of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*; but no doubt Miss Emery found the verses in some magazine that copied them from that excellent college journal. Katharine Tynan is quoted in pages 231 and 246. Three Americans are Eleanor Donnelly, page 187; Father Tabb in page 217; and one whom we have never met before, Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell in page 250. Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, and Aubrey de Vere, are quoted on pages 131, 136, and 154, respectively. The fine poem at page 148 is said to be from the *Month*, unsigned. If left to conjecture the authorship, we should have attributed it to Christina Rossetti or May Probyn.

As for the prose quotations, we have already assigned eleven of them to Father Faber, who is also quoted in page 87 as "another who left all for Christ's sake;" and in the same page the "one who went out bravely from his own people" was Dr. James Kent Stone, now Father Fidelis the Passionist, formerly an Episcopalian minister. Bishop Gay, lately an ornament of the Church of France, is quoted often—pages 29, 111, 128, 147, and 235.

Père Fouard is quoted in pages 39 and 220. St. John of the Cross is quoted in pages 77, 191, 225, and 168. In this last page he is called "the doctor of mystical theology," which title has been asked for him by the Bishops of Spain. In page 81 "the obscure seamstress in France" is Marie Eustelle Harpain, "the Angel of the Eucharist," whose life has been published in English by Edward Hely Thompson, who is also the biographer of the Baron de Renty, quoted at length in page 140. Henrietta Kerr, Religious of the Sacred Heart, is quoted at page 190. The Spaniard, who says at page 201 of the Blessed Virgin, "She never can forget what it cost her to become our Mother," is Father Luis de la Palma, S.J.

Those who possess this beautiful book which tells so many deep and true things about "the Inner Life of the soul," will, we think, be glad to learn the sources of the quotations here pointed out. They will also hear with pleasure and without surprise that the work has been welcomed and praised, not

only by the *Catholic World* but by the Catholic world. It has been reviewed most favourably not only by Catholic critics in the *Dolphin* and *Donahoe's Magazine*, but by the very influential Anglican journal, the *Guardian*, which says: "The book is written from the Roman standpoint, but no one who names the name of Christ could fail to find much in these beautiful meditations to teach and to humble him."

We cannot refrain from again exhorting the reader to study this holy and beautiful book. It certainly ought to be found in the library of every religious community. It is quite above the average of recent additions to ascetic literature in its depth, sincerity, and sober originality; and from a literary point of view it ranks very high indeed, especially when contrasted with the translations from foreign languages to which we are too prone to trust. The eminent publishers, Longmans, Green and Co., have brought out the book worthily. The type is the clearest possible, though not of the offensively large kind that seems to be used sometimes for the mere purpose of making a big book out of a small one. We consider it a grace to have any share in propagating so holy and beautiful a book as *The Inner Life of the Soul*.

THE TABLE-CLOTH *

LIKE veils of soft and snowy white,
Folded across the mountain's brow,
Full of a strange and shimmering light,
The clouds that crown "The Table" now.

Like snow itself, piled white and high,
And floating down each gorge and kloof,
They move and melt against the sky,
And now are near, and then aloof.

* This is the name given to the famous south-east cloud on Table Mountain, South Africa.

Like cataracts of some mighty stream,
Down a steep cliff poured swift and strong ;
Like rushing, tumbling waves they seem,
Like grey-white birds in countless throng.

Swift changing now, never at rest,
And soft as wool, yet wild and free ;
Full of deep meaning unexpressed,
And rich in nature's mystery.

Keen as a lance the wind that sweeps
From the south east and up the vale,
Lashing the sea to darkest deeps,
Whipping blue skies to ashen pale.

Thus is its power made visible
In eddying dust and groaning tree ;
Each blade of grass knows it as well,
As torrent of cloud, or foam-flecked sea.

S. M. C.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Lives of the English Martyrs*. Volume II.—Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth. London : Burns & Oates, Ltd. (Price 7s. 6d.)

The title-page of this fine volume gives us more information about it. The martyrs whose story is here told were declared blessed by Pope Leo XIII in 1886 and 1895. This account of them has been written by two Oratorians, Fathers H. S. Bowden and Keogh, by Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., by the Rev. George Phillips of Ushaw College, and by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., who is also the general editor. Owing, however, to the editor's illness the introduction has been contributed by Father Pollen who gives the reader such a clear idea of the circumstances of the time as adds greatly to the interest of the various narra-

tives. There are in all twenty-four biographical sketches, the longest being that of Blessed Edmund Campion, who gets nearly a hundred pages. The authorities are always quoted carefully, and altogether the volume is admirably compiled, edited, and produced. It is the first of the second hundred of the Quarterly Series which Catholic literature owes to the self-sacrificing and persevering labours of Father Coleridge, S.J., whose name ought always to be held in grateful remembrance.

2. *The Senior Lieutenant's Wager, and Other Stories.* By the Foremost Catholic Writers. New York : Benziger. (Price 5s.)

A compact volume, containing thirty stories which will amuse innocently, we hope, many thousands of readers. Of these thirty "foremost Catholic writers" the only males are Maurice Francis Egan, Jerome Harte, Father T. J. Livingstone, S.J., and no doubt H. J. Carroll and Leigh Gordon Giltner. Mrs. Hinkson, Clara Mulholland, and Magdalen Rock are the only Irish writers, and "Theo Gift" and Miss Dobree the only Englishwomen. The American names are the usual ones, with half-a-dozen that we have never seen before. The story singled out for the title-page and first place is by no means the most striking of the lot. We begin this notice before reading half of the tales; but we can give hearty praise to two gentlemen and two ladies who are grouped together. Messrs. Giltner and Harte make a great deal out of simple materials, and glance at the romance of railroads from very different points of view. How much power "Theo Gift" compresses into six pages! Miss Katharine Jenkins supposes us to know the name of the "author of that exquisitely beautiful story, *The Nürnberg Stove*, which has delighted old and young for at least two generations." Her own little tale is very prettily told. Miss Margaret Jordan has hit on the same idea as Canon Sheehan in his newest novel, *Glenanaar*. In both the long and the short story the hero marries the daughter of the girl that he is in love with at the beginning. We should prefer some other arrangement. In some of the stories the turning up of people at the right moment is lucky beyond all belief—as in the very last page of the book. Katharine Tynan's is one of the most satisfying tales in the collection; and Father Livingstone, Grace Keon, Miss M'Gill, Miss Taggart and Miss Waggaman, would, we think, get each

many votes for first place if it were left to the suffrages of the readers. In Miss Mulholland's pleasant story one wonders why it was left to a storm to break open the ghost-chest. We have by no means named all the stories that seemed to us to possess special merit—for instance, "In Mère Clichy's Garden," by Mrs. Nixon Roulet.

3. Messrs. Novello & Company, the Music Publishers of London, have sent us a large bundle of their recent publications. "Orpheus," a Cantata for soprano and alto voices and orchestra (price 1s. 6d.), was composed by Mr. G. Rathbone for the Mid-Somerset Musical Festival, 1905, on a poem which one is surprised to find was written by Wordsworth. "The Witch of the Wood" is an operetta for children by John W. Ivimey (price 2s.). Another book, price 1s. 6d., contains thirty-six classical songs by Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Arne, Mendelssohn, Bach, Bennet, and Wagner. Half-a-crown is the price of *Just before Bedtime*, six little songs for good children by J. M. Capel. The words by Elphinstone Thorpe will be thought very funny by children, and they are the proper judges in the case.

4. *Women in the Great Greek Poets*, by James J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.—sold for the benefit of a deserving charity in New York, the Children of Providence—is the most literary of several brochures by this learned and versatile physician which have just reached us. The others are on professional subjects like *The Etiology of Colds and Pulmonary Tuberculosis as an Infectious Disease*. Less technical, and, combining literature with medical science, is the essay on *The Popes and the History of Anatomy*. Readers of more than one American periodical marvel how Dr. Walsh can write so much and so well while discharging his duties as a professor and a physician in full practice.

5. *The Holy Catholic Church: Her Faith, Works, Triumphs*. By a Convert. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. (Price 3s. 6d.)

This is a large and well-bound book of nearly four hundred pages, written by one who has only recently embraced the Catholic faith. There is a great deal of interesting matter in its dozen chapters; and we are helped to find out matters of special interest by the full summaries of each chapter which are given in the table of contents. Some chapters hang rather loosely together, as at the end of the eleventh chapter, where

the "passive resisters" are followed suddenly by Mary Howitt's conversion. But the clearly and pleasantly written book will be read with profit, we hope, by many.

6. *Sir Walter Scott's Tour in Ireland in 1825 now first fully described.* By D. J. O'Donoghue. Glasgow: Gowans and Gray; Dublin: O'Donoghue & Co., 15 Hume Street; M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell Street.

Mr. O'Donoghue has won a high reputation for extraordinary powers of research, especially in the obscurer corners of literary history. From the newspapers of the day and from every other available source he has gathered a mass of interesting particulars about Scott's visit to Ireland, the places and persons he saw, what he said and what he felt; and all this is woven into seven very pleasant chapters. The great novelist dined at Lamberton Park where, fifty years later, "M. E. Francis" and Mrs. Egerton Castle grew up as children, and caught the delightful infection that seems to have lingered on so long after Sir Walter's visit.

7. *The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God: An Exposition.* By Archbishop Ullathorne, O.S.B. Westminster: Art & Book Company. 1905.

The first edition of this admirable treatise was published in 1855. A second revised edition by Canon Iles was issued in August, 1904. The long interval between first and second edition has not been repeated, for the third edition has been issued in May, 1905. This is a high tribute not only to the merit of the original work but almost more to the thoroughness of Canon Iles's revision. The same publishers have sent us the new issue of Father Cuthbert's *Catholic Ideals in Social Life*, which was only published last September, and already, in May, has reappeared in a second edition. The type is almost too large, and the get-up of the book reflects credit on the Arden Press, Leamington, and its new name. The Capuchin Father discusses vigorously most of the social questions of the day—personal liberty, education of women, marriage, work, wealth, responsibility, etc. The Archbishop of Westminster prefixes to this edition a brief but earnest letter of recommendation.

8. We are glad to chronicle the welcome that has been given to the admirable work of the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Ryan on the Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals (Browne and Nolan, Ltd.). Cardinal Logue calls it "a sound, solid, scholarly and useful work;" Cardinal Moran "the most learned and most practical

commentary that has as yet appeared ;" and the three Archbishops of Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel bear similar testimony.

9. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., 50 Upper O'Connell Street have acquired the stock and copyright of the very popular devotional series hitherto published by M. & S. Eaton, "The Little Treasury of Leaflets," consisting of a great variety of prayers, hymns, pious thoughts, short meditations, etc. The volumes are issued in an extremely neat binding. They will receive, we are sure, a very wide circulation in the hands of their new proprietors.

10. The *Saturday Review* of June 17th, 1905, gave the following estimate of the *Handbook of Homeric Study*, recently published by the Rev. Henry Browne, S.J. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.) :—

"The Professor of Greek at University College, Dublin, has in this valuable and interesting book treated with conspicuous judgment and moderation the complex topic of the Homeric literature. All for whom the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* possess attraction, who have some kind of familiarity with the text, and to whom the fascinating problem of Homeric authorship appeals, will find Professor Browne's work an invaluable guide through difficult and devious ways. We have not here a particular theory as to the date and authorship of the Poems and other Homeric questions, but a lucid treatment of the important results of the controversy since it started with Wolfe's *Prolegomena*. Professor Browne reaches a very eclectic position from his examination which does not admit of being stated in short dogmatic form, but it may be looked on as embodying what most scholars would regard as the fair outcome of the dispute. The specific question of authorship is of course only an infinitesimal part of the world of attractive subjects which constitute Homeric study. And of them all Professor Browne writes admirably and furnishes an introduction to them which could not be bettered for the purposes of the cultured reader who is something less than a technical scholar. Especially interesting is the chapter on 'Who were the Homeric People?' in which the history of the modern development of archæological scholarship is traced from the earlier excavations of Schliemann at Hissarlik and those at Tiryns and Mycenæ, down to the more recent discoveries in Cyprus, Crete, and Melos. The 'new' scholarship is largely due to the triumph of the spade, and those who are not familiar with the extraordinary light it throws

on the ancient world and the antiquity of civilisation cannot do better than apply themselves to Professor Browne's very competent guidance."

11. The two latest publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland that we have seen are dissuasives against Emigration. One is a businesslike description of the friendless poor man who tries to get work in New York, *Life in New York: An Emigrant's Experience*, by J. E. J. (Dublin: 27 Lower Abbey Street). The other is a little story, *The Fortune Seeker*, by Mary T. M'Kenna. Both are very well done.

12. The Music Publishers, Cary & Co., 231 Oxford Street, London, W., have sent us Van Bree's Second Mass, abridged, revised, and arranged for four mixed voices, in accordance with the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, by Mr. R. R. Terry, Musical Director in the Westminster Cathedral; also the Mass of the Holy Rosary for four voices with Organ accompaniment by Alphonse Carey. The price of each is 1s. 6d. The first of these in this new arrangement is approved by the Westminster Diocesan Commission on Church Music.

13. *Certainty in Religion*, by the Rev. Henry Wyman, one of the Paulist Fathers of New York, is brought out in a neat two-shilling volume by the Columbus Press. It is an earnest plea, clearly and plainly written, for the Catholic Faith.

14. Among our frequent notices of school magazines we have never yet given our welcome and God-speed to the *Fleur de Lis*, which is the organ of the St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri. It is one of the most tasteful in that interesting class of periodical literature, if we may judge from numbers so wide apart as November, 1903, and May, 1905.

15. Messrs, Isbister & Company, of 1 Amen Corner, London, E.C., have already issued a second edition of *By What Authority*, by Robert Hugh Benson. It is a large full-length six shilling novel which is sure to run through many editions. Though it is in great vogue at Mudie's and the other circulating libraries, convent libraries may safely order it. Much of it might be used as spiritual reading. Some readers indeed may skip the theological parts which other readers will pronounce to be the best of the book; but there still remains a well managed tale of great and at times exciting interest, producing some situations of great dramatic power. There are some beautiful characters drawn with great distinctness and charm; and the inconsistencies of human nature are allowed for in the bad

men of the story. The worth and interest of this remarkable book are no doubt heightened by the fact that it is written by a son of the late Archbishop Benson, who has renounced his brilliant prospects in the Anglican Church and embraced the faith of Father Edmund Campion and Sir Thomas More.

16. Messrs. Burns & Oates have issued a particularly neat edition of a good book which appeared fifty years ago, *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, by Miss Anne Manning, author of *Mary Powell*. She was born in 1807 (a year before Cardinal Manning—was she related to him?) and is dead many years. Why does not the note prefixed to this reprint go on to give these and other particulars, especially if our impression is correct that Miss Manning died a Catholic? The price of this beautiful book is 1s. 6d. The author had not the advantage of Father Bridgett's researches; her readers will do well to read beforehand the learned Redemptorist's biography of the sainted Chancellor. By the way, we notice that Blessed Thomas More anticipated the views of those who nowadays denounce the tendency in Ireland and elsewhere to extend pasture lands at the expense of tillage and to drive out the people in order to make way for flocks and herds.

17. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's interesting and edifying little brochure, price sixpence, *Corpus Christi Church in Maiden Lane* (London: Burns & Oates) hardly seems entitled, either by its form or its substance, to be placed (as it is) in the Jewel Series. This London church is one of eight built by Canon Keens. Its historian has himself contributed much to its adornment. The excellent prayer which fills the last four of these pages needs careful revision. Several of the petitions are given twice in the same words, and there might be a much closer approach to order and consecutiveness. In two familiar lines from the *O Salutaris* on the cover and title-page *ostium* is twice printed *ostae* by the very culpable negligence of somebody.

18. Canon Sheehan's new novel got some of the praise that it deserves even from the unsympathetic reviewer of *The Times* (July 7th). He calls it "a vigorous and skilful piece of work," on "a fine subject for romance," namely, "the vendetta which used to be declared against any one who had given evidence in a State trial, and thus, in the eyes of the Nationalist, *patriam vendidit auro*." The last score of these words might be replaced by that single word of sinister meaning, "informer." In the July number of the *Messenger* (New York)—a magazine which

has quickly gained a very high reputation for solid literary merit,—there is a careful and rather extended review of *Glenanaar* which is said to be “probably the best book that Father Sheehan has yet written in its pictures of Irish scenes, its portrayal of Irish character, and the pathos and tragedy which everywhere crowd its pages, relieved at times by flashes of true Irish humour.” But many of Canon Sheehan’s admirers, we suspect, will not allow *My New Curate* to be thus dethroned from its pride of place as his best.

19. *Queen's Quarterly* for April, 1905, has only reached us now. It is the organ of the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. It is quite worthy of a university, being spacious, solid, and stately. The most readable of the articles seem to be Professor Stockley on Moore's Satirical Verse, and Professor Flower Smith on “The Classics and our Vernacular.” One of the ablest and best written articles in the current periodicals is “Morality in Wall Street,” by Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, which begins the July *Messenger*. (New York). The same number contains a fine poem by Mrs Blake, and a very striking story by Miss Mary Waggaman.

20. We must end our book notes for this month with the announcement of yet another book by Father Bearne, S.J.—*The Organist of Laumant and other Stories*. These six tales have this in common that the scene of each is laid in France. Father Bearne seems to be as much at home there as in his beloved Ridingle. Half a dozen very interesting tales, written (we are inclined to think) with even more than the writer's usual gracefulness of style. The book, which could not be more neatly printed, will be sent post free for a shilling from the *Messenger* office, Wimbledon, London, S.W., or for two shillings when suitably bound. A shilling postal could hardly be better laid out, if it is to be invested in literature of this sort. In addition to the wonderful amount of literary work that Father Bearne gets through himself, he is doing a great deal to promote art and literature by encouraging both in youthful amateurs and in mature “professionals.”

THE IRISH MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1905

SOME PITHY SAYINGS OF FATHER TRACY CLARKE, S.J.

THOMAS TRACY CLARKE was born in Dublin on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1802—a year after Cardinal Newman, and three days before Cardinal Wiseman. His second name was probably his mother's, and it was not so completely ignored as second names generally are, because a cousin, Thomas Clarke, became like himself a member of the Society of Jesus in England, so that for distinction's sake he was called very commonly Tracy Clarke. His brother was for many years doctor to the Jesuit College, Clongowes Wood, Co. Kildare, at a period the remoteness of which will be indicated for some by the statement that his successor was Dr. Martin O'Kelly, eldest son of the first Dr. O'Kelly of Maynooth, who dates back to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Tracy Clarke was educated at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire. There seems to have been an interval of uncertainty after his school days; for it was not until his twenty-first year that he offered himself to the Society of Jesus in September, 1823. He made his noviceship at Montrouge in France. Some five years as a master at Stonyhurst and his own theological studies filled the interval before his ordination in 1837. One of his first employments as a priest was to give a course of controversial lectures at Norwich, Yarmouth, and other places. In 1841 he was appointed to the mission of Pontefract; but in 1843 his *Alma Mater* drew him back to herself. Along with the

direction of the higher studies at Stonyhurst, he was made Professor of History. One of his pupils was the most eloquent of the Young Ireland party, Thomas Francis Meagher. Father Clarke told me that young Meagher did not at that time show any special ability, except a taste for the study of history ; and it is certain that the most effective part of his eloquence was the colouring given to it by vivid historical allusions.

In August, 1845, Father Clarke was made Master of Novices, an office which he filled with eminent efficiency for fifteen years in succession, at first at Hodder near Stonyhurst till 1855, in which year the Novitiate removed to Beaumont Lodge near Windsor.

In the last year at Hodder a young naval officer came to make a retreat there with a view to make sure of his vocation. Augustus Law, grandson of the first Lord Ellenborough, had just before followed, with his sisters and brothers, the example of his father who sacrificed great prospects and secure promotion in the Anglican Church and became a Catholic to his great temporal loss and everlasting gain. Father Clarke's verdict on the young man's vocation was thus announced to his father :—

HODDER,

November, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,

I consider that your son, Augustus Law, has a decided call to the religious life. I consider it a duty for your son, as soon as conveniently possible, in preference to any other state of life, to embrace some religious institution. The particular state must be left to his own choice. For obvious reasons I have abstained from giving more detailed advice on this head.

With great respect,

Yours in Christ,

T. T. CLARKE.

Though he had a great regard for his first confessor, Father Coffin, C.S.S.R. (afterwards Bishop of Southwark) and felt a certain attraction towards the Redemptorist Order, St. Aloysius, whom he had adopted as his patron, prevailed finally and made him a devoted son of St. Ignatius. He became a saint of a very amiable kind, and almost died a martyr's death as a pioneer of the Zambesi Mission.*

* His life has been written in three forms, the most easily procured being one of the many excellent penny publications of the Catholic Truth Society of England.

In one of his first letters from the Novitiate he wrote :—" You can't think what beautiful exhortations Father Clarke gives us." It was from those beautiful exhortations as repeated four years later that an Irish novice culled the sayings for which these personal details have only been meant as an introduction. I will now set them down after mentioning the few remaining facts in Father Clarke's life.

In November, 1860, he was relieved of his onerous charge as Master of Novices ; and he worked for the small residue of his days in the church in Farm Street, London. Among other duties he gave retreats to the clergy of the dioceses of Westminster, Newport, and Southwark. But his health, always somewhat frail, gave way at the end of 1861. Disease of the heart showed itself, and he received the last Sacraments on the 3rd of January, 1862. A stroke of paralysis followed, which left him, however, conscious to the last. He died on the 11th, in the middle of his sixtieth year. May he rest in peace.

The Boswell who committed some of his sayings to paper was under his care for two years from March, 1857, and therefore at the very close of his long term of office. The textual or almost textual accuracy of these sayings is guaranteed. They were taken down, not during but immediately after each lecture.

1. God—my God !—God is all forgotten ; and men try to turn into an everlasting tabernacle this Arab's tent raised for a night's shelter in the wilderness.

2. The first beginnings of passion are small ; but, like a rebel army, it swells as it advances.

3. Souls travelling towards eternity must not let themselves be dazzled by the silly fopperies of life.

4. Begin your spiritual training early. You cannot ride that steed dashing wildly across the pampas ; but even he would have been amenable to the rein, and become a strong, high-spirited courser, if caught in time and trained skilfully.

5. After confession one should feel and act like a schoolboy who, after being punished for soiling his copybook, gets a new one to start afresh, and takes special pains to do better.

6. By cutting off the sprouting leaves constantly, the root of the plant is gradually killed ; for nature is unequal to this incessant reproduction of foliage. Hence the miserable appearance of the mulberry trees in a silk-worm country. So with our faults and the particular examen. Nip off the first tender shoots—the

little outward ebullitions of pride, etc., and the root of the evil—the passion within—in the end dies out.

7. Judge of nations by their peasantry ; the nobles are everywhere nearly alike.

8. The devil loves listless, loitering moments. When you feel particularly dull and stupid, take a fling into the active life somehow.

9. Those who aspire to eminence in God's service must begin from the ranks.

10. Do nothing for the mere sake of enjoyment. But relaxation without some degree of enjoyment is not really relaxation.

11. An actor among puppets cares not for them, but for the applause of the spectators. So we amongst our fellow-men. God is looking on. Is *He* pleased with us ?

12. God here is a King in exile. When the Restoration comes, how magnificently He will reward those who have proved themselves loyal through the worst !

13. Those who have given up all for God must not let their affections be taken up with any duty or employment, or anything else, however good and holy, outside God : as the ivy, when the oak to which it has clung is fallen, will creep along the ground, ready to climb up any shrub or stick it may encounter.

14. Temptations, afflictions, seasons of darkness, often advance us in the spiritual life : as a hurricane, which one fears will overwhelm the vessel, may, when skilfully grappled with, drive the ship, that is strong enough to bear it, forward in her course with astonishing rapidity.

15. Anything, however good seemingly, that tends to take us out of our actual sphere of duty, is from the devil. God loves order.

16. (Of retreats, etc.) Fill your cruise out of the spring at the appointed resting-place : else you will not have strength for the remainder of your journey across the desert.

17. We should let no day pass without some deliberate act of mortification, interior or exterior—some check to nature, to show the lower part of the soul that it is subject to the higher : as a coachman chucks the reins occasionally, for no special purpose but just to remind the horses that they are not jogging along the road for their private gratification.

18. When a person begins to think himself very useful in his particular sphere, it is bad enough ; but there are some who come to look on themselves as absolutely necessary, and *their* case is hopeless. *Deus est Ens necessarium*. Only God is necessary.

19. We must beware of every trace of that idolatry of the

body which, under many disguises, is so rampant over the civilized world now-a-days.

20. Particular Devotions are like dishes at a feast—meant to be looked at and admired by all, but some suited for certain palates, others for others. He who devours them all will presently be very sick ; the wisest plan is to confine your attentions to one or two solid dishes with a little simple custard.

21. As a man with the plague upon him spreads the contagion by going out into the town, so in a community one who has no restraint over his tongue. He talks about difficulties as to obedience or something else ; and his companion, who never thought of such a thing, begins to fancy he feels the same.

22. The happiest time of life is the time when we are doing our duty best.

23. Religion is never absurd. True piety is never ridiculous.

24. Do not grumble at being kept in a corner. Jesus was unheard of for thirty out of His thirty-three years ! It is not what you are able to do, but what God wants you to do.

25. " That would be too absurd, too great madness ! " is no argument in such matters. No folly is too absurd for sin and pride.

26. When man rebelled against God, his passions rebelled against himself : as the serfs of a vassal who has thrown off his allegiance to his sovereign may imitate his example and revolt in their turn.

27. What did St. Joseph do all his life except hammer nails with a pure intention ? Yet Joseph is God's ideal of a saint.

28. Persevere ! Many who have failed would, had they gone a little further, have gained the day. Just as if Columbus, after years of preparation and eight months' perilous navigation, had yielded to his grumbling sailors and returned to Spain, a blighted adventurer, when within one day's sail of an undiscovered world.

29. To give up one's mind to day-dreaming is to fling the reins over the horse's neck and let him carry you headlong to destruction. It is like steeplechasing in a slate-quarry country : you can't tell what pit you may leap into.

30. There is comfort in a clean conscience as in a clean shirt ; and a certain boarding school advertised as one of its attractions, " Linen changed twice a week "—which shows the force of the principle.

31. Stick to the ordinary, dry meditation. At least it keeps us afloat. If a swimmer had a large empty bottle hanging by a cord round his neck, and did not keep the cork in the bottle, it would fill and weigh him down. The world as seen in men, the streets, newspapers, etc., impresses us dangerously without our

knowing it. Worldliness is constantly trickling in unless we keep the bottle tightly corked.

32. Often, in our fallen state, with the powers of the mind impaired, our wills refuse to follow the conclusions of our intellects ; just as you may sometimes see a horse running away with the shafts of a gig, while the broken-down vehicle remains behind.

33. It is well for a young man to be a little slovenly, and for an old man to be a little foppish. [Compare Vauvenargues : "Quand on devient vieux, il faut se parer"—in order not to distress those around by unsightly dress or the careless ways that old age is apt to fall into.]

The foregoing remarks were all heard by the present reporter, but not the following. It was said that a novice once asked Father Clarke for leave to humble himself by being guilty of some voluntary absurdity. "Don't strain, Brother, don't strain : it will come naturally."

As has been explained before, these notes were taken at the very end of Father Clarke's career. What he was in his prime, or what he might have been as a preacher, may be conjectured from a reminiscence of a certain old Father Fishwick, who told me twice "twenty golden years ago" that after one of Father Clarke's early sermons another listener turned to him (Father F.) and said : "I suppose that that is the sort of way that Grattan used to speak."

M. R.

TO ST. MATTHIAS

I HAVE not wearied you till now
 With prayers or praises, St. Matthias !
 Nay, to my shame I must avow
 A lurking jealousy and bias.
 For, though not yours the name whereby
 I'm known along life's dusty path, you
 Have seemed unwittingly to vie
 With my true namesake, great St. Matthew.

Thus friends will wish me " happy feast "
Your twenty-fourth of February,
 Ere yet the frost and snow have ceased,
 While sunbeams of their warmth are chary ;
 Whereas *my* patron's feast occurs
 The twenty-first of mild September,
 Before the wintry tempest stirs,
 While fields the summer's heat remember.

Another prejudice I knew
 In childhood (pardon its survival !)—
 Joseph the Just appeared for you
 A more than formidable rival.
 Forgive me, humble Saint, if still
 The claims of Barsabas seem greater ;
 But you, not he, were raised to fill
 The post left vacant by the Traitor.

I love him for his very name :
 Though name and nature often vary,
 More than the name could Joseph claim
 Of likeness to the Spouse of Mary.
 God's Word confirms the people's word
 When (like his namesake) "*just* " they called him) *
 Yet you before him were preferred,
 And in Apostle's place forestalled him.

Great, then, your virtues must have been,
 And great must be your heavenly glory,
 Matthias, though so dense a screen
 Hides almost all your earthly story.
 Nothing is known save this alone—
 God joined you to the great Eleven]
 On earth, and an Apostle's throne
 Is yours for ever now in heaven.

M. R.

* Matt. i. 19 ; Acts i. 23.

RICHARD CRASHAW

LAST year Cambridge made a tardy but fitting reparation to a distinguished and worthy son. In 1637 Richard Crashaw, "sometime of Pembroke Hall," was made a Fellow of Peterhouse, and was ejected from that College in 1643, for refusing to accept the Solemn League and Covenant. In 1904, a new and complete edition of his Poems was published by the University Press as a volume of "Cambridge English Classics."* The honour was somewhat belated, but it has been urged that religious bigotry and false ideals of poetry would have made an earlier bestowal difficult if not impossible.

After his expulsion from Peterhouse Crashaw became a Catholic. Driven out of England, he went to Paris. There, through the friendship and introduction of Cowley, he obtained the favourable notice of Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. By her he was recommended to Cardinal Palotta of Rome, and he went to Italy. He was there ordained priest, and in 1649 he was made a sub-canon of the Church of Our Lady of Loreto. He died at Loreto in the same year.

Poet and Saint, to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven.

Faithful to him in death as he was in life, Cowley thus addressed his dead friend. On Crashaw in the second of these characters I do not intend to dwell, although it was said of him in the quaint Preface to the second edition of his Poems, that "like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day." It is in his character of poet, and great Catholic poet, that I mean to deal with Crashaw shortly in this article, in the hope of widening the knowledge of these too little known poems of his which have been fitly described in the same Preface as "Steps for happy soules to climbe heaven by."

Crashaw's poetry did not need the recent imprimatur of Cambridge to be ranked amongst English classics. Severe critics

* *Richard Crashaw. Steps to the Temple. Delights of the Muses and other Poems.* Cambridge: At the University Press. 1904.

have testified with admiration to his varied imagination, to the felicity and copiousness of his language, to his wealth of imagery and metaphor, and to the music of his versification. Coleridge, for example, speaks in praise of his "power and opulence of invention ; " and such an up-to-date critic as Mr. Arthur Symons refers to him as one whose " instinctively singing lines lets us overhear that he is a poet."* But for Catholics the poems of Crashaw have a deeper significance and a loftier interest, for they are for a large part masterpieces of Catholic religious mysticism. They serve, too, as a useful reminder that there is after all a rich Catholic element in English literature. Father Bowden has shown how rich and true this element exists in the Plays of Shakespeare, and also where one would not expect to find it, in the Sonnets.† I endeavoured in a former volume of this magazine to show how rich this element was in modern English poetry.‡ Crashaw shows how the seventeenth century can make for the possession of this element perhaps even a greater claim.

These poems of Crashaw have, too, a special interest in these days, when mysticism in literature, and especially in poetical literature, is so much the fashion. It permeates the modern literature of France, of Germany, and of Italy, as well as of England. Here at home it is to be most largely, and perhaps most typically, found in the poetry of A. E. and of Mr. W. B. Yeats. But their mysticism, however beautiful in its verbal clothing, is saddening in its fruitless yearnings, and barren and dreary because empty of what can be earned only by faith. The glimpses of the " Divine Vision " which one gets through the poems of Crashaw is not the Vision which gives its name to Mr. George Russell's interesting volume,§ but is of the same kind and degree as the Visions which came to St. Catherine of Siena ; and the mysticism with which Crashaw deals is not the Celtic mysticism of Mr. Yeats, but is the mysticism of St. Francis and St. Teresa.

* *Studies in Prose and Verse*, by Arthur Symons. London : J. M. Dent & Co.

† *The Religion of Shakespeare*, by Henry Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory. London : Burns and Oates.

‡ " Catholicity in Modern Poetry." *IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. xxxi., pp. 169 and 225.

§ *The Divine Vision and other Poems*, by A. E. London : Macmillan & Co.

Catholic mysticism I understand to mean the love of God, and the belief that the highest good, and the true end of man consist in the fruition of the uncreated God. It is founded not on any calculation of interest, but is a primary spiritual instinct. Its essential element is the effort to attain to direct and immediate communication with God, and its secret is the possibility of loving God with a rapture of the whole being to which the love of the creature could not attain. This aspiration after a wholly disinterested love of God for His own sake has never perhaps been better expressed than in the hymn of St. Francis Xavier beginning "O Deus ego amo te." For a concrete illustration I cannot do better than cull a blossom from the *Little Flowers of St. Francis*. This feeling or mode of spiritual rapture "especially showed forth in Brother Bernard of Quintavalle who . . . was many times ravished in God by the contemplation of heavenly things. And because his mind was entirely free and detached from earthly things, he like the swallows flew high up by contemplation, so that . . . he remained alone in the contemplation of heavenly things."

These mystic Catholic poems of Crashaw find themselves in strange company. In his day, except with Milton and George Herbert,

Song from celestial heights had wandered down,
Put off her robe of sunlight, dew and flame,
And donned a modish dress to charm the town.*

To the great masters of the Elizabethan age had succeeded a numerous class of poets, roystering cavaliers for the most part, who united to rank, personal accomplishments and education, a taste and talent for a courtly but conventional style of poetry. Their main themes were fulsome loyal panegyrics, or lyrics on the

lovely cheeks or lips or eyes

of ladies of fashion. Their poems are full of polished wit, graceful and pretty imagery, and careful and melodious versification. But they are for the most part light and airy trifles. The wit is often affected, the imagery is often far-fetched, the gallantry is unreal and often ridiculous, and the language in which it is couched is sometimes as fantastic as the euphuisms of Sir Piercie Shafton.

* *Wordsworth's Grave*, by William Watson.

There was no attempt made to sound the depths of the human heart. They rang the changes on lilies and cherries, on roses, pearls, and snow, and too often the poison of irreligion and immorality lurked within the flowers of their verse. As poets, Waller and Carew were perhaps the best of the class, as Rochester was unquestionably the most debased. Far different are the themes with which Crashaw deals. To him more truly, perhaps, than to his contemporary, Milton, would apply Wordsworth's line,

His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

We would look to him in vain for invitations to imaginary Corinnas "to go a-maying," or invocations to the smile on the cherry lips of some Julia of the fancy. He is no "madrigal fellowe," and not for him is the "vanity of Love-Sonnets and Epithalamiums," but

A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear spouse of spirits with them will bring
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.

This new edition contains the whole of Crashaw's poems in English, Greek, and Latin, now for the first time collected in one volume. The punctuation and the archaic spelling of the originals have been preserved, and save in a few instances the old type forms have been retained. For the sake of convenience I have adopted the modern spelling in the extracts given in this article. The first part of the volume contains the *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*. This consists of a number of elegiac couplets in Latin recording various incidents in the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, and dealing with some of the maxims and teachings of our Lord. They are put together without any regard to chronological sequence, and without any method of arrangement. With few exceptions each subject is dealt with in a stanza confined to four lines. The Latin versification is polished and easy, but the substance of the verses contains nothing very new or striking. Beyond the interest that always attaches to a literary *tour de force* the chief interest in the book is centred

in the quaint conceits that are scattered through the verses. It is amongst them that occurs the famous conceit that the water turned into wine at the marriage of Cana because it blushed when it saw God.

Numen, convivae, praesens agnoscite Numen;
Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

"Steps to the Temple," and "The Delights of the Muses," form Part II. of the volume. "Steps to the Temple" consist almost entirely of poems on sacred and mostly scriptural subjects. Here are a few lines from a very beautiful paraphrase of the Twenty-third Psalm:—

When my simple weakness strays,
Tangled in forbidden ways,
He my shepherd is my guide,
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me; He beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path as clear as day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and peace, to meet new lays
Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.

The most important poem in "Steps to the Temple" is "Sospetto d'Herode." This is taken from the first Book of the Poem, "The Massacre of the Innocents," by the Italian poet Giovanni Battista Marino. The poem opens with a description of Hell and of the arch-fiend. The Hell is modelled on the classic Tartarus and the *Inferno* of Dante. The regal pomp, remorseful misery, and undying and revengeful malice of the fallen archangel are drawn with great force and power.

Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he reigns,
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

From his abode of fire and curse he sees the past predictions of the "Sibyl's divining leaves," and all the old prophecies about to be fulfilled and

How bright a dawn of Angels with new light
 Amazed the midnight world, and made a day
 Of which the morning knew not : mad with spite,
 He marked how the poor shepherds ran to pay
 Their simple tribute to the Babe whose birth
 Was the great business both of Heaven and Earth.

He determines once more to try his strength with Heaven though it should cost him a second fall, and he despatches Erynnys to Herod. In the shape of his dead brother Joseph the Fury stands beside the bedside of the sleeping tyrant, and applying to his heart "her richest snake," she leaves there

The worm of jealous envy and unrest.

He wakes in a fury of rage and fear to summon his counsellors in the danger his hell-sent dream had warned him, that the Babe of Bethlehem was bringing to his "faithless Crown." I quote for their simple beauty the two concluding stanzas of the poem.

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? What vain fear
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move ?
 Heaven's King who doffs Himself weak flesh to wear,
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love.
 Nor would He this thy fear'd crown from thee tear
 But give thee a better with Himself above.
 Poor jealousy ! why should He wish to prey
 Upon thy Crown, who gives His own away ?

Wake to thy reason, man, and mock thy doubts
 Look how below thy fears their causes are ;
 Thou art a soldier, Herod ; send thy scouts,
 See how He's furnished for so feared a war ?
 What armour does He wear ? A few thin clouts.
 His trumpets ? tender cries ; His men to dare
 So much ? Rude shepherds. What His steeds ? Alas, |
 Poor beasts ! a slow ox and a simple ass.

The poem is marred at times by the laboured and affected style, by the whimsical comparisons, and by the pompous and over-wrought descriptions which (I state on the authority of Sismondi*) are to be found in all Marino's work. In one place it falls into unworthy grotesque, when Satan's yell

Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night,
 The while his twisted tail he gnawed for spite.

* *Literature of the South of Europe*, I., p. 451.

"The Delights of the Muses" contain occasional poems in English and Latin, all on secular subjects. Save a fine and delicately graceful poem called "Music's Duel," describing a contest between a lutemaster and a nightingale, I cannot find in them anything noteworthy or characteristic. "Wishes to his (supposed) Mistress," and "Love's Horoscope," are in the style of his cavalier contemporaries, but with all deference to the acknowledged critical taste of Mrs. Alice Meynell, I cannot think them entitled to places among the "Best Poems."*

The third part of the volume contains the revised collection of poems entitled "Carmen Deo Nostro." They were first printed and published in Paris in 1652, and were illustrated with small plates engraved from Crashaw's own drawings. These curious and interesting engravings have been reproduced at the end of the present volume. These poems seem to me to contain the best work of Crashaw, as from a Catholic standpoint they certainly are of the most interest. In them he justifies the character given them by his friend and executor, Thomas Car, in the anagram on his name, "He was Car,"

his only part
Is God and godly thoughts.

In these poems, too, are to be found what I have already claimed to be masterpieces of Catholic mysticism. This element breathes through and informs every line of the noble odes. "Hymn to the Name of Jesus," "An Apology for the foregoing Hymn," and "The Flaming Heart," lines written on a Picture of St. Teresa. The "Hymn" is too long for quotation, and to give extracts would be to spoil it. The "Apology" is made "as having been written when the author was yet amongst the Protestantes." But it was inspired by the mystic writings of St. Teresa, for which Crashaw had at all times an enthusiastic admiration. He thus acknowledges his debt in the "Apology :"

O pardon if I dare to say
Thine own dear books are guilty. For from thence
I learnt to know that Love is eloquence,
That hopeful maxim gave me heart to try
If, what to other tongues is tuned so high,
Thy praise might not speak English too.

* *The Flower of the Mind*, a Choice among the best Poems, made by Alice Meynell. London : Grant Richards, 1899.

St. Teresa is often depicted in Art with a seraph beside her. The picture referred to in "The Flaming Heart" represented a seraph piercing the heart of the Saint with an arrow tipped with flame. This was evidently the Spanish picture formerly in the Louvre, of which there is an engraving in Mrs. Jameson's life of the Saint.*

The same mystic spirit inspires the following short poem modestly styled "A Song."

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire
I die in love's delicious fire.

O love, I am thy sacrifice,
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes.
Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I
Still may behold, though still I die.

Though still I die, I live again ;
Still longing so to be still slain ;
So gainful is such loss of breath,
I die even in desire of death.

Still live in me this loving strife
Of living death and dying life ;
For while Thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to myself, I live in Thee.

Very beautiful, too, is the Ode "Praefixed to a little Prayer Book given to a young gentlewoman," and the "Counsel concerning her choice to the same party," with its spiritual teachings and counsels of perfection that were to bring to her

Happy proof ! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many Heavens at once it is
To have her God become her lover.

In the space at my disposal I cannot deal with many other poems in this part well deserving of notice. I cannot pass over, even if I can only name them, the very beautiful paraphrases rather than translations of the Hymns, "Vexilla Regis," "Stabat Mater," "Adoro te Devote," "Lauda Sion," and "Dies Irae."

* *Legends of the Monastic Order*, p. 452.

It would be idle to contend that the poetry of Crashaw was not marred by many faults. But they are faults of style and not of substance. Not alone in "Sospetto d'Herode," but all through his work, his language is often exaggerated, his imagery is often far-fetched and his conceits are often fantastic and sometimes in bad taste. I take a few of these conceits at random. In "On our crucified Lord naked and bloody"—

Thee with Thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of Thy side.

To our Blessed Lord on the choice of His sepulchre :

How life and death in Thee
Agree !
Thou hadst a Virgin womb
And tomb.
A Joseph did betroth
Them both.

The wounds made by the arrow of the seraphim in the heart of St. Teresa are

Those delicious wounds that weep
Balsam to heal themselves with --

and her soul was to melt

Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last
In a resolving sigh.

Crashaw replaces the conceits about smiles and kisses in the cavalier poets by conceits about tears. The tears of St. Teresa are to "take comfort and turn gems." The poem to "St. Mary Magdalen or the Weeper" is full of conceits on her tears, and in the poem "The Tear," a conceit is lodged in each one of the eight verses.

This style of exaggeration, extravagance, and conceit pervaded all the poetry of the time, and it was not to be expected that Crashaw could escape the infection. Crashaw's blame for falling into the bad fashion will be small when apportioned fairly between him and his contemporaries. But amidst, and despite his extravagances, fantasies, and his conceits, he has left to

English literature a legacy of lasting and noble verse, instinct with the spirit of a true poet, fashioned by a master's grace and skill, and inspired throughout by the beliefs and hopes of a devout and loyal Catholic.

R. P. CARTON.

TO MADGE AND VERA

SUMMER is perfect and sunlight fills
The garden through all the day,
And bathes the valley and far-off hills
And burns on the white highway ;
Trees are shady and roses sweet,
The fruit hangs mellowing fast,
Bees hum faint in the drowsy heat,
Thrushes are quiet at last.

Summer is perfect ; but one I know—
One that you know, guess who !—
Would welcome a season of fogs and snow
If only it brought him you.
Would give up all if he might but be
With you for an hour, to tell
His wishes, and hear you speak, and see
The faces he loves so well.

Darlings, long may you live and keep
Your innocent hearts of gold,
Blest by God while you wake or sleep,
Crowned with graces untold ;
Happy and loving and sweet and true,
Such as you are to-day,
When I pray for all possible joys for you,
Half of the world away.

J. W. A.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER XXII

CROSSING A DARK BRIDGE

ELLEN had not heard the housekeeper's last words, nor noticed her manner of quitting the room. All her mind was filled with that idea on which it had suddenly fastened. If the will were genuine, legal, making her the rightful heiress of all that was Egbert's, and if, he knowing this, she were to burn that will, then would he not recognize that, lonely and destitute as she was, her own interests were yet nothing in her eyes compared with his? Then would he not understand that she did not refuse to be his wife because she had no love to give him, but because she dared not incur her mother's curse by marrying the brother of her father's murderer? Had Ellen been one of those stern heroines who take a grim delight in enduring to have their motives misunderstood, she would not have reasoned with herself in this fashion. Had she been even some years older, she might have considered it more dignified to put the will altogether out of her consideration, but she was very young, and filled with a daring, yet shrinking, spirit of romance. Egbert was the grand hero of her life. Tall as he was, she had stood on her tip-toes and helped him. It would have been right sweet happiness to pay him wifely homage. To refuse it to him now seemed like robbing a king of his prerogative. It was like some one who had pretended to possess a jewel, opening an empty casket at last and saying: "You fool, there is nothing here after all!"

The day wore dismally away. Ellen watched all night by the dead. It was more endurable to do so than to lie wakeful in her own room. In her piteous loneliness she liked to keep near to the poor white figure, near to the hands that used to caress her, and the heart that had beaten so warmly for her mother. In Rowena's lifetime her happiness had sprung and flourished; with Rowena it was dead. The dumb wan face seemed conscious of all that was passing in her mind, under

those frozen lids were sealed the only eyes that could read the distinct history of her present agony. So strangely does death sometimes weave a new link between the living and the departed. Mrs. Kirker observed her narrowly, where she sat, leaning her pale face on her hand, lost in thought for hours. At last dawn came and Ellen drew a shuddering breath as the faint greenish light gushed over the wall and crept near her feet. This was the day of the funeral, and after that was over she thought she might end at once this wretched phase of her life by showing the letters to Egbert.

It was ended sooner than she expected. As she stood at her window, bathing her weary eyes, and smoothing her hair after the night's vigil, Mrs. Kirker came to the door with a solemn face, and delivered a request from Mr. Aungier that Miss Ellen would speak with him in the library.

The hour had come, and somehow Ellen was not ready for it. She had not made herself up to it, though all through that dreary night she had been trying to think of how she ought to behave, and framing heroic little speeches that, once spoken, should leave her at liberty to carry her sorrow whither she pleased. Not one word did she now remember. Eloquent in her thoughts, but shy with her tongue, burning speeches were not for her lips. Passionate phrases there might be in sudden high-wrought moments, but this was neither sudden nor high-wrought. Ill-hap may have a hot cheek, but expectation has white lips. So weak and powerless, how could she even creep to the library? Sitting on her bed she clung to the senseless post as if it were a living thing that could, and would not, help her in her strait. She did not stay there for ever, clinging to it, nor did she die. We get through such moments; they move on. We never know afterwards how time dragged them over our heads, but they move on.

The morning sun was pouring through the open window when Ellen entered the library: the birds were singing blithely in the garden, the early roses were unfolding their buds by the sash. She did not look at Egbert's face, but she saw his figure dark against the sun. He turned from the shining window when she entered, but he did not attempt to take her hand or to draw her near him. He had a rigid business-like air. Ellen, too, seemed to grow braced and hard as she took her stand

silently at the opposite side of the table. They were like two strangers who had got some unpleasant business on hand and had met to settle it. Egbert broke silence with an abrupt question,—

“Before I speak to you on any other subject, Ellen, I must have an answer from you on one point. Are you quite unchanged since you gave me that promise two days ago?”

The question was business-like enough. To Ellen's ear the tone was dry and formal. She had feared to encounter tenderness; here was no danger. Well as this might be, it was a blank freezing sort of good-fortune. At all events, under other circumstances her reply could not have been as compact and as proper as it was. She said coldly,—

“I am the same, but the world has changed for me. I cannot keep that promise.”

His gaze had been fixed full upon her while she spoke, now it moved away and fastened on something else. He threw back his head a little and closed his eyes tightly for a second with a strained, controlled sort of gesture. Ellen knew that gesture and saw that he suffered, but she had said her say and it was well that she had. He walked up to the window and straight back again, and after that when he spoke it seemed in a voice that Ellen had never heard before.

“Elswitha tells me,” he said, “that you have discovered some documents. I wish to see them.”

“They are here. I did not mean to trouble you about them till after the funeral.”

“What are these?”

“They are letters from my mother to your sister Rowena.”

“Your mother? I hope you understand,” he said suddenly, “that I knew nothing of this story till last night.”

“I believe that. Will you read these letters if you please?”

He heaved a hard impatient breath.

“I am little in the humour,” he said, “for sitting down to decipher old letters. Do they contain anything of importance?”

“They do.”

“Can you tell me the substance?”

“I can.”

The whiteness of Ellen's cheeks belied the resolution in her eyes. Egbert placed her in a chair. She sat, and supported

her damp face upright upon her clasped hands. Twice her lips moved before she could speak.

"Your brother Harold killed my father in a duel. My mother died by your mother's cruelty."

He was standing by, waiting for the sentence as it fell slowly from her. Something here seemed to startle him, seemed to shake the foundations of whatever superstructure of distrust he had been building, tier upon tier, out of all her looks and words ever since she had entered the room. A crowd of sweet suggestions broke loose upon him. A tender gleam crept over his face, deepening into a flush of love. It was well for Ellen's dignity that she could not look up and see it. He looked at her, with this light in his eyes, for full a minute before he said,—

"After all that has passed between us, after all the knowledge we have gained about our mutual capacities for help, and our mutual needs, after finding out that we want one another, Ellen, do you really believe that those miserable events that happened so many years ago make a good reason, a strong, sacred reason, why you should give me such an answer as you gave me just now?"

Ellen had better not look up. She had a blind, dizzy feeling that she dared not, for her mother's curse was ringing in her ear. There was a horrible sob labouring in her chest. She could not look round, she could only press with her hands to keep down that sob of desolation. She felt a throe of longing that he would read the letters, see the dreadful words written by her mother, and acknowledge the necessity that compelled her; but, in answer to his question, she framed no other words than only, "I do."

He left her side, and began to pace the room again. He was thinking about it all with might and main. Probably the foundations of that distrust had been carefully laid, for other suggestions than those sweet ones began to come up and drive them away.

"There was another document," he said, presently. "Where is it?"

Ellen gave it to him. He read it over, and looked at her.

"I suppose you know that by this you are mistress of everything I possess. This document makes you a woman of property, and me—a beggar."

A red spot suddenly burned on Ellen's cheek. She rose to her feet, saying, vehemently,—

"Is it really so? Is it a legal document?"

His eyes met hers with a look which she did not understand,

"I believe it is," he said, hardly.

"Are you sure, quite sure? Give it to me!"

She leaned forward; there was an imploring accent, a passion of eagerness in her voice, a burning impatience in her eyes, her out-stretched hands.

"Give it me, let me tear it in atoms!" was the cry of her heart. "Give it me!" was all she could utter.

The sun shone richer and warmer through the open window. A gush of scent floated in from the lilac trees.

"Give it me!" she cried, passionately.

Egbert caught her extended hand, and, holding it close, looked long in her face. She shrank away, not comprehending the meaning in his eyes. He put the will in her hand, and closed her fingers upon it.

"Take it," he said; "you are welcome to all it gives you, but may God in heaven forgive you, the only woman I ever loved, for your wicked and heartless deceit to me!"

He had filled her right hand, and he dropped it. All at once Ellen knew his meaning. It passed like lightning through her mind. He thought her insincere, he thought her mercenary. He thought her eager cry had been uttered in anxiety to possess this will that she might take a selfish advantage of it. She had grasped the paper to tear it, but pride restrained her. She turned full upon Egbert, her face burning with a sense of keen insult.

"How dare you judge me so?" she cried. Anger furnished her with dignity for the next few moments. "Think of me just as you please!" she added, proudly; "I will not say one word to change your opinion."

She glanced at the hateful paper in her hand. No, she would not now humble herself in his presence. She deliberately folded it small, and held it tight. A breeze blew up from the sea, and shook the roses against the sash, and scattered the lazy lilac scent through the room. Before its breath had passed, Ellen had swept Mr. Aungier a curtsy, and was gone.

But, once out of his presence, the proud head fell, the angry

will broke down, and the weak human cry of sorrow arose within her. When the door is shut, when the curtain is drawn, when the wall is built, to how many a scene of vain anguish does the empty air bear witness. Ellen leaned for a moment against the wall by the door. A mad impulse seemed to carry her in thought back to his side with a cry of forgiveness, and an appeal for one kind good-by. And then there came a rational fear lest he should open the door and find her still in the hall, and she hurried up the stairs to her room.

She took down her hat, and put it on ; she fetched her scarf and wound it round her throat. Then she sat down, and felt that these preparations were at present very useless. She was dizzy with all this sorrow, and utterly exhausted for want of sleep, to go straight down-stairs again seemed a physical impossibility. She curled herself up on her bed, and lay there in a state of sheer helplessness. Here, in the shadow of the dark curtains, Nature fought for its due, and had its way for a time, muffling in a spell of slumber the troubled brain, and sore heart that ached through it all, as a clock in a hushed house goes on ticking and keeping time, after the steps have faded up the stair, and hands have ceased to open and shut the doors.

This was the day of the funeral, and through her sleep she heard the fastening down of the coffin-lid, and the subdued sound of feet in the next room. And she dreamed that they were burying her alive, and that Egbert was standing by, directing them, and that her tongue was paralysed so that she could not cry out to tell them that she was not dead. And then all was hushed outside, and the swathing slumber wrapt her closer and closer in its folds.

The opening of her own door at last aroused her. She started up, and saw Trina standing reluctant on the threshold

"Please, Miss," she said, "Patsie, the doctor's boy, is here with the car, and the doctor sent him to ask if you'd kindly go back to the Lergie : they're in bad throuble, Patsie says. The doctor's gone to Dunsurf himself, and he wants you to go and stay with Miss Maud."

"Trouble !" said Ellen, "are they in trouble ? What about ?"

"I don't know very well, miss. I believe it's somethin' about Masther Randie."

In trouble—something about Randie—they wanted her—she would go, of course. She got up dizzily enough, and, sending Trina to say she would soon be ready, began hurriedly packing up her few possessions. Placing the more necessary articles in a bag, she locked her trunk, and left it to be sent for at some future time. Then she put on her hat once more, and found herself prepared for her journey.

The will lay on the bed. She took it in her hand and opened the door. She started, the corpse was gone, the windows were thrown open, the sunshine streamed in nakedly. The familiar room had a strange deserted look. The funeral had left the house while she slept. Egbert had of course accompanied it.

Where should she leave this wretched document, so that he might find it on his return? The library was the place where he would be likely to see it soonest. She hurried thither, and standing by the table, she tore the will in small pieces, which she gathered in a pile on Egbert's open desk. She then wrote on a slip of paper:—

“ Dr. Drummond is in trouble, and has sent for me. As my occupation here is done, and I may be of service at the Largie, I am going at once.

“ ELLEN.”

She folded this and placed it beside the fragments. What should she do next? She must tell Miss Aungier and Mrs. Kirker. She left her little bag in the passage, and went straight to the drawing-room. She felt no dread of Miss Elswitha now, no fear of any person or anything.

Miss Elswitha was sitting by her spider table, at work as usual. The funeral having departed, she had returned to her routine. What she thought and felt as she sat there who could know? but there she sat, stonily composed as ever, when Ellen walked in. She expressed neither pleasure nor displeasure at the girl's resolve, but went to her writing-table and wrote a cheque for the amount of salary due to her for her services at Dunmara. Ellen, at first, did not understand what she was doing; but when the paper was handed to her, the colour mounted to her forehead, every sore feeling within her shrank from the idea of taking money from Elswitha, from Egbert. True, she had worked for it, it was her just wage, and she might yet need

it urgently. But then, hers had been a labour of love, and had she not been fed and housed? Her obligation to Egbert's compassion was already sufficiently intolerable. She would not touch his money.

"I will not have this, Miss Aungier," she said, and laid the cheque again upon the table. Miss Elswitha made no remark, but coolly replaced it in her desk.

"I have left," said Ellen, "a written message for Mr. Aungier, to explain why I leave so suddenly. I believe there is nothing else to say or do. Good-by, madam."

Miss Elswitha had the merit of being consistent. She echoed Ellen's "Good-by;" but she neither held forth her hand, nor bade her "God speed," though the relief which she must have felt at getting her fairly out of the house might have tempted many people to make some such cheap demonstration. Her ear took in eagerly that information, "I have left a written message for Mr. Aungier," and, glancing at the proud quiver on Ellen's lip, and the eye that flashed on her from the cheque she exulted in the assurance that this lonely girl went forth empty-handed, the will remaining behind, somewhere within the Dunmara walls. Miss Aungier might have hugged satisfaction in her heart at that moment, but there was no triumph in her face.

"And now for Mrs. Kirker," said Ellen, hastening away down the hall.

The housekeeper was sitting in her quiet room, with the geraniums opening their blossoms against the sun beside her. She was idly winding cotton on a ball as though she were spinning out her task from mere want of heart to turn to brisker work. There were reddish marks about her eyes, but her mouth was hard, and her face had that same unkindly, unfamiliar look which it had carried with it the morning before from Ellen's room. Here, at least, Ellen had expected an affectionate farewell. There was none for her.

She was then suspected everywhere. Well, in another hour they would know her better. Involuntarily her own glance and voice became cold. As shortly as possible she made her statement.

"Yes, Miss Ellen," the quiet woman said, "I've heard about their trouble. You do well to go where you're wanted. Nobody

deserves your thought more than the dear good doctor, God help him ! I wish you well. Good-by, miss."

And this was the whole. With all Ellen's angry sense of wrong, she could not part thus. She remembered the kind nurse who had brought her back to life, and she held out her hand. Mrs. Kirker gave hers formally, though her mouth twitched ominously, and her eyes would get dim. Many conflicting feelings tugged at Mary Kirker's kindly heart. But trust to her master was the watchword of her life. Not for the sweetest face or the tenderest hand in Christendom could she endure to play renegade. She would side with Mr. Egbert. She did not follow Ellen to the door, nor take up the little bag to carry with her own hands to the car ; but when the young figure had disappeared for ever from her threshold, she bent her face upon her withered hands, and cried in the weak, dreary way that old people cry, without the full passion of youth, whose heat makes tears come scalding fast, and but dries them while they fall.

" Are you there, Patsie ? "

" Yes, your honour, Miss." And the boy pulled his cap, and shook up the cushions of the old inside car.

Ellen came out from the trees and took a last look around. The sun was full, the house stood forward, an irregular mass of light and shade. The great trees on the lawn were spreading cool depths of shade far into the grass. The scent of flowers came in breezes over the garden wall. Yonder wound the avenue, and yonder stood the gates through which she was about to go forth. Five minutes more and she was jolting over the hilly road, with her face from Dunmara.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE OTHER SIDE

THE ferns hung their young fringes across the dykes by the green roadside, and the crimson foxglove drooped with its unfolded buds, shooting long and thin from their soft calyxes. Blossoming whinbushes piled their yellow richness high up on the summits, and low in the clefts of the blue-grey crags. Stretches of waving green and gold, streaked with

amber and sienna colour, and bordered with purple heath blossoms, carried the eye out to the verge of the winding river with its little pebbly strand, and away beyond, to the feet of the mountains standing knee-deep in shadow, and crowned in sunshine; glory pouring down warm from heaven, and thrown up from the blazing waves of the near Atlantic. Somehow in our trouble, nature's peculiar beauty makes us more troubled. Is this the soul's pain of loss? the loss of her appreciative faculty? of her power to sympathize? She covers her face, and cries, "I have rejoiced with you, I can no longer rejoice!"

To stay this pain, Ellen bent her mind to the consideration of her friends' misfortune. What could it be about Randal? He must be ill. Perhaps some accident had happened. Hating her own apathy on the subject, she forced herself to dwell on it.

"Patsie!" she cried.

The boy jerked the reins, and brought the car to a stop.

"Is Master Randie ill?"

"No, miss; he's gone away."

"Gone away; where?"

"I don't know, miss; nobody knows an'thing about him, on'y just he's gone."

Gone? what could it mean? She could not question Patsie any more, and tried to be patient. It was afternoon when they reached their journey's end. There stood the white Largie house, winking in the sun, with all its pointed windows. The light was lying broad on the open doorway, as Ellen had seen it first; but since then a shadow had crossed that red threshold, and the trees were whispering to one another of change.

Nancy met Ellen at the door with swollen eyes, and her apron to her mouth.

"Oh! miss, dear, sure you're the welcome sight. But this has been the longsome day! I thought the sun never would get round from the back door to the kitchen window. God love you for comin'!"

Patsie was standing with yellow hair on end, open-mouthed, hoping for news. Ellen said,—

"Patsie, the horse is heated: you had better see to him at once. Come in, Nancy, and you can tell me whilst I take off my things."

She followed the woman into the house. The parlour was deserted, the kitchen looked more homelike and less grief-stricken. Here she stood on the hearth, while Nancy told her story. From the midst of many parentheses, Ellen gleaned it. Wilful Randie had quarrelled with his kind father, and in one of his reckless fits, had left home, at night, and had not been seen all day.

"And there's Miss Maud lyin' flat on the ground across the door, just where she put herself last night when he banged into his room, callin' out that he would run away before mornin', he would. She lay down there, and said he'd have to thramp over her first. An' she stayed there the blessed night, but all the same, when I went round the house this mornin' I sees the window open wide, and nobody in the room. I went and told the docthor, an' he just got ready an' was off to Dunsurf in no time after him. An' says he, 'Nancy,' says he, 'send Patsie off to Dunmara for Miss Ellen. As the poor lady's gone, they'll not want her badly, and she'll be a comfort to Miss Maud. An' don't let the boys fret,' says he; 'tell them Masther Randie 'll be home to-night with me, as please God,' he says, with a big sigh, 'please God he will.' An' no more I did let them fret, poor dears; they're yonder, the three of them, playin' leap-frog down at the well. But heaven an' earth won't move Miss Maud, nor get her on her feet, an' Miss Lottie, the little small one, she just goes about like a changelin', sighin' and whisperin' till your heart would be sore to hear her."

Whilst Nancy talked, Ellen had laid aside her hat and made herself tidy and at home.

"I'll tell you what you must do, Nancy," she said. "These evenings are chilly, though the days are so fine. Light up a pleasant fire in the parlour, and make the room as nice and neat as you can. Set the tea things, and bake one of your famous cakes. It does no good crying and fretting about the house. Very likely Master Randie will come back with his father, and we must expect them now. We must look the matter on its best side. I'll go in to Miss Maud now—just show me the room."

Nancy brightened up and thanked "her stars" vehemently that Miss Ellen had come. And then she went back to the kitchen to make the suggested preparations, and to remark to

Patsie that she always knew there was a blessing in that face from the first minute she clapped her eyes on it.

Meantime Ellen had reached the room indicated by Nancy. She found the child Lottie sitting solitary on the threshold in her small plaid frock, with her silky hair falling down her neck, her tiny feet crossed, and her thin little hand supporting her chin. Her brown eyes were full of solemn shadows, and there was a queer air of mystery about her, as she rose up, and put her hand in Ellen's.

"You small white darling!" cried Ellen, raising the little light figure, and kissing the tiny sensitive mouth. "Why are you sitting here all alone?"

"Maud's in there," said the child, "and she's been lying on the floor all day; and she won't speak to me. And she groans so, it makes me cold."

"Come with me," said Ellen; "and we'll try again."

At the door of another room which opened from this, Maud was lying with her head down on her arms, and her face from the light. Ellen bent over her.

"Maud!"

"Who is that?"

"It is I, Ellen from Dunmara. I hope you have not forgotten me?"

"I don't want anybody." Maud turned her head more resolutely to the door.

Ellen desisted for a little, and then she tried another plan. She said, abruptly,

"I have come a long way to see you, Maud, and I have not broken bread to-day. I think you might get up and find me something to eat. You are very inhospitable."

Maud started up.

"Where is Nancy?" she said, sullenly; "why does not she see to it? Why can't you all leave me alone?"

She sat up, however, and turned her face to the light. It was not like Maud's face, but pale and dark, and unslept-looking, the eyes black without their usual amber shade, the mouth swollen over the white teeth that used to laugh from behind it. Ellen was kneeling down, looking at her with eyes full of sympathy. Meeting them, Maud burst into tears and buried her face. Ellen allowed her to have a good cry. At last she said—

"Maud, you have cried long enough now; you will make yourself sick."

"It's no matter whether I'm sick or not," Maud said, sulkily. "Randie's gone away, and I wish I were dead."

She clasped her knees with her brown hands, and looked gloomily into the darkest corner of the room.

"I had no idea you were capable of telling such an untruth!" Ellen said.

Maud looked up, with a dull anger in her eyes.

"Why do you say such an ugly thing to me?" she said. "If I were not so miserable that I don't care, I'd get in such a rage at you as would make you never say it again."

"I say it, Maud, first, because I know you are a Christian, next, because I know you are not selfish, and next because I know you love this beautiful world too well to wish to leave it before you must."

"That is very fine, but do you know that Randie has gone without a shilling in his pocket, and while I am enjoying this beautiful world comfortably at home, here, he may be starving in some big city, or drowning at sea?"

"Or paving the way to his coming back one day with his fortune made, or, more likely still, on his way home at this present moment with Dr. Drummond. Shouldn't you be in a nice state of preparation to receive them if they walked in just now, with your hair never combed since last night, and your face all soiled with crying, and lying on the floor?"

"I know I look ugly, but you needn't taunt me with it, I think. I've got enough to be wretched about without your scolding me. You needn't have come here to be cross to me."

Ellen came near, and put her arm round the poor girl.

"Why, Maud, dear, I only wanted to quarrel with you so that we might have to make it up. It is better to fight than to sit moping in different corners, not speaking to one another! Come, now, and lie down for an hour, and Lottie and I will go and see what the boys are about, and look out at the gate for Randie!"

Maud was subdued, and allowed herself to be coaxed. After covering her up in bed, and closing the door, Ellen took Lottie off to the parlour to see what speed Nancy had made there. The quickly-kindled turf was blazing briskly in the grate, the

white table-cover was spread for tea. The hills lay purple and lovely beyond the uncurtained window. There is an exceeding sweet peacefulness in the quiet moments of a house like this, set in a still, romantic nook of the world, and peopled by young stirring inmates; moments when the tide of active life has ebbed away for a space, and the resting spirit finds itself stranded on the golden shore of evening. A warm-coloured silence pervades existence—a silence which never grows wearisome, because at any instant it may be broken by the bounding of young feet, or the shouting of young voices. Within, the house stands hushed, with faint shadows and zig-zag lights hanging meaningly about its window-sills, and lurking in its corners. The picture on the wall takes a new life-like expression, and develops strange depths of tone and intelligence. The gold letters on the back of a favourite book glare out in the glory of slant beam, and a poetic essence exhales on the tiny radiance they create, and floats with mystic breath about the room. The house stands hushed, but all the doors are open, and lazy murmurs of out-door life come in with the scent of heather that hangs on the air, and the red light that stains the threshold. Innumerable vistas are open in the clouds and hills, inviting the soul into mazes of unearthly speculation. One seems to live half on earth, and half in heaven.

Like one blind walking through sunshine, Ellen was conscious of the materials for intense enjoyment lying around her, which she might not yet touch. To pause here, and indulge reflection, was simply out of the question. She must keep her mind busy with the action of the downright present. Like the soldier who presses his hand on his own wound, while with the other he helps to bandage that of his weaker comrade, she must cover up her separate grief, and consider in what way she might take upon her own shoulders a share of the sorrow that had fallen on her friends. That was what she must do. She looked round the bright bare room, trying to feel its capabilities for improvement in comfort and prettiness.

"Much might be done here," she thought, "with ingenuity and a little expense. Maud has been too much with boys only to think about it, and Nancy is in a state of invincible ignorance. I will do something if I stay here long. Let me see,—what can be done on the instant? Ah! come, Lottie, get your hat, and

show me where to find some flowers for the centre of the tea table ! ”

Lottie need no second asking. She was the flower genius of the place. Maud and Randie liked the rocks best, and their rod and line and cobble-boat. Ned and Art liked their play ships and marbles and leap-frog, down at the well ; Christie had his bird's nests, and sod-houses on the cliffs, but Lottie followed her father like his shadow, with her small rake in hand, whilst they two worked together in the garden, trying to coax the flowers to grow, in spite of the sudden storms, and violent rains.

She had seized her hat, and possessed herself of a basket in a moment, and with elf-like dignity led the way to her own favourite nook, which was a parterre in her eyes. She stopped beside an immense rose-tree, tall and bushy, and all covered with early blossoms.

“ What a huge fellow ! ” laughed Ellen.

“ Yes,” said Lottie exultantly, “ isn't it like the rose-tree in Beauty and the Beast ? the Beast's rose-tree, you know. I make papa pretend to be the merchant, and go and pull a rose, and I sit under a hedge over there, and I'm his daughter Beauty, waiting for him at home.”

“ Are you fond of fairy stories ? ” Ellen said.

“ Oh, I am ! Do you know any good ones ? ”

“ Did you ever hear one about a princess who had to climb a very high rocky hill, and dared not look back, else she would have been turned into a stone by the roadside ? And all the way dreadful threatening voices and sweet coaxing ones kept calling after, and tempting her to look back, but she filled her ears with cotton wool, so that she couldn't hear them, and so she got safely to the top.”

“ No,” said Lottie, with wide-open eyes, “ I never heard that, but I like it ; will you tell it to me, all ? ”

“ Perhaps—after tea, when we are sitting round the fire ; but let us get the flowers first.”

Lottie fell to work, and Ellen, seeing how deftly she did it, left her the task and sat down on the grass to re-adjust the cotton wool in her own ears.

“ What was she going up the hill for ? ” asked Lottie after some time.

"To get a branch from a famous singing tree, to plant in her own garden."

"A singing tree!" cried Lottie, breathless, "what was it like?"

"It was a beautiful tree, with silver branches, that glittered even when there was no sun, and all the little leaves kept stirring for ever, and singing, like tiny birds."

"Splendid!" cried Lottie, enthusiastically, and then stood rapt in delicious realization of this new idea. Ellen staidly snapping at the blades of grass and reviewing the probabilities of her being able to fetch the singing tree of content, to be planted in the garden of her future. Meantime sunset gained its ripest glow. The giant bush with its clustering tassels of roses, and its mazes of buds and leafage, stood burlier and wealthier in the glory. High above a sycamore tree hung its shade, distilling golden light through broad yellow leaves. The child's spiritual head flitted out of the shadow, into the sun, and out of the sun into the shadow. Rifts between lower branches revealed spaces of blue sea. The distant shouting of the boys led the eye down a green alley through the trees, to the old ivy-grown well, where in the bold free attitudes of their play, the lads stood etherealized in the amber haze, like the remote figures in one of Cuyp's landscapes.

The basket being filled, they returned to the house, and Lottie daintily arranged her flowers, perched on a hassock to reach her work at the table. Ellen summoned the boys from the well, and helped to arrange their wild locks, and to equip them in clean collars, whilst Lottie made her own little toilette, a tip-toe at the glass, smoothing back her long silky hair with her tiny hands. But still there was no sign of travellers on the road, though the sun had gone, and taken the glory with him from hills and sea, leaving a pale moon looking out of a darkening sky, and a neutral coolness of tint and atmosphere pervading the outer world. Twice the fire had been replenished in the parlour, twice Nancy had come in, in her best gown, with her cheeks polished to the shininess of an American apple, and grumbled an announcement that the cake was spoiled, and the tea too much drawn. But still the white track of the mountain road gleamed speckless through the chickening shadows.

And then Maud appeared with pale cheeks, and heavy

eyes, and took her place at the fire in silence, neither asking a question, nor expressing a hope. She knew Randal better than did any one else, and she did not believe that having once run away, he would return humble and repentant with his father. Repentant he might be, but he would not come back, not till he could walk in proudly and say: "Here I am, father! I was a naughty boy to run away, but I have done well." Musing over this, while the dark grew in the room and the fire got redder, kept the cloud hanging on Maud's brow and her lip drooping with a sullen hopelessness. Also she was ashamed of her ungracious greeting to Ellen in the morning, keenly appreciating all the good that her friend's influence had wrought in the house since her arrival. She knew, that but for her, she must this evening have found the parlour uncomfortable. Nancy crying at the kitchen fire, the boys uproarious and untidy after their long day of liberty, and Lottie moping in some corner with a pale reproachful little face. She knew that she should have passed the evening in crying to herself and scolding the boys, and contrasting existing things with what might have been, she felt humiliatingly grateful. She longed to take Ellen's hand and thank her, and say how glad she was to have her there, but Maud was one of those unlucky people who, while they can share their joys generously, must, for their misery, have their hours of wretchedness all to themselves. She could not stretch forth her hand, and cry, "Give me sympathy!" she could not say "Spare me for I grieve!" She must frown while she wept, even when all her heart yearned for comfort. So, while she sat gloomily at the fire no one saw the tears that dropped behind her hand into her lap, and Ned and Artie whispered together that Maud was "in the sulks."

"I think we may have tea," Ellen said at last; "I dare say they have been tired and Mrs. M'Dawdle has kept them all night. We had better have our tea."

Maud assented with a suppressed groan, despite which the boys did ample justice to Nancy's cake, even in its spoiled condition. After tea, Maud sat at the table with a book pretending to read; the boys were set to their lessons for the next day, as usual, and Lottie lay on the rug, nursing her pet, a huge white cat, another mysterious link between the little woman and fairy-tale land. "For you know," she said confidentially

to Ellen, "the white cat was really a princess, and Blanche might turn into a beautiful young lady any day." Ellen found herself without anything to do, and she did not like the inactive pause. She had no work at hand, and reading was a resource to which her mind refused to turn. She left the room, and stole from the hall door for a draught of air, and a moment of solitude.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

SOME DAY

SOME day to come we down shall lay
The burdens borne through many a day ;
 And cares no more the heart shall fret,
 Tear-drops no more the eyes shall wet ;
And tired hands their work shall stay ;
And wearied feet shall rest for aye ;
And trials grim and pleasures gay
 Shall neither frown nor smile beget
 Some day to come.

Then none shall our commands obey,
Honour and wealth shall pass away,
 When in the west life's sun has set,
 And we, anear or far, have met
With death upon time's long highway
 Some day to come.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE "ADORO TE DEVOTE" OF ST. THOMAS

ELEVEN TRANSLATIONS

ELEVEN translations, but the reader will be relieved to hear that seven of them have already appeared in our pages, and of course will not be repeated here. The first was a very beautiful version by Judge O'Hagan at page 295 of our fifth volume. Then, ten years later, Father William Eyre, S.J., at page 78 of our fifteenth volume, followed after eight years by an exceedingly fine translation (xxiii., 14) which we have identified as by Father H. J. Coleridge, S.J., and another by Father George Tyrrell (xxvi., 229). At page 656 of our twenty-ninth volume we attributed to Miss Emily Hickey an anonymous translation which was not hers but found in some Anglican collection of hymns. The sixth and seventh of our translations already published were by Mr. Kegan Paul (xxx., 468) and by Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J. (xxxi., 163).

We have just mentioned that by mistake our twenty-ninth volume puts Miss Emily Hickey's name to the version appearing at page 656. The following version is in reality by Miss Hickey, and is now printed for the first time. But some readers will wish to compare it with the original which might not be at hand unless the holy words are set down here. Leo XIII. granted (June 15, 1895) an indulgence of a hundred days for saying this hymn after Holy Communion.

Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas,
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas ;
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
Quia Te contemplans totum deficit.

Visus, tactus, gustus in Te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur ;
Credo, quidquid dixit Dei Filius ;
Nil hoc veritatis verbo verius.

In Cruce latebat sola Deitas,
Sed hic latet simul et Humanitas :
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro poenitens.

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,
Deum tamen meum Te confiteor :
Fac me Tibi semper magis credere,
In Te spem habere, Te diligere.

O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus, vitam praestans homini :
Praesta meae menti de Te vivere,
Et Te illi semper dulce sapere.

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine !
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc adspicio,
Oro, fiat illud, quod tam sitio,
Ut, Te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae. Amen.

In some copies this hymn begins with the words *Adoro Te supplex* instead of *Adoro Te devote*. Miss Hickey adopts the less usual word.

Suppliant I adore Thee, hidden Deity,
Who beneath these figures hidest verily ;
All my heart made subject lies before Thee prone,
Rapt in contemplation of Thyself alone.

Taste and touch and seeing are in Thee deceived ;
'Tis the hearing only safely is believed :
What God's Son hath spoken hath my credence due ;
Than the word of very Truth is nought more true.

On the cross lay hidden but Thy Deity ;
Here is hiding likewise Thy Humanity :
I in both believe, in both confess belief,
Making the petition of the contrite thief.

Wounds of Thine, as Thomas, Lord, I do not see,
Yet am I confessing Thee my God to be.
Lord, increase my faith, and make me, I implore,
Hope in Thee more fully, love Thee more and more.

O Memorial of the death the Lord hath died !
Living Bread that unto man hath life supplied !
Grant my spirit evermore to live by Thee,
Evermore in sweetness taste Thee blessedly.

Pelican most loving, Jesus, Jesus, Lord,
Me unclean oh ! cleanse Thou in Thy blood outpoured ;
Blood whereof one only drop hath power to win
For the whole world healing of its every sin.

Jesus, whom beneath a veil I look upon,
 What I greatly thirst for, let it, Lord, be done ;
 Of Thy Face unveiled one day to have the sight,
 And be blest for ever in its glorious light.

The next translator wishes to be designated only by the initials I. I. This version also, like the preceding, is printed now for the first time.

Devoutly, Hidden God, I worship Thee
 Whom, truly veiled beneath these forms, I see ;
 My heart subjects itself Thy throne before,
 Because all fails it while I here adore.

Nor taste, nor touch, nor sight, in this is test ;
 By hearing only is the truth confessed.
 What God the Son has said I must believe,
 The Word of Truth Himself, as truth receive.

Upon the Cross, only Thy Godhead hides,
 Thy Manhood also hidden, here abides :
 Yet, Faith, in both here present, I declare,
 Making the contrite thief's availing prayer.

Thy Wounds, like Thomas, I may not perceive,
 But yet, my Lord, my God ! I do believe
 Thou'rt present here : this faith increase in me,
 Still more my hope, but most my love for Thee !

O Thou, Memorial of His blessed death !
 O Living Bread ! of mortals life and breath,
 May Thy reception animate my mind
 Perennial sweetness in this Gift to find.

O tender Pelican ! Who'st shed Thy Blood
 For me unclean ; oh ! lave me in Its flood ;
 Of which one saving drop can pardon win
 For e'en a world of wretchedness and sin.

O Jesus Lord ! Whom veiled I now adore,
 What I so thirst for, grant me, I implore,
 Thy Face to see, revealed amid the Blest,
 And in the vision of Thy Glory, rest.

We have come to the end of our original versions ; but we think it well to complete our collection by adding two others which probably are equally unknown to our readers. The first is by Father J. D. Aylward, an English Dominican (no doubt an Irishman) who died in 1872, after forty years of religious life.

Thee prostrate I adore, the Deity that lies
 Beneath these humble veils concealed from human eyes ;
 My heart doth wholly yield subjected to Thy sway,
 For, contemplating Thee, it wholly faints away.

The sight, the touch, the taste, in Thee are here deceived,
 But by the ear alone this truth is safe believed.
 I hold whate'er the Son of God hath said to me :
 Than this blest word of truth no word can truer be.

Upon the Cross Thy Godhead only was concealed,
 But here Thy manhood too doth lie as deeply veiled ;
 And yet, in both these truths confessing my belief,
 I pray as prayed to Thee the poor repentant thief.

I see not with mine eyes, as Thomas saw,
 Yet own Thee for my God with equal love and awe.
 Oh ! grant me that my faith may ever firmer be,
 That all my hope and love may still repose in Thee.

Memorial sweet that shows the death of my dear Lord,
 Thou living Bread that life dost unto man afford !
 Oh, grant that this my soul may ever live on Thee,
 That Thou mayst evermore its only sweetness be.

O mystic Pelican, Jesus, my loving Lord !
 Cleanse me of my defilements in Thy blood adored,
 Whereof one only drop, in Thy sweet mercy spilt,
 Would have the power to cleanse the world of all its guilt.

O Jesus, lying here concealed before mine eye,
 I pray Thee grant me that for which I ceaseless sigh,
 To see the vision clear of Thine unveiled face,
 Blest with the glories bright that fill Thy dwelling place.

When the late Father Charles Patrick Meehan of Dublin was a young priest just returned from the Holy City, he used his knowledge of Italian to translate Father Lauzi's book on devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, filling his last pages with sacred poems by his friend Richard Dalton Williams, who of all the Young Ireland poets of the *Nation* had perhaps the truest inspiration. One of these sacred pieces is the following translation of the *Adoro Te devote*. He appends to each stanza an aspiration which is added as a sort of chorus in some copies of the hymn :

Hail, hidden Jesus, strengthen, we implore,
 The faith of all who lovingly adore.

This may be usefully employed as an independent ejaculation at other times ; but it is better not to tack it on to St. Thomas's hymn. This our last translator does not, like the others, follow

the order of the rhymes in the original, but rhymes the lines alternately. But indeed Judge O'Hagan did the same.

O Hidden God, devoutly I adore Thee
 Beneath these figures truly, though concealed;
 My heart bows down undoubtingly before Thee,
 Lost in the marvel Thou hast here revealed.

Sight, taste, and touch in vain the mind deceive,
 Thy word alone suffices, Lord, for me.
 Whate'er God's Son hath uttered I believe—
 Nought than the word of Truth can truer be.

Upon the Cross a cloud Thy Godhead wore,
 Here Thy Humanity is shrouded too;
 Yet both confessing truly I adore,
 And what the good Thief prayed I humbly sue.

Thy wounds, like Thomas, I do not behold,
 Still I confess Thee God, all gods above:
 Grant me still more this fixed faith to hold,
 In Thee to hope, Thee always more to love.

O sweet Memorial of Christ's death for me,
 True living Bread, conferring life on man!
 Grant that my soul may ever feast on Thee
 And taste Thy sweetness as Faith only can.

O pious Pelican, Lord Jesus, hear!
 Cleanse me a sinner in Thy saving blood,
 One drop of which, or even one sacred tear,
 Could save the world—yet Thou wouldst shed a flood!

Sweet Jesus whom I now behold concealed,
 What I so thirst for hasten, I implore,
 That, seeing Thy bright countenance revealed,
 My happy soul Thy glory may adore,
 For evermore.

These sacred lines are transcribed in the same house in which the writer of them lived as a little schoolboy seventy years ago; for Richard Dalton Williams was a pupil of St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg, before passing on to Carlow College, from which he sent his first poem to the *Nation*. Through all the vicissitudes of his life, till he found a grave in Louisiana, he displayed the faith and piety that prompted this translation of the *Adoro Te devote*. Many original particulars about "Shamrock" of the *Nation*, furnished by his widow and other friends, may be found in the fifth volume of this Magazine.

AN AMICABLE SETTLEMENT

FATHER EDMOND'S sitting-room door opens and the awed voice of his housekeeper announces : " Mrs. Wynne wishes to speak to you, Father." Mrs. Wynne, " Biddy Wynne," is the most noted litigant in the parish ; her state trials turning on the question of trespassing fowl and the language concomitant to such little incidents. An old offender against the peace of the quiet hamlet of Tobber where she lives is Biddy ; her verbal forays the daily terror and amusement of the district. She is a freeholder and enjoys, " while grass grows and water runs," the fee-simple right to a one-storied, one-chimneyed, one-windowed cot, and a patch of flourishing nettles.

This time Biddy has been cowed for once by the turn the " law " has taken. Her case has gone before his Lordship the County Court Judge, and he has left the settlement of it to the new curate of St. Helen's whom she now calls on, the day after the Sessions, to get in the first word. For, " get in *your* story first with the clergy and you're landed high and dry," is an old maxim of Biddy's which she hasn't had an opportunity of putting into practice for a long time until the " new man " came. She now determines on a master-stroke of policy.

" Och yer Reverence ! yer Reverence ! yer Reverence ! acushla ban machree, jewel darlin' ! I'm kilt, murdered, and desthroyed. Och, glory be to God ! glory be to God ! To think that an honesh woman can be thrated after sich a way in a Christian land ! Och ! ahasky ! ahasky ! "

His Reverence didn't display any signs of emotion or alarm.

" It's Phil M'Teague, yer Reverence, and his wife, the Lord forgive her ! You know him, your Reverence ? He has a face on him like a rat, the Lord between us an' harm ! and a hump on him like a clockin' hin, savin yer presence."

Phil, his Reverence knew, was the most inoffensive man in the parish, a cooper by trade, whose life Biddy had made a torment.

" I brought them before the High Coort, for their fowl tore me poor cabin down to the foundations ; an' I got the Judge to lave the settlement of the whole case to yer lordship—yer holy

Reverence I mane, when he wouldn't send the pair of them to jail. Och, yer Reverence, ye don't know who's spakin' to you. I had jintlemen in the family what they never had, th' infidels. Aye, a priest and a doctor, yer Reverence, on me mother's side." His Reverence was already aware of the mythical origin of these "gentlemen" but kept his counsel.

"An' this mornin' after th' law didn't they try to slaughter me in cowl'd blood; towld me up to me face that they'd get yer Reverence to put a muzzle on me, the mane vulgarians, and me only askin' them dacent and quiet like if they knew where me two chickens was, two darlin' wee chickens that I intended for yer Reverence this blessed day, and that I can't find either hilt or hare of since they wint out at daylight this mornin' to look for their breakfasts, the crathers." Mrs. Biddy had painted the little village red that morning over the head of these two chickens which were quite as mythical beings as her two "gentlemen."

"Glory be to the King above this day, what I'm sufferin'! Never till the last day will the world know it. Och, yer Reverence, acushla! acushla! what am I to do at all, at all?"

His Reverence knew poor Biddy's history well; knew that at heart she was a good poor creature, and as different in every sense from a slum virago as she was from an angel. Her simple Irish nature was always touched by an act of kindness; but her legal proclivities and her set determination to let no one "walk over her" kept herself and her neighbours in continual hot water. A new way of dealing with Biddy's great case now come from the High Courts was the only way: so judgment was delivered.

"Mrs. Wynne, there are two ways of settlin' this case. One is to challenge Phil M'Teague and his wife Mary to mortal combat, the weapons to be swords, which the police in the village will provide you with. Since the High Courts have been unable to deal with the case, decision must be arrived at by the ordeal of battle."

Biddy's countenance had been gradually taking on a look of the most puzzled astonishment and terror; for with all her exaggeration about "slaughter" and "cowl'd blood" she was never known to raise her hand in strife. "Och, God forbid that she'd demane herself so." The judgment proceeded:

"The other way is that you invite Phil and Mary M'Teague to your house for tea to-morrow evening, and let it be seen that

as a person who has had gentlemen in her family, you can forgive offences like a lady."

"Well, that's the quarest thing ever I heard anyway. Give me your hand, yer Reverence. I'll not be the one to break yer Reverence's word."

And the following evening Bidly was overheard telling Mrs. Phil Teague—"Phil wouldn't go, the sprissawn"—over their second cup of tea, that that "new man" they got was the quarest priest she ever knew, God bless him.

P. E. M.

TO MERCEDES

On the Day of her First Communion

DEAR little One ! thy heart to-day receives a Royal Guest ;
The Infant King whom Mary's hand in Bethlehem caressed.
Oh ! lift that childish heart to God, all needed graces win ;
Thy pleading prayer is mighty now, for Jesus is within !

Thy childlike innocence to-day finds echoes all around,
And watchful hands will guard the seed which springs from
fruitful ground ;
But shouldst thou feel, in days to come, the scathing breath of
sin,
O Lily, fold thy little leaves, for Jesus is within !

His loving glance rests on thy work, His smile upon thy play ;
His Mother folds thee to her heart, His Angels guard thy way.
So through life's roses and its thorns, amid the big world's din,
Remember often, little One, that Jesus is within !

Then face thy path with fearless heart, God's peace upon thy
brow,
Thy Lord will love thee through the years as tenderly as now.
And when His Angels bring thee home and heavenly joys begin,
Ope trustingly the golden gate, for Jesus is within !

L. M.

A TRINITY COLLEGE SONNET

IT may seem strange and almost foolish to go back so far to an unfortunate sonnet that was the victim of many attacks, defences, and rejoinders nearly two years ago. But it has always been the custom of this modest periodical not to touch any burning question till it has had time to grow cold, or at least cool. There are a few points connected with Profssor Tyrrell's sonnet (to be quoted presently) which it is well to set down in some place more accessible than the columns of a newspaper two or three years old.

The Muses have not been propitious to Trinity College, Dublin. With her three centuries' monopoly of the cultivation of the best brains of Ireland, with her exclusive opportunities for drawing upon the resources of the heart and mind of an admittedly gifted race, it is extraordinary how little Trinity College has done for literature, and especially for poetry. Foley's life-like statue of Goldsmith stands at her gate ; but poor Noll owes nothing to his *Alma Mater*. Moore learned from her to translate Anacreon ; but what was best in him, what has done most for his fame, was in direct opposition to her spirit and her teaching. The only one, as far as we can recall, that Trinity College has honoured as a poet was a second-rate verse-writer of fifty years ago, John Francis Waller, to whom, expressly for his poetry, T.C.D. gave the title of LL.D. But did she not do the same for Aubrey de Vere ? Certainly not for his *Legends of St. Patrick*, or his *May Carols*, on their own merits, but because the poet had atoned for them by sundry pamphlets in which he almost sank to the level of a party politician. If he had only written poetry full of Irish and Catholic feeling, Trinity would have ignored him.

One of the Fellows lived for two or three generations on the fame of "a beautiful but rebellious song" published anonymously in his youth ; and, when in his old age he at length acknowledged it, it was melancholy to find that the rest of the little volume which is Dr. Ingram's sole contribution to the poetry of Ireland was chiefly in praise of the dreary, un-Christian doctrines of Positivism, which he also advocates in the scanty prose that he has published.

But now the Muse of Trinity College has at last broken "the cold chain of silence that hung o'er her long," and has achieved a sonnet. It seems to have been entitled sneeringly, "Holy Ireland," and was published in the College Magazine, *T.C.D.*, November, 1903.

Is Erin of a truth by golden bands
Bound to the feet of God? Yon spire elate,
Rear'd high the squalid scene to dominate,
Does it to Heaven beckon suppliant hands?
Nay, rather a grim monument it stands
Of cold Observance, the incestuous mate
Of Superstition, destined of blind Fate
To draw the very marrow from the land's
Poor starving delvers, and in empty air
Scatter their wasted energies. Around
Lies helpless destitution, ruin bare;
Its ugly hugeness scorns the common ground
And points to Heaven: but to seeing eyes,
Each soaring steeple "lifts its head and lies."

This sonnet would rank very low, we think, in one of those literary competitions that fill an interesting page in the *Saturday Westminster*. It begins with Tennyson and ends with Pope. Can a true poem quote anything? Is this compatible with real inspiration? Does it not show that there is here nothing better than a mere literary exercise? And then, besides other flaws in the mechanism of the sonnet, was there ever a more awkward transition from the quatrains to the tercets? Every self-respecting sonneteer takes breath after the eighth line—by a full stop, if possible. But here there is not even a comma, for the octave ends with a possessive case wrenched ruthlessly from the noun that it possesses.

A straw, however, can show what way the wind blows, and a bad sonnet can show the spirit that animates one of the most influential of the Trinity College staff. This is what the Professor thinks it well to offer to his pupils for publication in their Magazine as a description of the religious devotion of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, of their wish to entitle themselves to put forward the same claim for God's mercy as King David did: "Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth" (Psalm xxv. 8). He rebukes them for expending so much money on the temple of God, and a

Protestant Archbishop (Richard Chenevix Trench) rebuked him thus in turn by anticipation.

When God is to be served, the cost we weigh
In anxious balance, grudging the expense ;
The world may use profuse magnificence ;
A thousand lamps from gilded roof may sway
Where its poor votaries turn the night to day,
And who will blame ? But if two tapers shine
Apart before some solitary shrine,
" Why was this waste ? " indignantly men say.
Oh ! hearts unlike to his who would not bring
To God, releasing him from dismal fears,
What cost him nothing for his offering !
Unlike to hers, commended while she shed
Of that true nard which grows in spiky ears,
A rich libation on her Saviour's head.

Much more to the point, however, is the rebuke administered to the Sonneteer by another Irish Protestant, Mr. Hugh Law, M.P., the worthy son of his father, Lord O'Hagan's successor as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Long as the letter is, we will give it unabridged just as it appeared in the *Daily Express* on an unwittingly auspicious date, the feast of St. Francis Xavier.

SIR,—It not unfrequently happens that the letters which people write in vindication of some action of theirs which has met with criticism serve an exactly opposite purpose.

That, I think, will be proved true of Dr. Tyrrell's letter in your columns some days ago. What a very strange document it is ! First of all, he declares that he " never said, thought, or wrote anything against the Catholic religion," and then proceeds to repeat in prose what he had already stated in verse—viz., that " the Catholic clergy inculcate on their flocks cold acts of observance in lieu of sincere feelings of religion, and exact from an impoverished peasantry money to be spent on sacred buildings erected in places where no such edifices are needed, and where there are but a handful of worshippers to frequent them." And, finally, he seeks to clinch his argument by a quotation from a writer in the *Daily Mail*, who finds in the cheap decorations of the Irish country chapel " the ugly expression of an ugly kind of disease," and who deplores (good Christian man !) the fact that " the shillings of the people, cheerfully given to God instead of to the nourishment of themselves, have raised the fabric of these chapels."

I will not insist on the discrepancy between Dr. Tyrrell and his chosen witness on the point as to whether the shillings are " exacted " or " cheerfully given." My own knowledge, so far as it goes, indeed, bears out Mr. Young's rather than Dr. Tyrrell's view on the matter. I have known an old woman give literally and actually—nay, insist upon giving—all she had in the world towards the building of God's house, trusting with

apostolic faith (not often found, I regret to say, among Anglicans) that He to Whom she gave would not fail to remember her. Nor will I express more than a passing wonder in what part of Ireland are these churches erected with "but a handful of worshippers to frequent them." I do, indeed, recall many edifices where the congregations are very sparse indeed; but, oddly enough, these belong not to the Roman Catholic but to the Irish Church. On the other hand, many people must, like myself, be but too familiar with the spectacle of worshippers kneeling outside the doors of a Roman Catholic chapel during the celebration of the Mass, the interior of the building being too full to hold any more.*

As to the first part of Dr. Tyrrell's invective, I do not know what the Roman Catholic clergy "inculcate" on their flocks (no more, I very strongly suspect, does Dr. Tyrrell), but I do know something of what these flocks believe. I live amongst a Catholic peasantry, and I have over and over again been amazed (and I must add, as an Anglican, humiliated) by the evangelical simplicity, fervour, and reality of the faith by the light of which they live their daily lives.

Dr. Tyrrell would be better employed, I am quite sure, in inculcating similarly "sincere feelings of religion" among the members of the Communion to which he and I both belong.

I have only to add that it is strange to find a man like himself objecting to sacrifices made for the sake of religion. I should have thought that it was rather a matter for congratulation that still, in one small portion at least of the modern world, there are some few people who are still prepared to seek first the "Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Very faithfully yours,

HUGH A. LAW.

December 3rd, 1903.

Dr. Tyrrell had appealed to the authority of the writer of a clever book about Ireland, Mr. Filson Young, whom he called "an eminent English journalist," but who turned out to be a Protestant Irishman from County Down. Mr. Law has just shown that Mr. Filson Young contradicts one of Dr. Tyrrell's statements, holding that our people give gladly and cheerfully what they give to the erection and support of the House of God. Again the famous sonnet calls the religious worship of our people "cold observance;" whereas his chosen authority, Mr. Young, says: "In England religion is a religion of cold observance, in Ireland it is a living faith."

A parallel for the old woman that Mr. Law refers to may be

* The hardships that the peasants of Donegal (for instance) endured through the miserable provision which alone was possible during and long after the penal days are graphically described, with photographs of real scenes, in a striking article, "Our Irish Country Chapels," by Seumas MacManus, in *Donohoe's Magazine* for Easter, 1903, page 336. Even still many walk four or five miles to Mass.—*Ed. I. M.*

found in a letter of the Very Rev. Philip Callary, P.P., regarding the very beautiful church that he is just now finishing in Tullamore.

“As an evidence of this spirit of generosity I may mention the case of an old man in Tullamore, who came to me a couple of days ago and asked as a favour to be allowed to defray the expenses of putting up the cross ‘on the top of the steeple, for,’ said he, with a smile, ‘I would like to put up my little savings as near as possible to Heaven.’ And it is well to bear in mind that this parishioner is not a farmer or shopkeeper, but an humble, sober, and industrious man, who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and is now, at the close of his days, ready and willing to hand over the princely sum of £50 towards the erection of a cross to be placed on the spire to stand there with its finger pointed to Heaven to proclaim to future generations the faith and generosity of the noble-hearted donor.”

That old man and that old woman will not fare badly before the judgment-seat of Him who took Mary Magdalen's part when accused of similar extravagance.

We will conclude with the fine sonnet with which Dr. George Sigerson replied to the sonnet of the Trinity Professor. He addressed it to the Spirit of Protestant Ascendancy.

No, Erin ne'er was bound to God by gold,
 Your test, perhaps, not hers. Her *heart* she gave.
 Love sent her saints and scholars forth to save,
 And drew far students to her famous fold.
 You came, a cuckoo-guest, and then, behold !
 Falls the fair fabric in a Nation's grave ;
 Hate, ousting Love, makes barren all you crave.
 Your triumphs : emptied fanes and ruins cold.

Her soil, not soul, you seized ; *this* o'er your rage
 Glowed in the storm-dark, and all fair appears
 To build the Zion of her splendid years.
 Too high to mind the hate of that past age
 That sometimes still, with backward-pointed ears,
 Like a small bully, shakes the head and sneers.

It may seem uncharitable to harp so long on this poor quatorzain, of which no doubt the author is by this time heartily sick and ashamed ; but really it is important as a slight but unerring indication of the atmosphere of an institution which some suppose

to be sufficient to satisfy the highest educational aspirations of Catholic Ireland.* “Cold observance, incestuous mate of superstition, wasted energies, lies.” Yet a kind-hearted and amiable man meant nothing offensive in all this ! It is admitted that Dr. Tyrrell is one of the most liberal of Dr. Traill’s community ; but this seems as damaging to the reputation of Trinity College for liberality as Dr. Little’s reply to the charges levelled against her medical school. When an impartial outside examiner had pronounced a certain candidate’s examination paper to be the worst he had ever seen, and had rejected him accordingly (to be passed, however, somehow a month later), Dr. Little would not seem to have bettered the case by saying that this candidate was one of the best in his class. One wonders, then, how the worst fared.

The whole position of the partizans of the Trinity College monopoly seems to be ungenerous and undignified. With the world, the flesh, the devil, and the spirit of the age fighting for their souls, it is hard enough for the Catholic youth of Ireland to keep true to the soul’s higher ideal ; and all who love God and Ireland, even if they do not hold the old creed that Ireland has always clung to, ought to welcome an educational system that aims at cultivating the intellect of our young men without detriment to the faith which St. Thomas Aquinas expounded, for which Sir Thomas More died, and to which Newman and so many of the purest hearts and keenest minds, through many difficulties and sacrifices, have returned with joy and unwavering allegiance.

* The contrary opinion of Judge O’Hagan and his reasons are given in *Trinity College no Place for Catholics*, price One Penny, Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 27, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

[N.B.—Authors and publishers will save us some trouble and postage by sending books for review to our new address, as follows:—

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, UPPER GARDINER-ST., DUBLIN.]

1. *Dorset Dear. Idyls of Country Life.* By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell). London: Longmans, Green & Co. (Price 6s.)

The page opposite the title-page (from which we have removed an unnecessary *l*) gives the names of fifteen other volumes with which the literature of pure fiction has been enriched by this gifted Irishwoman. The sixteenth of the series is not a single full-length drama like *Fiander's Widow*, or *Yeoman Fleetwood*, or (prettiest perhaps of them all) *The Duenna of a Genius*. It claims closer affinity to *In a North Country Village*, or *Frieze and Fustian*, or *North, South, and Over the Sea*, inasmuch as it consists of seventeen independent stories, having nothing in common except Dorsetshire dialect and character. Limited as their dimensions are, there is a wonderful variety of incidents that follow one another very naturally and keep a firm grip on the reader's interest. Woods and fields and the habits of birds and beasts and all living things have been observed with such keenness and loving watchfulness, and are here described with such vividness, as enables us to realise the different places and persons and to feel at home among them. One marvels all the more at the freshness and variety of the scenes passing before us when one remembers the scores of short stories that have gone before the present ones, far more than have yet been gathered into volumes. Mrs. Blundell has more than talent and a bright, lively style; she has genius and a heart and mind. It ought not to be necessary to add that her books are perfectly pure and wholesome; but unhappily now-a-days books are written by women of position and character and issued by respectable publishers which are by no means wholesome reading. It is a great grace to be able to amuse the wide public innocently—to write novels which catch the fancy of the readers of *Longman's Magazine* and of the clients of the circulating libraries, and which nevertheless are pure

enough to be read aloud during a convent recreation. In this new series of Dorsetshire pastorals there is plenty of humour, a little gentle pathos now and then, and no real sadness till we reach the concluding pages which puzzle us a good deal. We grudge to "Sweetbriar Lane" the honour of winding up so bright and genial a book.

2. *St. Catherine de Ricci: Her Life, her Letters, her Community.* By F. M. Capes. London: Burns and Oates. (Price, 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a very moderate price for so fine a volume, which is illustrated by many pictures of the Saint's cell, her convent, etc., and by her portrait and a facsimile letter. Strange to say, no date is printed on the title-page; and no intimation is given that the writer of the introduction, Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., is dead. The specimens of the Saint's letters seem to be judiciously selected and well translated; Miss Capes is careful to attribute to others the merit of this part of her work. She tells her edifying story very simply and clearly. Why is not the *Canticum of the Passion* which is described at page 77, given to us in full? Miss Capes's reasons for mingling English and Italian names, as St. Philip Neri and yet Filippo Salviati, seem judicious; but why at page 160 has she disguised a Spanish Jesuit as Père Dupont? The union of the natural and the supernatural in the life and character of St. Catherine is most interesting and instructive. This stately volume is a very valuable addition to our stores of sacred biography.

3. *Joan of Arc.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford. Edinburgh and London: Sands & Co. (Price, 2s. 6d.)

There is a certain fitness in the Maid of Orleans finding a sympathising biographer in a kinswoman of Sir Walter Scott who did such glorious work for the chivalry of Romance. This dainty quarto tells the wonderful story very well. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott quotes appositely from Aubrey de Vere's stately blank verse; but his earlier sonnet beginning "O royal-hearted peasant-maid of France," is even more to the purpose. His concluding lines about the "worse invaders" that now possess France, her foes from within, have even a sadder meaning now than when they were written. France needs another Joan of Arc.

4. *Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham,* is exercising a good influence in many young hearts by

writings of many different kinds. Her best, perhaps, is *Home Truths for Mary's Children* (London : Burns and Oates, price, 3s. 6d.) which has quickly reached a third edition. It is pleasant and useful reading, and very practical. The success of her own books gives weight to the preface in which Madame Cecilia recommends *Outline Conferences for Children of Mary*, translated from the German of Father Dahlmann (London : Burns and Oates, price, 2s. 6d.)

5. The youngest of our contemporaries is the *Catholic Standard* of Georgetown, British Guiana. One might take it for a newspaper, but it is published monthly, beginning at the somewhat inauspicious date which is consecrated to *poissons d'Avril*. It will do a great deal of good in its own sphere, which we see is called "The Magnificent Province." In its "Children's Corner" for June we espy our ubiquitous friend J. W. A., who sends these amiable lines to Elsa in his capacity as Laureate of childhood :—

Dear little Elsa, kind and true,
For all the love I give to you
You pay me back a hundred-fold
In sterling coin of heart's best gold,
And I, though giving much away,
Grow even richer day by day.

Dear Elsa, in the by-and-by
God knows what ways our roads will lie :
May yours at least be smooth to tread
And not a cloud hang overhead,
And every traveller whom you meet
Bring love to make your journey sweet !

He exercises his beautiful office also in the *Stonyhurst Magazine* for July, addressing thus the first Communicants at Hodder on the last Feast of Corpus Christi :—

While life is still before you
And heaven seems far away,
Keep always close to Jesus
As you are close to day !
Though friends may cease to love you,
His Heart will love you yet ;
Though all the world forget you,
He never will forget.

That excellent journal, the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston, which is rather a weekly magazine than a mere newspaper, in a three-column study of Canon Sheehan's new novel, *Glenanaar*,

says: "In our opinion it is far superior to any of his former works." A critic of more influence in these countries, the great *Punch* himself, in his issue for July 12, 1905, lays his mocking tone aside, and gives *Glenanaar* credit for "an earnestness of purpose that deeply impresses the reader, and a fascination of style that rivets the attention." He says that "nothing more powerful in any recent novel has been written than the description of the ride for life," etc.

6. Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne, 4, Paternoster Row, London, have sent us the first three parts of The Becket Series of Plain Chant music for Mass and Benediction, which bears the highest Roman authorization. The price of the first part is Two-pence, of the second and third Threepence each. Is there not a mistake in the last item of No. 1? The antiphon *Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum* is only sung before and after the psalm *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*. Here it is inserted also in the middle before the *Gloria Patri*.

7. In a lecture on aphorisms which Mr. Morley gave some years ago at Edinburgh, he quoted this among many specimens:—"To equal a predecessor one must have twice his worth." Even with this text before our minds we pronounce the new number of the *Clongownian* to be equal to the best of its predecessors. It is admirable in every respect—solid and pleasant articles intermingled, and illustrated by a great variety of pictures of places and persons. The biographies of old Clongownians are most interesting even for an outsider. There ought to be a table of contents to enable us to find at once such items as "The Brownes of Clongowes," and "Historical Association round Clongowes," with its admirable map. This work will be of priceless value hereafter and ought to be preserved carefully in the college library.

8. *The Nun's Rule* (Burns and Oates, price 3s. 6d. net) is the English version of the *Ancren Riwele*, such as the Rev. James Morton, B.D., modernized it in his edition for the Camden Society fifty years ago. It was drawn up some eight centuries ago for the female recluses who devoted themselves to God's service in England in the old Catholic times. There are many beautiful and holy things in the book; but it is so quaint and antiquarian that it seems unsuitable to be used as a book of practical devotion. The publishers have brought it out with

extreme neatness ; and Abbot Gasquet has prefixed to it a very clear and instructive introduction.

9. The Two-shilling form of *The Organist of Laumant* by Father David Bearne, S.J., has reached us in an extremely tasteful binding and with five or six very good pictures which really add to the charm of the book—*id quod* illustrations sometimes do not, in our opinion. This delightful half-dozen of stories in this dainty garb is sent post free from the *Messenger* Office, Wimbledon, Surrey, for two shillings. The florins ought forthwith to come tumbling in to Wimbledon by the thousand.

10. Messrs. Cary & Co., 231 Oxford Street, London, W., have published six numbers of a series called *Downside Masses*, a collection of Masses by Masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, edited by Mr. R. R. Terry, Musical Director in the Westminster Cathedral. The first number contains Casciolini's Mass in A minor for four voices ; the second, a simple Mass for four voices by Antonio Lotti ; the third, a Mass for four voices by Piedro Heredia ; the fourth, Viadanna's Mass for four mixed voices ; the fifth, Haslere's Mass "Dixit Maria" ; and the sixth, the Mass "Quinti Toni" by Orlando di Lasso. The price of each of the six parts is 1s. 6d. The editor has prefixed a short biographical note to each. In one of them the printer tells us that Lotti, who died in 1740, received an appointment at St. Mark's, Venice, in 1796.

11. We have before recommended Dr. Schuster's *Bible History of the Old and New Testaments*, translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier, and published by Herder of Freiburg. It has been approved by an extraordinary number of Bishops, including those of Cloyne, Kildare, Ossory, and Waterford. The Australasian Catholic Congress held in Melbourne in October, 1904, recommended it for adoption in their primary schools and high schools. It consists of 450 pages with 110 illustrations and two coloured maps. The price is only 1s. 3d. when bound in half cloth.

12. *The Hard-hearted Man. A Play in English and in Irish.* By Seumas MacManus and Thomas O'Concannon. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son.

Nothing is said about the division of labour between the two collaborators. Was the play written first in English or in Irish ? We may take for granted that the English version is written by

the author of *A Lad of the O'Friels*; and indeed we can perceive that this is stated on the Irish title page. It is a clever little comedy directed against the mania for emigration. Like most stage work the points are brought out a little too violently, or it seems so when one reads the play in cold blood. But what comedies can be read with much satisfaction except Goldsmith's? There can be no doubt about the expediency of our people taking to heart the lessons inculcated by the hard-hearted man—who was not so hard of heart after all. If Irishmen worked at home as hard as they have to work abroad, they would pass through life just as prosperously and more happily, and with better prospects often for the world to come.

13. *Heysham. A Story of North Lancashire in the Thirteenth Century.* By the Right Rev. Mgr. Robert Gradwell. London: Burns and Oates. (Price, 1s. 6d.)

Monsignor Gradwell is probably more of an antiquarian than a novelist. He has woven a pleasant tale of the old times, out of more or less real incidents, and he has laid the scene in real places which he connects with real Catholic families, his own among the number—but this last only passingly and incidentally. His favourite subject reappears—traces of St. Patrick's life in northern Britain. Do the Blundells figure so early in Lancashire history? Many will like best the third item, which is all fact and not fiction, about several days spent with Leo XIII. the year before he gained that title. But who is "Bluemantle?" He speaks of Robert Gradwell, Rector of the English College at Rome as his uncle, and in 1877 he was 52 years old and "a tall, lanky fellow of six feet two inches." He has helped Monsignor Gradwell to give us an agreeable book, which bears no date on the title-page.

14. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin) is determined to adopt Horace's plan for carrying all before it by mixing the *utile* with the *dulce*. Its latest sample of the *dulce* is a "sweet" little tale, one of the most pleasing of the many pleasant pennyworths it has given us—*The Carolans of Glenavon*, by Norah Tynan O'Mahony. A great deal of good workmanship has been crushed into these thirty pages—keen observation, a loving knowledge of flowers and fields, and three young couples started auspiciously together on the journey of mature life after a sufficient amount of trouble and entanglement

to make us know them and feel an interest in them. Mrs. O'Mahony, with her knack of vivid description and easy, natural conversation, could have told this story more easily in a volume. We notice her initials in the August number of the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart* attached to a delightful and useful little story which indeed deserves to be described by its own name, "A Happy Inspiration."

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. The Catholic Truth Society's latest sample of the *utile* is *Prayer Made Easy*, by the Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S.J. This is sure to do an immense amount of good, it is so simple, so earnest, and so practical. Father Walsh has condensed into a score of pages a great deal of solid instruction about all sorts of prayer; and he has put it in such a way that the reader cannot help taking it home to himself and carrying it away with him. Please God, this little penny book will help many to pray better.

15. The sister Society in Australia has sent us three of its latest penny publications through Mr. W. P. Linehan, Little Collins Street, Melbourne. Some thought that Katharine Tynan ought not to have chosen "Louise la Valliere" as the theme of a beautiful poem; and such persons will with more reason think that the Rev. E. J. Kelly, D.D., might have made a better choice. Heresy must be met according to all the forms it assumes; but the clients of the Australian Truth Society will generally care little, we suspect, for the refutation of blasphemies about the birth of our Divine Redeemer. All will welcome *The Blessed Virgin in English Poetry*. No indication is given of the authorship of this interesting compilation of "tributes from the poetic genius of English-speaking nations." The greatest novelty is an excellent translation of the *Stabat Mater* by an Australian poet, Brunton Stephens. The poem on the Immaculate Virgin at page 16, "'Pure as the Snow,' we say," is given as anonymous. The author is Miss Eleanor Donnelly of Philadelphia.

16. *Letters on Christian Doctrine*. By Father M. de Zulueta, S.J. London: R. and T. Washbourne, 1, 2, and 4, Paternoster-row. (Price, 2s. 6d. net).

This seems to be quite an exceptionally good book of its kind; sound, fresh, interesting, full of practical common sense, clearly and unaffectedly written. We suspect that any working priest who takes it up on a bookseller's counter and turns over the pages

will leave the shop poorer by half-a-crown than he entered it. He will not even get any coppers as discount, for the price is net : and no wonder, for it is a well-printed, well-bound, well-indexed book of more than four hundred pages. The foreign look of the writer's name might give one a wrong impression. In England the owners of foreign names are often thoroughly naturalized, as we see in the Bishops of Salford and Southwark in one department, and Dante Rossetti in another. There is certainly no foreign accent in the style and diction of these *Letters on Christian Doctrine*. The publishers of this admirable volume have also issued for a shilling a neat and devout *Manual of Devotions in honour of the Holy Ghost*, compiled by a Capuchin Father.

17. *St. Anthony's Annals* for August (14, Temple Street, Dublin, is fortunate in having "Fioretti," a little tale written for it by "M. E. Francis"—a delightful variation on the old story of the Monastery in which the office was first sung unmusically but with fervent hearts, and then was afterwards sung with exquisite perfection but without devotion. The poor, broken music of the former choir was far sweeter to the ear of God. By the way the last number of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* and this number of *St. Anthony's Annals* make the same mistake about the word *tessellated*. Why does that word puzzle so many people ? It comes from *tessella*, and the *l* must be doubled.

18. We have drawn attention more than once to the manifest success that has already attended Canon Sheehan's new novel, *Glenanaar*. Favourable notice has fallen on it from reviewers of all sorts. To those that we have quoted we may add a few others. The clever book-taster of *Truth* says to his correspondent : "Do read Canon Sheehan's fine novel, *Glenanaar*. I do not know when I have read a book which gives a more vivid and faithful picture of the Ireland of O'Connell's day and of the Ireland also of to-day, or a more suggestive glimpse into the vicious circle of Irish history. The story, besides, is as interesting as the history is instructive." The *King* says : "Canon Sheehan's novels are growing in popularity and importance." The *Irish Independent* calls this "the most powerfully dramatic story Canon Sheehan has ever written" ; and the *Cork Constitution* considers it "one of the best dramatic tales that has been published for many a long year by an Irish writer." The *Scotsman* thinks it "a charming story, as good as anything its

author has yet written." Finally, to move the closure abruptly, the *Academy* says that "Of the many books Canon Shéehan has written there is none we have enjoyed more than *Glenanaar*. Never has he more successfully portrayed the strange nature and the variable emotions of his countrymen, the warmth of their love, the fierceness of their hate, their generosity, and, with it all, their narrow-mindedness."

19. There are very few newspapers written and edited more intelligently than the *Bombay Examiner*. There is a certain freshness and manliness about the leading articles, and the answers to correspondents are candid and pointed. The criticisms of books are very discriminating, finding fault freely enough, and this adds force to the appreciation of Canon Sheehan's *Glenanaar*, in the issue for July 29th, which ended by saying, "The tale is told to perfection, and the situations are often magnificent."

20. *Flame-bearers of Welsh History*. By Owen Rhoscomyl. Merthyr, Tydvil : Welsh Educational Publishing Co. (Price, 5s.)

The author of this work is known in English as Captain A. O. Vaughan. He is a well-known Welsh writer who is evidently an enthusiastic student of his country's history. He claims the credit of presenting in this volume an entirely new view of that history ; and the value of his researches is guaranteed in some introductory lines by Principal Rhys of Oxford and Professor Kuno Meyer of Liverpool. A very large number of excellent illustrations and maps makes the course of events more interesting and intelligible. The writer gives a more favourable impression of Giraldus Cambrensis than was conveyed in our own pages as far back as our sixth volume (1878) by the Rev. John Healy, C.C., who is now Archbishop of Tuam.

21. The current number of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* certainly is true to its name. Every article is undiluted Ulster, from the account of Dunluce Castle at the beginning to the list of subscribers at the end. The opening article is written by an architect, and is illustrated by several excellent pictures. The catalogue of subscribers is good ; but there are many inside and outside Ulster who neglect their duty in not encouraging so meritorious a periodical.

22. We must group together in one paragraph three publications that have hardly anything in common except that they

come from the United States. *The Pioneer Forecasters of Hurricanes*, by the Rev. Walter Drum, S.J., of Georgetown University, is an extremely interesting account of the scientific work, chiefly meteorological, done at the observatory of Belen, Havana, in Cuba. It was well to extend the fame of such an illustrious worker as Father Viñes, S.J. Collection C of the *Catholic Penny Booklets*, edited by the Rev. James M. Hayes, S.J., is published by the American League of the Cross, 413, West Twelfth-street, Chicago. It consists of a large mass of "Sound Readings for Busy People" gathered from all sorts of sources and previously issued in penny booklets. Collection C costs 25 cents. The selections are admirable for their purpose—pithy and striking, often only a paragraph or a sentence, but always containing substantial thought. The series must be doing a large amount of good. We have before recommended *Certainty in Religion*, by the Rev. Henry Wyman, one of the Paulist Fathers of New York (New York: Columbus Press, 120, West Sixtieth-street.) Its eighteen short chapters contain clear proofs of the Divinity of Christ and that the Catholic Church alone is the depository and guardian of the Christian religion. Priests will find this a good work to place in the hands of well-disposed inquirers.

23. To give our remarks a better chance of catching in time the eyes of some teachers or students of philosophy we will not wait till October to welcome an admirable volume which has reached us at the last moment, namely, the first part of the third volume of a work which has already been stamped with the strong approval of such high authorities as the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the *American Catholic Quarterly*, the *New Ireland Review*, and the *Catholic World*. This work is *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum adolescentium Seminarii Beatae Mariæ de Monte Melleray concinnata*; and the present instalment of this Mount Melleray Philosophy treats of Natural Theology. It deserves the praise bestowed on the previous parts by critics of experience and weight—it is succinct, clear, and up to date. The author, whose name ought not to be hidden from us, has used great diligence and good judgment in amassing his materials and in disposing them in the most effective manner. His Latin is pure, simple, and marked by that ease which only great care and skill can secure; and in small but clear type along the foot of the pages runs a delightful series of illustrative extracts in English from

Boedder, Gerard, Hettinger, Hammerstein, Balmes, Driscoll, Gildea, Row, Sasia, Ronayne, Lacordaire, Schanz, Manning, Newman, Ming, Fairbairn, Swickerath, Slevin, Vaughan, Humphrey, Archbishop Healy and Cardinal Pecci. The last of these is the only one that the author seems to have turned into English for himself, as he must have also done for Father Cornoldi and the Dominican Father, Papagni, the extracts from whom are of extreme interest, tending to show that the Jesuit view of a famous question is more Thomistic than that of certain Thomists. This Mount Melleray professor has studied deeply all the authorities from St. Thomas and Suarez to Schiffini, Urráburu and Pesch. The *American Catholic Quarterly* has described his work as "the only one of its class that brings the philosophy of the schools conveyed through a Latin medium into so full a relationship with the pertinent literature in English." The book is admirably produced by Browne and Nolan, Ltd., Nassau-street, Dublin. Two shillings is an extremely moderate price.

WOODBINE

I LOVE each wildflower of my native vale,
Yet, queen o'er all, would set the woodbine bright,
Whose image, mirrored in the mind's clear sight,
Could cheer, when winter clouds brought sleet and hail—
But now sweet summer smiles o'er hill and dale,
Whilst here I stray and view, with calm delight,
Yon fragrant Woodbine blooms, of creamy white,
That fan-like wave and perfume every gale.

Oh, gentle must the great Creator be,
Who leaves to man, though fallen, flowers so fair,
To touch his heart and make him long to see
That Land of Promise and of rest from care,
Lord, when our warfare with this world shall cease,
Admit us to Thy paradise of peace.

E. O'L.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1905

FATHER WILLIAM HUGHES, S.J.

A BELATED OBITUARY

I.

ANOTHER uneventful story.* The American humorist Josh Billings, who in private life is Mr. Henry Shaw, has, under another name, "Uncle Esek," published from time to time many quaint and pithy sayings with a good deal of sense in them. Here is one of them: "Money and fame are the things that men work hardest for, and after death one is worth to them just about as much as the other." The subject of the following slight sketch worked hard, but certainly not for fame or money. He made no stir even in his own little world, though he had as good brains and used them as industriously as many a man who has been greatly talked about. It will be seen that he had a special claim to be commemorated in this Magazine, which nevertheless has allowed more than three years to pass by without paying the tribute that is due to his memory.

William Hughes was the sixth of the seven sons of Patrick

* I use this phrase again in order to note that the epithet has been robbed of its important first syllable in one of the last sentences of the sketch of Father Robert Carbery, S.J. (*antea* page 376). Readers are slow to perceive obvious misprints even of the most glaring kind. I may take this opportunity of correcting a blunder of my own in the account of the late Mr. Henry Bedford (*antea* page 364). Canon Frederick Oakeley was there called "his Cambridge friend." An "Oxford Man" reminds me that "Oakeley was never at Cambridge, but was Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. He never knew H. B. till after his conversion to the Faith."

Hughes, of Ballygowan, near Milford, in the county of Carlow. Ballygowan has been the home of the family for several generations. It is situated in a beautiful country district, four miles from the town of Carlow, and two from Leighlinbridge. The parish of Leighlin, (pronounced Loughlin) to which Ballygowan belongs, would be justified in taking pride out of the exceptional number of clever men that it has produced. It was the birth-place of Professor Tyndall, Cardinal Moran, Father William Delany, S.J., the Rev. Michael Maher, S.J., author of a well-known treatise on Psychology, and Mr. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, one of the most distinguished Catholic laymen in the United States. This is by no means an exhaustive list of Leighlinbridge notabilities, to whom the reader, before we have done, will, we hope, add the subject of the present sketch.

His mother was Mary Campion—a name which afterwards had additional interest for him on account of the English Jesuit martyr, Blessed Edmund Campion, who, by the way, was Irish enough to take St. Patrick for his patron, and to pass himself off as “Mr. Patrick,” with an Irish accent whenever he was forced to assume a disguise. Of the seven sons of Patrick Hughes and Mary Campion, one died in infancy and another early in life. Thomas, the eldest, was carried off by the cholera, which raged after the famine years. He hurried away for the doctor when his father was attacked by the dreadful sickness; but, before he returned, he caught the pestilence, and he and his father were buried together on the 2nd of October, 1849.

God often leaves the mother alone in charge of the little family, because she is better fitted to bring them up well. This was evidently the case with the mother of Father William Hughes. Many of his tastes and much of his character agree with what I have learned about Mrs. Hughes. She had been well educated at a private boarding-school, in Kilkenny, and was always fond of reading; but she was still fonder of praying. She spent much time in prayer, especially on the eve of her Communion days. She prayed longer and fasted harder than is the fashion nowadays, even among pious people. She kept up to the end the blessed custom of having the Rosary said in common every night by all, servants and children. She had a sweet, patient temper, but was very firm in the management of her household. She and her husband were particularly charitable

to the poor. The youngest of her children, who was only a week old when her father died, and only eleven years old when the mother followed him, remembers being often sent with her sisters with presents to certain poor neighbours. She adds, what I had myself suspected : " Father William was like mother in appearance and natural character ; she was calm and cheerful, prudent and patient, and after her great trial grave, but never melancholy." A very zealous priest, Father Denis Kane, D.D., afterwards Vicar-General of Kildare, gave her books treating of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which devotion she practised very earnestly for the remainder of her life, and found in it strength and comfort.

In her double bereavement, the loss of husband and eldest son at the same time, and at so trying a time, Mrs. Hughes called her next son, John, home from school to fill as far as a boy could his father's place in the family. When one of his sisters had become a Brigidine Nun, at Tullow, Co. Carlow, where she is still serving God, and when three of them had joined the Irish Sisters of Charity, as we call Mrs. Aikenhead's fine variation of St. Vincent de Paul's glorious ideal—of whom two were called home early to our Father Who is in Heaven, and the third is still at work among little children and the poor—when the family were so far settled, John found himself free at last to carry out his original purpose of becoming a priest. In spite of his unwilling delay he was still the first of the brothers to enter the Society of Jesus. As certain printed domestic records are slightly incorrect on this point, I will transcribe the " comparative chronology " from the original official document in which error is impossible. John Hughes was received as a novice on the 21st of February, 1862 ; William three months later, on May 11th ; and Joseph, March 2nd, 1865. Joseph Hughes, the youngest, was the first to die—September 2nd, 1878, aged thirty-five years—and John followed him ten years later, April 11th, 1888, aged fifty-three. He is buried at Dromore, Co. Down, where the Jesuit Novitiate was established for a short time. William, who seemed much less strong, survived them many years.

Before any of the brothers had embraced the religious life, their pious mother had been taken from them. She died a holy and happy death, August 30th, 1860, aged fifty-four

years, about the same age that her husband had reached at the time of his death, eleven years before. Mr. Patrick Hughes still represents the family at Ballygowan.

William Hughes was thus, not the first, as I had thought, but the second, of the three brothers to enter the Society on earth, and he was the last to join it in the immortal life of Heaven. But it is his mortal life that we are concerned with and we have not yet mentioned the date at which it began. He was born on the 30th of January, 1841. From an early age he showed himself a steady, studious boy, who seemed marked out to be the priest of the family. He made his First Communion as early as the 1st of May, 1849, in the pretty chapel of Ballybranna; and he was confirmed in the church of Leighlin, by Dr. Haly, Bishop of Kildare, before he was nine years old. He was well grounded in English and Mathematics by the excellent schoolmaster of Leighlinbridge, John Conwell, from whom the late Professor Tyndall and Father William Delany, S.J., the present Rector of University College, Dublin, got their early training. He began his study of Latin and Greek with a good old Tipperary man named Mergin, who kept a classical school in the same place. A pupil of the latter tells me that the *g* in his name is hard; and so was his scholastic discipline. "Both men knew the persuasive powers of the rod and employed them unflinchingly."

About his fifteenth year William Hughes entered Carlow College as an ecclesiastical student, and some time after he obtained a place in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. In that noble institution, which deserves in a very emphatic sense its French designation of *grand Séminaire*, he spent three years in the classes of Rhetoric and Philosophy. I have not procured any information as to how far he showed what was in him; but I have no doubt that he was a conscientious student, laying up stores of solid and exact knowledge inside and outside the class programme.

One of his young sisters tells me that the College vacations, the delightful months of July and August spent at home by the Maynooth student, were the time from which she retains her most vivid impressions of him, as she was too young to be much impressed by anything while he was still a member of the household all the year round. Her recollection represents

him as very kind-hearted but grave. They could never persuade him to take part in a dance. Evidently he felt the weight of his dignity, as at this time the only ecclesiastic of the family. *Noblesse oblige.*

I remember a young novice in a Convent of Mercy, whose keenest regret, whose hardest sacrifice, was the thought that she was never again to enjoy the delightful family drive on Sunday evenings on their crowded but comfortable car. That was a favourite Ballygowan pleasure also ; and one of the little girls who looked up with reverence to her big black-coated brother tells us that the competition was keen for a place on William's side of the car—" to sit beside him and hear him tell the reason of everything that turned up, and explain all about it ; he did it so beautifully that we were enchanted."

When about to begin his theological studies, William Hughes of Kildare obtained leave to "change the venue," to transfer his allegiance from his native diocese to the Society of Jesus. I am sorry I know nothing about the rise and progress of his religious vocation, or the difficulties he may have had to overcome before obeying the call. On the 11th of May, 1862, as has been mentioned already, he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, which had been opened three years before at Milltown Park, Dublin. The first Irish Master of Novices was the holy, learned, and amiable Father Daniel Jones, a personality of great charm and power.

His first work after the two years' noviceship was on the staff of Clongowes Wood College. The earliest of his letters that has come into my hands was written at the end of his short term as Prefect in that College ; for it is dated "August 2nd ;" and that it was the year 1865 appears from the following circumstance. In this letter he says : "Two of our Fathers, Father William Kelly and Father Joseph Lentaigue, went to Australia about ten days ago, to found a mission. That is something like a sacrifice ! I suppose they will soon make room for more Jesuits."

When writing thus to his sister Anne, he did not think that he himself, as soon as he was a priest, would make what he calls here "something like a sacrifice ;" but I have quoted the words as establishing the date : for Fathers Kelly and Lentaigue landed at Melbourne, and began the Australian Mission of the Society

of Jesus, on the feast of St. Matthew, September 21st, 1865. At that date William Hughes had been changed from Clongowes to Crescent House, where he did the work of a very efficient Master, with Father Thomas Kelly as his Rector. He soon reports favourably to his sister, "I am very well, thank God. I like teaching much better than last year's work; it is not so harassing."

He was already a year in Limerick when I, returning from the banks of the Mayenne to the banks of the Shannon—where I had before spent five happy years under Father Edward Kelly, the founder of the College—first made the acquaintance of William Hughes, and became his colleague in September, 1866. He had proved his great ability as a teacher from the first. The members of the community and the pupils all loved and respected him; and so it was wherever he went. His modesty and gentleness in vain did their best to hide very exceptional powers of application and a wonderful memory and sound judgment.

Towards the close of his term of service in Limerick there was started in London a religious periodical which has gone through many changes in its course. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* began in a much more pretentious form than that of the two excellent periodicals of that name which are published at present in London and in Dublin. These are penny publications circulating very widely among the people; but their original namesake was a sixpenny magazine of the literature of devotion, published with extreme care and taste by a zealous convert, John Philp. The first editor was the genial and witty Father William Maher, S.J., who was much more of a musician than a *littérateur*, one of those editors (often the most efficient) who write nothing themselves but know how to get their best out of others. At first he depended greatly on translations, from the *Messenger du Sacré Cœur*, which was then most ably conducted by its founder, Father Ramière, S.J.; but gradually original matter claimed all the space. As this *Messenger* was alone in the field, it won the very active sympathy of Limerick during three or four years before 1873, the birth-year of THE IRISH MONTHLY which, of course, retained all that it could for home-consumption. Volumes IV.-IX. contain a large mass of prose and verse derived from this source, including admirable contributions from the holy and learned Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R.,

then Rector of the Redemptorists, and translations of "Hymns of the Church," by Denis Florence MacCarthy. One of these Limerick auxiliaries was William Hughes, who contributed excellent sketches of Blessed John de Britto (running through several months), Blessed Charles Spinola, and others. He had a pure, cultivated, yet simple and manly style—slightly austere and reticent, more like Newman than Faber, more like Morley than Macaulay. The only poems that I remember from his pen were in honour of St. Agnes, of St. Bride of Kildare, and of our Lady's Assumption; on which great theme also many beautiful thoughts in prose from the same source may be found in the fifth volume of our own Magazine.

In the autumn of 1868 he was sent to Louvain for his course of theology. The following April he reports progress to Father Peter Foley, whom he had left behind in Limerick. "I am getting on very well here. I cannot study very much, as the classes are overloaded with dictation; but I hope to get on very well for all that. Of course I like the wrangling of the circles, which brings to mind the tough bouts we had of it in Limerick against Father Russell's heresies [whatever these may have been] . . . I preached in the refectory on Passion Sunday. Fine exercise for the lungs to be heard against the clatter of plates and dishes. Demosthenes outroaring the waves—a perfect parallel and very modest. Pray for me."

The following letter contains a set of verses which purport to be taken from *In Memoriam*. They are at any rate so well done that several have sought for them in Tennyson's great elegy. But in vain—they are a hoax. The allusion to the "nibbled nail" is a manifest gibe which unhappily the lapse of forty years has not rendered entirely obsolete. The reference to the Wye puzzled me; but I was glad to find that that was evidently a designed coincidence to help the imposture; for in the nineteenth section (if we may call it so) of the poem, we read of Arthur Hallam's grave:—

They laid him by the pleasant shore
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

Yet, even now, I am puzzled to know why the parodist drags in such arrant, irrelevant, nonsense, as the "clod of earth," and "between the miller's and your aunt's." It is all very clever fooling.

11, RUE DES RECOLLETS,
LOUVAIN,
January 29, or thereabout.
1877.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

Many thanks for the *Messenger* and your kind letter. Thinking it too bad that you should have to send me the *Messenger* every month I wrote to Father Maher to make Mr. Philp put me down as if I were a subscriber for the next half year. I acquit you of half your promise, but I hold you fast to the due quantity of letters. I am glad to hear that the church is getting on so well and that the school is as well as could be expected. I am very busy at present with my *examen ad audiendas*, rubrics, and a menstrual for next week, besides a sermon that must be written at Easter. I'll do something for the *Messenger* next summer if I can. You see my hands are pretty full; so, if I don't write you as often as you promised to write to me, you must put the ugly fact down to business, my difficulty in asking leave, and my conviction that Latin letters are a bore. Moreover, take beforehand an excuse from the *In Memoriam* of the *divine Arthurs*. He puts my case well, and it is one mark of good poetry not to be altogether in Utopia:—

Thou askest why I write not oft,
Though I not seldom promised thee
To send across the rolling sea
The thoughts which raise my soul aloft.

Methinks I see thee in thine ire
Depasturing the nibbled nail,
That never comes a friendly hail
By steam's blue might or graphic wire.

Bethink thee, friend, at evening ere
Thou layest thy cares upon thy couch,
What wildered seers at times avouch
That nought with fancy can compare.

For when she spreads her filmy vans
To dart athwart the polar star,
She leapeth like the lightning's car
And at a bound the welkin spans.

My fancy shoots to where doth lie
My early friend. A clod of earth
Is only left of all his worth
Upon the marge of babbling Wye.

While thus I soar in fancy drear,
Can I forget our early haunts
— a sketch of the miller's and your aunt's
Where blaze the flags beside the mere ?

I still am with thee, friend ; the mind
By chains of distance can't be bound.
God nowise made this world a pound
To keep apart the human kind.

Bene—but you must not retort the argument. I got a very nice letter from Philp with a number of his quarterly serial, "Good Deeds." He gives me leave to send him two hundred pages or a hundred, or sixty — a sketch of somebody or something. The Stonyhurst people are to figure in his next number with Bishop Challoner, Père Endes, founder of the Order of the Good Shepherd, etc. He suggests "a sketch of Jean Baptiste de la Salle, with commentaries on the crotchets of Belgian Liberals and English *Nothingarians* as to their *beau-ideal* of instruction suitable for the enlightenment of the nineteenth century !" Now we have School Boards established, it would come very *apropos*. "If the subject be not quite to your taste, I leave it to your own selection." Perhaps you could trounce his villains for him : it would be worth while. The style of the serial is very fair but not quite the thing. It is a little wordy and weak—but the words are good, though to us they have a sound of semicant, as if the writers wanted to be more pious than business-like. If I had time, I'd like to give him a real sketch of some of our Saints—about 130 pages. It is clear I could not attempt to sketch the founder of the Christian Schools and make the "commentaries" tell, for I have not studied the newspapers lately and would be only making blind hits. It would not be hard to give the pith of Newman, the *Ratio Studiorum*, and the rules of scholastics in "digressions to the point"—but it would be *brutum fulmen*, as I have not the practical knowledge to shape the blow,—I must give up that idea, and, if it would be a good thing to do, think of giving him some live Jesuit of a hundred years ago. Think over the subject a bit. I am inclined to believe that I'd have some skill in writing with practice and lots of more information. Philp would give me practice enough, for I am sure he'll publish anything I send him. Nor do I think that I would be deserting the *Messenger*, as with a little practice writing would not cost me so much. I see for the last few sentences I have been pleading for your approval, as if I had made up my mind to do a foolish thing and wanted to shift the responsibility on your shoulders. But speak out and tell me plainly if you think it better to let Philp's proposal slide and stick exclusively to the *Messenger*. If you think so, tell me, and *Good Deeds* will take up no more of my thoughts. I am saying all this on the supposition that I am doing some good for your "little pet ;" certes you lead me to think so by your letter, and you have its interest too much at heart to encourage me if it were not so. However, you won't like the rest of De Britto so well, though there are some good things in it. Father Foley might be brought to give an opinion on the matter. However, you must "circumvent" him, for it is as

hard to trap him into giving advice when he is not strictly bound as it is to catch a weasel asleep. Give him my love, and remember me to Father Kelly, Father M'Kenna, and the other Fathers. I am delighted to hear of the success of the church, and that the school is holding on fairly. I think I said that before, but what harm? You have no chance of getting your Tertianship yet awhile—but I dare say by "agitation" you'll get it the sooner. The last *Messenger* was very good. The gem was undoubtedly your cousin's piece.* It brought out everything high and manly that could lurk in the broken soldier's heart, and poured about his death-bed all that there is in religion of faith, hope, and love. But for this, it would make the heart ache too keenly, even though the fancy and grace of the verses would lessen the pang. I think it must have done more good than many a sermon. I am glad the "Wicked Woods" is getting on. There will no doubt be plenty of mischief in it, some pathos, much fine landscape painting—a beautiful girl standing in a window as if framed by the roses, with a knack (when occasion serves) of doing Sister-of-Mercy work in the world,—rather arch, full of high thoughts but not speaking like a book; a young gentleman to match—full of pluck, slightly inclined to bully, but not fighting duels, hectoring down all opposition—tall, with a swingeing moustache and an aquiline nose,—goes to Mass withal, feels awfully tempted to swear at all sorts of baseness, but doesn't—in love, of course—tender, playful but not spooney—goes vigorous and uncompromising through the usual difficulties, and at last lands on the matrimonial shore *sans peur et sans reproche*. These types appear in her former works, though not drawn at full length; if they don't appear in the new work, there will come others as good. The style of the last pieces you showed me is far more terse and ringing than in the three early volumes,—calm, graceful, sinewy. There is no danger she'll take up any uncatholic type, but you certainly ought, if you can, to act as "theological censor" lest anything akin to the usual stuff should creep into her works. If only fairly launched, she'll witch the world with noble strains:—

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres.
To hear the sea maid's music—

Them's my ideas. I didn't mean to run on so far—but it can't be helped now. Pray occasionally for me. I am not quite what I ought to be in any way—but I hope I'm in the grace of God, and that my constitution is sound; though I haven't turned the one or the other to its proper account. I hope the priesthood will bring with it "the grace of state," for certainly it is rather awful to think of. The theology will soon be over—God be with it going—it is a tough job enough. This last mood only means that I am not quite vigorous—for you know I am a sad fellow when "the equilibrium of the humours" is disturbed. That's Rodriguez' explanation of it, and it's as good as any other. Pray for me.

W. HUGHES, S.J.

P.S.—Let me know if you think I could make Jean Baptiste de la Salle do, by telling what he did and why he did it, now and then telling what he did *not* do and why he did *not* do it.

* "The Hospital at Spicheren," by R. M. (*Messenger*, vii., 50). This reference enables me to fix the date of the letter as January, 1871.

The *Life of the Venerable de la Salle*, was written and published. I am afraid this admirable sketch has been allowed to go out of print. All the foregoing letter is written clearly and legibly in a sheet of thin note paper. Father Hughes' handwriting was excellent.

In a large community of picked students representing many countries William Hughes was the most gifted. He was marked out for the Grand Act—a public defence *de universa theologia*, for which only an exceptionally brilliant student is occasionally selected—but his health did not admit of so severe a test. From childhood indeed his health had been unsatisfactory, and he had often to struggle on through serious difficulties which he seldom allowed to be known. This must have increased immensely the meritoriousness of the patient labours that filled up the many years still before him. How much more difficult it must be to work steadily and cheerfully under such circumstances than it is for those who do not know for forty years at a stretch what indigestion is or a headache, or a sleepless night ! God help us, *nous autres, nosotros*, if we do not turn our advantages to good account.

A year before the conclusion of his theological course William Hughes was ordained priest. At this epoch he wrote to his sister Anne from "Louvain, 11 Rue des Recollets, 29th August"—as usual, no year given, but it must have been 1871.

"Thank you very much for your letter, and still more for your good prayers. I was ordained Subdeacon on Blessed John Berchmans' day (August 13th), and shall receive Deaconship the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. The crowning grace of all is to come the Sunday after, when, please God, I shall be ordained Priest. I am to begin my preparatory retreat this evening. Continue your prayers and coax some of your good Sisters into saying a few *Hail Marys* for me. I am very well, and expect to be better during the coming year. The studies won't be as hard as usual, and I shall have the great consolation of saying Mass every morning. *That* is something to cheer the heart and lighten the labours of the day."

He was ordained priest on the 11th of September, 1871, which that year was the feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

I overheard Father Hughes, in the early years of his religious life, saying that to go to Australia was "something

like a sacrifice," a real sacrifice. I do not know when it was brought home to him that God wished him to make this sacrifice—to work as a priest, not among the good people at home in Ireland, but in distant Australia. One who was close to him during these last years in Europe states that Father Hughes volunteered for this Mission. His offer was accepted. At the conclusion of his theological studies in June, 1872, he got a hurried glimpse of his relatives in their convent-homes, or in the old home at Ballygowan; and then he at once returned to Belgium to make at least a substantial beginning of his Tertianship—that is, a third year of noviceship, to supplement the two years' probation with which religious life begins. Then for a second time he went through the full course of the spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, devoting to them a full month. To one of his nun-sisters he wrote after this second Long Retreat which he made in the *Ancienne Abbaye* of Tronchiennes, near Ghent. After referring to the beautiful and happy death of his sister Mary (a Sister of Charity) he goes on:—

" You see God is separating us from one another in order that we may give ourselves more perfectly to Him alone. Let us accept His Will in our regard with patience and even with joy, since we know that He loves us and does and permits everything for our good. My month's retreat has made me feel this more than ever. Though we may not see each other for a long time [never again on earth], yet we can always meet in the Sacred Heart of Jesus and pray for one another. When we are in the Sacred Heart, we may be sure that no harm can touch us."

Of the first of the two Long Retreats of his Jesuit lifetime, eleven years before, I have seen this note in the handwriting of Father Daniel Jones, his novice-master: " Made only the First Week on account of his health." He fared much better now after all his hard work as a teacher and a learner.

" Our month's retreat [he writes in the same letter] passed off very well. All of us (about fifty) were able to hold on to the end without fatigue. We spent eight days considering the end of our creation, sin, hell, judgment, death—and then we had a day's rest, in which we who were making the Exercises could talk a little to each other. Then we spent twelve days in considering the hidden and public life of our Lord, seven days on

the Passion, and four days on our Lord's life after His Resurrection, ending with Heaven and the Love of God. About half the time we had five meditations a day, one of which began at midnight. We had also a consideration before dinner. The whole time of Retreat was thirty-four days, of which three were days of rest, so that we had thirty-one solid days of silence, meditation, self-examination, and prayer."

At the same pathetic crisis of his life he wrote to the survivor of his three Sisters of Charity:—

"I need not go to any trouble giving you my present address, as I must be off to Liverpool about the 2nd December. We start by the good ship 'Ophelia' on the 5th. The voyage will take a little over two months. I have no doubt we shall be very happy on sea, as we can say Mass and have the Blessed Sacrament with us all through the voyage. You need not be anxious about me, as there is less danger in these vessels than in the ordinary travelling by rail. The Blessed Virgin, you know, is Star of the Sea, and must look after us. Besides, we have got all kinds of powers and blessings from the Pope. We go out, then, under the direction of St. Peter, and he was always a fine seaman. The nuns of Cappoquin threaten St. Joseph if he lets any harm nigh me. If all goes to all, the way to Heaven is as short by sea as by land, and may the Will of God be done in all things! He knows what is best for us, and we know nothing at all about it. We will pray for one another always. I must try to cultivate a deep devotion to the Sacred Heart, and so must you; and then we can both meet in that sweet resting-place and be very closely united in affection though separated by many thousands of miles. Isn't this a good plan? Almighty God is taking some of the family to Himself and scattering the others, in order that we may make it our chief comfort to love Him and labour for His glory."

He then tells over again the story of the Long Retreat, ending, however, with a noteworthy spiritual exercise which was completely ignored in the other letter—an instruction on the Glove of St. Bernard. Perhaps his correspondent's religious name, Sister Mary Bernardine, reminded him of it.

"This glove has a sort of magical power, so that you have only to lift a finger at the devil and he must cut and run. Each finger has a little inscription on it, and you have to show this inscription to the enemy in order to frighten him away. You are to show him the proper finger at the proper time. The thumb has on it for inscription *Thanks be to God*, the forefinger

Willingly, the middle finger *Be silent*, the ring-finger *What's that to you?* the little finger *Have confidence, child*.

"When you are in trial or meet some suffering or humiliation, the devil wants you to be impatient and to complain. Cock your thumb in his ugly face with *Thanks be to God*. When you get some disagreeable job or are called to help another, and the devil suggests that you are tired and that people are troublesome: show him the forefinger—*Willingly*. When he wants you to talk at the wrong time or to be too fond of excusing yourself, show him the middle finger—*Hold your tongue*. Show the ring-finger when he wants you to judge others or to inquire about things that don't concern you—*What is that to you?* When you do anything wrong, and he tells you 'there is the end of all your fine resolutions, it is useless to strive to overcome yourself, you will always be imperfect, perfection is only for the Saints, and you had better give it up a losing game'—show the little finger, *Have confidence, child*. This is the finger that we have oftentimes to use, so we must have it always ready.

"There now is a piece of spirituality for you, and Mother Rectress will give you leave to use that glove all your life. I don't think you use kid gloves, but this one isn't at all against poverty."

The date of the following letter shows that the good ship *Ophelia* did not start quite so early in the month as one of her passengers had expected:—

LIVERPOOL,
8 SALISBURY-STREET,
9th December.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

Here I am at last. The ship does not sail till the 12th, that is, next Thursday. It was put back a week; why, I can't say. I have not seen our cabin yet, but I believe it is all right. We have an altar, a fair collection of useful professional books, health, and spirits, and hope. It is not a bad cargo; but we want all these things to keep us up. Father Nulty is our Superior, and Father Watson and myself are the subjects. We are to have a cabin to ourselves where we are to have our altar and to get through some of our community duties. For some time the chief duty, I suppose, will be patience; but, that stage passed, we have all the requisites necessary for making a happy voyage and turning our time to account. We are never likely to get so much leisure again. I do not intend to write for the press as I travel. I must revise moral theology, collect matter on the great truths, look over some compendium of dogmatic theology, read up the *Rituale Romanum* for the chief points about the Sacraments, think about the practical way of advancing the devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Passion, the Blessed Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, our own Saints and my special patrons. If any part

of this programme falls through by reason of sickness and tropical heat, I must only take to Dante and Tennyson, and (notwithstanding Dr. Newman's dictum) "make Shakespeare my light reading." I am not likely to forget you as I hope to imitate you in working for the Sacred Heart. I am not likely, however, to send you many Messages* from Australia. I think it would be a bad sign "to cast" many "longing lingering looks behind." I must set my face towards the Southern Cross, write a book for the Melbournites and leave the northern hemisphere to Providence. Is not that very tall talk? If I write anything and print, I will send you a copy. I do not think the Australians have that need of æsthetic spirituality which the readers of the *Messenger* experience. They can hardly be so far advanced as yet, and hence what will suit them can scarcely do for your purposes. You, see I am thinking of making an effort to be useful and practical, to give up idle reading and writing that won't do for the Antipodes, to take up the simple line of saying my prayers, doing what I am bid, and using my pen for the necessities of the hour. All this is fine castle-building; for in all probability I shall be so taken up with the schools as to have no time for writing at all. *Videbimus infra*. I think our houses in Melbourne take the *Messenger* and all the other periodicals of Mount-street. Father Christie has started a monthly of twenty-four pages, styled *Catholic Progress*. It is chiefly for his young men. The subscription is half-a-crown a year. I believe it supports itself, as the circulation is twelve hundred copies. That's doubtful grammar, but I let it stand.

The long retreat went off very well at Tronchiennes. We were forty-nine exercitants, and made the midnight meditations and everything else in the book: all were able to go through all the duties without missing a single item of the Ignatian programme. I thought you were making your tertianship somewhere and taking copious notes. I have a journal of all the meditations and instructions, about 300 pages. As it seemed probable that I was to make my retreats by myself for the future, I determined to have matter enough. It is simple and commonplace stuff, but for that reason all the more useful.

We must love one another though separated. I will often meet you in the Sacred Heart, and pray for you and your works, that God may bless them; nor can "our guide, philosopher and friend," Father Foley, be forgotten. "When shall we three meet again?" Life's hurly-burly will soon be over, and we shall meet where there is no parting. But I must not grow sentimental like your notepaper. Perhaps we may meet yet out in Australia, by the banks of the Yarra Yarra. We do not sail till Sunday morning. We have a very comfortable cabin "considering." We are in fine health and spirits, and hope to do something for Almighty God in a far country. It is "our vocation, Hal, and would you blame a man for following his vocaton?" If you feel inclined, it would not be a bad thing to pray *pro navigantibus*.* I feel inclined

* This means papers for the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

† The Church has special prayers in the Missal "for those who are at sea."

to write on, but I must stop somewhere. Good-bye, and God bless us both.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

WILLIAM HUGHES, S.J.

I saw your friend Father Maher. He made me a present of a nice pocket-book for carrying the Viaticum and holy oils.

W. H.

Father Christopher Nulty and Father Michael Watson had been, like Father Hughes, students at Maynooth before entering the Society; they had studied Theology along with him at Louvain, and were ordained priests on the same day; and now the three were to make their way together to Australia in the *Ophelia*, a sailing vessel which took 112 days to the voyage; and, as they reached their journey's end on the 10th of April, they must have started on the 19th of December, a little later than Father Hughes had reckoned on. "Our gallant ship," writes one of her passengers, "was towed by a steamer down the Mersey and through the Irish Sea to the south-east coast of Ireland, where she was left to herself." During the first weeks the wind blew fiercely against them and made things disagreeable; but, after they had passed the Canaries, all went well. From five o'clock in the morning till ten at night the time of the three young priests was portioned out between various occupations and studies in a fashion very unlike the methods for killing time generally resorted to by first-class passengers in ocean steamers; and I have no doubt that for those on the *Ophelia* the time passed more quickly and more pleasantly. They landed at Melbourne on Holy Thursday, 1873; but, before they landed, a boat came out to meet and welcome them. The boat contained Father O'Malley, Father Nolan, and—those who still remember him might have guessed it—Father Frank Murphy, the large-hearted, the brilliantly-gifted, the devoted Father Frank.*

M. R.

(To be continued.)

* He died at Melbourne, April 20th, 1898, almost at the same hour that Father Thomas Kelly, his ablest pupil and a kindred spirit, passed away at St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner-street, Dublin.

THE OLD FARMER

OLD am I now and sorrowful that once was young and gay,
 And heavy care and sadness lie on my lonely heart,
 For I'm thinking of the yellowing corn and meadows sweet with
 hay,

And the reaping and the gleaning in which I have no part.
 Oh ! fair and pleasant were your slopes, dear Valley of the Thrush !
 And soft the music of your streams, through green banks
 flowing down,
 And sweet the singing of the birds on every tree and bush,
 My sorrow ! that I'm far from you in lonely London town.

Sad, oh sad are the summer days, and slow the hours go by,
 As I tread the city pavements with tired and listless feet,
 Remembering pleasant pastures where the cattle quiet lie,
 Far from this city's turmoil dull, its noise, and dust, and heat.
 How swiftly flew those other days of happy long ago !
 As with my plough I turned the sods of new earth, sweet and
 brown,
 Or planted the potato-seed, or helped the grass to mow,
 Ere I was sent in exile to this lonely London town.

No more I watch the blue, blue skies, no more I see green trees ;
 Forests of lifeless brick and stone surround me everywhere ;
 God help the little children that come playing at my knees !
 Why should they pine and languish, while they might be happy
 there ?

Oh to be back in Glenismole, where meadow grasses wave,
 To rest amidst the heather and the bracken green and brown !
 'Twere happier there to sleep in death, at peace within the grave,
 Than be alive, and old, and sad in lonely London town.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

ANNIVERSARY ECHOES FROM IONA

“**F**AR from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, and whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.”

The Iona, however, whose echo now reaches the reader, is not the holy island of St. Columba that inspired this famous passage in brave old Dr. Johnson's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. No, our Iona was planted for a week last October in the Rotunda, Dublin—the bazaar in aid of the new church of St. Columba, Drumcondra. Among its ingenious devices for stimulating the generosity of benefactors was the issue of a very handsome and interesting souvenir consisting of half a hundred royal octavo pages in which business and literature were cleverly combined. Only the latter of these concerns us here ; and our first sample of it will be this exquisitely poetical description by Lady Gilbert, of the sights and sounds of Dawn.

Gold in the east : a far thin cry
From somewhere between earth and sky ;
The elf-farms are awake, and shrill
Their trumpets ring from hill to hill.

Grey in the west, and from the dark
The poplars stepping, tall and stark,
One by one, in a grimly row,
Like soldiers waiting for the foe.

A silver line along the sea,
White faces in the elder tree ;
No stir in grasses lush and deep,
Where lark and song are still asleep.

High in the north a laggard star,
Belated in his crystal car !
He hastens now his tardy flight,
Alarmed at day's pursuing light.

A peacock from rose-garden dreams
 A sudden flaps his wings and screams,
 And flashes on the golden dawn
 His jewelled plumage to the lawn.

The crimson bud of yesternight
 Awakes a rose, and with delight
 Perceives the potency of her sway
 As queen of love a whole long day.

Before the sun, before the voice
 Of blatant man, such sweets rejoice
 The tender hour ; an hour of gold
 When nought is evil or is old.

This poem is called "At Cock-crow." The Devonshire word is, we believe, "Cock-light;" and a poem with this title has long been waiting its turn, which may now be given to it, though Rose Arresti did not, like Rosa Mulholland, offer it to St. Columba and his newest church.

Fleeing from the dawn,
 Now goes the pale moon-ghost ;
 White upon the lawn
 There gleams a fairy host.

Wee umbrellas furled,
 Or tiny tents spread wide,
 Come to storm the world
 In fleeting mushroom pride.

Colourless, dim flowers,
 All scentless and dew-wet,
 That will load the hours
 With perfumed radiance yet.

All things vague and strange
 In waiting for their lord
 Bringing magic change
 With first flash of his sword.

Katharine Tynan's contribution to the *Souvenir of Iona* was
 "The Cuckoo in the House"—

The sweetest cuckoo flits behind
 The screen, the cot, the easy chair,
 Cries "Cuckoo," till you find and bind
 Close in your arms that wanderer.
 Cuckoo, Cuckoo, now far, now near,
 With us 'tis "Cuckoo," all the year.

Cuckoo, the spring's cuckoo, but shows
 His bill and all too soon is flown.
 He will not wait for lily and rose
 But when the spring goes he is gone.
 Alack, the jocund call and dear !
 With us 'tis "Cuckoo !" all the year.

This cuckoo has a russet head
 Within whose curls the gold will hide.
 Her cheeks have summer's brown and red,
 Her mouth is decked with pearls inside.
 The winter is a thing of fear.
 With us 'tis "Cuckoo !" all the year.

She bobs as bobbing daisies do,
 And wears her kirtle to her feet.
 This maid of years just short of two
 So daisy sweet and so complete.
 "Cuckoo !" "Cuckoo !" O harbinger !
 With us 'tis "Cuckoo !" all the year.

We call the singer of this sweet song by her maiden name because she had won her place as a poet before her marriage but Mrs. Hinkson's younger sister was mute till she became Nora O'Mahony. Here is her pleasant contribution, describing "A Town Garden":—

My garden's but a small, square space
 Beset with city walls,
 Where no green trees bestow their grace
 Nor note of blackbird calls
 Across the sunburnt plot of grass
 Which doth its centre make,
 Nor is there terrace-walk, alas !
 Nor fountain cool nor lake.

But here the sunshine floods all day
 The white walls new and bare,
 Where I have planted roses gay
 With pinks and lavender,
 Sweetwilliams, stocks, and asters fine
 Bloom bravely in the sun,
 And happy I to call them mine
 When the day's work is done.

And, when I'm tired and sad and lone
 In Dublin by the sea,
 A bit of country all my own
 My garden makes for me.
 Yet in my dreams I sometimes see
 Another garden fair,
 Where floats the drowsy hum of bee
 On balmy country air.

A tangle sweet of apple-bloom,
 Of roses and woodbine,
 Where country breezes go and come
 And skies of azure shine.
 Ah me ! how dull my garden grows,
 Its sunburnt plot of green,
 And narrow flower-beds set in rows
 The hard stone walls between !

Seamus McManus gives a delightful lilt about the birds of Donegal, and T. D. Sullivan a roguish " Ionian Limerick ; " and Mr. William Byrne celebrates Iona in the stately music of heroic couplets, and Magdalen Rock in a very feeling lyric. But we have stolen enough to show that the Iona Bazaar was unique in the literary merit of its Souvenir.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage.—*Sydney Smith.*

2. Common minds receive gifts as a right ; refined minds receive rights as a gift.—*André Le Pas*

3. God has two ways of controlling us : by His commandments and by circumstances.—*Bossuet.*

4. Memory is of all our treasures the one that belongs most to us.—*Madame Calmon.*

5. We must love God's gifts and His denials ; we must love what He wills and what He does not will.—*Joubert.*

6. Silence is the sanctuary of prudence.—*Balthassar Gracian.*

7. Who would not prefer to be the soul that can predict the movements of the heavenly bodies for centuries to come—who, I say, if the choice were given him, would not rather be the astronomer than the whole of that array of revolving worlds ? The soul is not made for them ; they are made for the soul. They are the dwelling-place of man and other children of the King. A prince is of more consideration than a palace. And similarly one noble thought is greater than any planet ; one divine aspiration is greater than a whole solar system of dust and gas ; a single human soul is greater than the entire material universe.—*Dr. Alfred Momerie.*

DUNMARA

CHAPTER XXIV

LOOKING BEHIND

It was a glorious night. The stars were high and brilliant, the moon hung solemn and silver above the hills, the ground was crossed with light and shade as at noonday. A rich odour hung about Lottie's great rose-bush, whither Ellen took her way, past rustling fuchsia-trees, across the soft, dew-damp grass. She leaned into the hedge, and turned her face towards Dunmara. Moonlit river mists wreathed in the valley, and hid the air track that should have led fancy straightway to the grove where the tree stood with the name "Dolores" hacked over its bark. Soft glooms obscured the hill-paths, and the dim horizon line. The unearthly bleat of the plover came eddying up from the shadows, with its startling plaint, and whirled somewhere near through the shuddering air, then died away by infinitesimal degrees into distance and silence. The tide at intervals broke impatiently amongst the rocks with a wishful whisper, then fell back, sobbing weakly.

Not a sigh now, not a sound, not a step ; no faintest evidence of human life. Ellen leaned farther forward, her clasped hands resting on the hedge, her face steeped in the whiteness of the moonlight. Unutterable stillness ! So do these nights repeat one another, silent, changeless, unpeopled, through time, till eternity !

Hark ! what was that ? A faint echo as of a horse's hoof, coming, coming, coming. Nearer, high and sharp on the hills, low, and almost lost in the hollows of the road. Nearer yet, ringing now, dull anon ; still making speed. Ellen withdrew into the shadow of the sheltering rose-bush to let the rider go past. But drawing nearer the house the speed slackened, and when close upon the last turning in the road the horse walked slowly. At last the traveller appeared, paused, and reined in by the trees near the gate.

Who could it be, arriving at the Largie Farm at this hour ? Whoever it was he did not seem to think of dismounting, but kept his seat there in perfect quietness, his face turned to the house with its lighted windows, over whose closed blinds, shadows from within kept flitting. Who was it ? Surely, Ellen knew the outline of hat, face, figure. Surely it was Egbert Aungier. His shadow fell back and flat on the road, and against the wall. By taking one step and stretching out her hand, Ellen could have touched him, he was so near. Indeed he was there, and what could have brought him ? Could it be that he had ridden all the way from Dunmara for nothing but to stand looking at the lighted window there. Nonsense ! he was going somewhere else, and would pass on this moment. But still he did not pass. Five, ten minutes he remained there, quite still, except when now and again the horse grew impatient, and he stooped to its neck and soothed it with his hand. Ellen, hiding in the shadow, with her face crushed against a mass of roses, thought she had not forgotten her pride and anger of the morning. Her cheek burned against the cool leaves, she almost dreaded lest he should hear her heart throbbing in the stillness. She wished he would make haste and go away. Why did he not go away ?

There ! steps were coming on the road. Now he could stay no longer. The horse turned slowly, the near shadow of the trees closed over the rider. Ellen waited till the travellers went past, rough countrymen with their noisy gossip, cheering one another on the road. Then she leaned out far over the hedge, and strained her eyes to catch the flying shadow that wound over the hills in the silver dusk. The click, click, of the horse died fainter and fainter, the shadow sped vaguer and smaller in the distance, away out of sight her into the past, to return no more.

All was stillness again. Ellen pressed her hot face into the dewy leafage of the hedge. She told herself that pride and that anger were still staunch within her, and this being so, she might of course glance back and consider about what had just happened. She might admit the assurance that at Dunmara she had not been forgotten. She might dare to picture all that had occurred there since the return from the funeral. It was only a half-spiteful triumph that made her

heart leap as she saw his eyes fall on the torn paper on his desk.

"It was too late to-night," she said, "but he will be sure to come to-morrow and acknowledge his wrong. Of course I must say no word, endure no word from him, but simply 'Good-bye.' Still it will be good to be assured that he has recognized his injustice. He will perhaps judge people less hastily in future. Certainly he will come here again, to-morrow!"

Thus, bit by bit, Ellen took the cotton wool out of her ears. Passing out from the shelter of the rose-bush, she pulled a full-blown blossom, and crushing it against her mouth crossed the silvered green towards the house. It was after that night that heavily scented roses learned their trick of making her feel ill.

In the hall a tiny hand was slid in hers, and Lottie said, in her soft insinuating little voice,—

"Where have you been? You look so glad about something."

"Do I?" said Ellen, with the fragment of a sobbing laugh just shaking her utterance. "Well, I have been out as far as your rose-bush, Lottie, and the moonlight is so beautiful!"

"Is it?" said the child, wistfully, peering out. "I should like to go and see, only papa doesn't allow me after dark, because then I cough. I wonder," she went on reflecting, "if the fairies are dancing at Dunthorla Bridge now. They always do, you know, of moonlight nights. Oh! you have not told me the story yet. Will you tell it now?"

The eager eyes were not to be denied, and soon a little party had gathered round the bright kitchen hearth, Lottie's favourite place for hearing fairy tales, whilst Ellen in the midst recounted the wonderful history of the "Talking Bird, Singing Tree, and Well of the Yellow Waters," introducing a few thrilling incidents, and brilliant descriptions not to be found in the text. At length the listeners reached the highest point of enchantment, and the story came to an end. The boys went off to bed, Lottie crept into her little crib to dream of mysterious mirrors and cucumbers stuffed with pearls; Nancy "covered the embers and put out the light," and silence fell on the Largie Farm.

In the little white-boarded room looking over the sea, Ellen lay awake long after Maud was sleeping soundly by her

side. Somehow the white strands of moonlight that fell amongst the shadows on the wall and floor seemed bewitched, for, closed or open, her eyes could not escape the picture which they seemed to trace, the picture of a figure flying through the glooms and silver mists away into the distance and silence of the night. Alas for Ellen ! the cotton wool had all taken itself out of her ears, and she was actually listening to those treacherous voices of her story, forgetting all about the stones by the roadside.

The night waned, and as the dawn came pointing out the objects in the room with its pale finger, Ellen turned the cool side of her pillow for the twentieth time, and pressing her hot cheek into it, fell fast asleep. Just about the same time a chaise rolled past the little gate outside. The Largie lay drowsy and silent, winking the sleep from its eyes, as the daylight gently roused it from its dreams. The birds stirred, and peeped out of their nests, as the wheels went by, chirruped, and laid their heads under their wings again, as if nothing had happened. Half an hour afterwards the sun had irradiated all the land with dew and gold, and that chaise had gone far on its journey out into the world.

About mid-day Dr. Drummond returned alone without tidings of Randal. When Maud saw him arrive at the gate, she vanished, and was seen no more that day. Lottie was on her father's neck in an instant, Christie hanging by his arm, while the elder boys seized and led off the pony to Patsie's premises. The doctor made a pitiful attempt at his old cheery ways, but his face looked older, and Ellen noticed that some grey lines had appeared in his black hair since she had seen him last. A sick call from the mountains awaited him, and after a short rest he remounted his pony, and went off to attend it.

Ellen left Maud in peace, feeling that the girl had not yet reached the point when sympathy is tolerable. She herself felt it necessary to be up and doing on dark days even more than on sunny ones, but that was no reason why Maud should not wrestle with her own trouble in her own way. So Ellen contented herself with doing her best in the household, winning the good-will of Nancy and the boys, and the worship of Lottie, and coaxing all things into their pleasantest aspect against the doctor's return in the evening. At last there was nothing more to be done, and she put on her hat and went out, taking

the path towards the moors and sea. She would not venture on the road lest she should meet Egbert, but from the heath she could see its winding track, and no traveller could appear upon it without her knowledge.

She met Trina on the cliffs in her best mourning bonnet and shawl, carrying a letter which she placed in Ellen's hand.

"Who sent this, Trina?"

"Miss Elswitha, Miss. There's nobody there to send an' thing there now, only hersel', Miss Rowena's gone, an' now Mr. Egbert too. We'll not see him no more, neither."

"Why, Trina?" said Ellen, with an attempt at smiling. "He's not dead, too, is he?"

"No, miss, but it's a'most all wan. He's gone off this mornin' afore light, an' taken all his traps with him, an' they say he's not comin' back to Dunmara any more."

"Indeed! the house seems lonely now, I dare say. You had better go in to Nancy a while. If any answer is required to this, I will send it to-morrow."

Trina obeyed. Ellen turned away, and looked out Dunmaward. She picked up a pebble and threw it at a robin; then began stripping the green leaves slowly from a branch of twigs; when the last leaf had fallen, she was very sick. "This will never do!" she said; "what is to become of me if this goes on?"

She drew her shawl tightly around her, and dashed off as fast as her quick feet could carry her, out over the moors towards the waste levels of brown and purple that swept into the horizon. More than once she lagged in the heather from fatigue, but soon ploughed on again with fresh energy. Once she made a little wry smile, when in her haste, she hurt her foot against a stone.

"Poor little shoe!" she said, ruefully, stooping to touch a rent seam; "I don't know why you should come in for any punishment in the matter!"

After that she went on more quietly, putting up her hand now and again to feel if the exercise had as yet brought any warmth into her cheeks which felt pale.

"I cannot go home till they get some colour!" she thought; "I may scratch my feet, and be privately as stupid as I like, but only for my own edification, if you please! I have got something to be glad about, and I am going to be glad about it. It

is so much better that he did not come. It has saved me, perhaps, from splitting my foolish head against absurd rocks of sentimentality. It has ended things quite comfortably. I am at perfect liberty to feel as angry and as injured as I please, and angry and injured I am going to remain. Here is the Dunmara part of my life," she said, picking up a stone, with another little twisted smile on her face. "Stay, I'll have a nice smooth round one, for indeed it was a good time. Here it is, and I am going to fling it away, as far as ever I can!"

She stopped a moment, and eyed her stone half solemnly, and half quizzically. She raised it to her lips and kissed it reverently, almost as if it were a dead thing, just laid in the coffin. "One, two, three!" she cried, mimicking Christie at his play, and away went the stone, whizzing over braes and fells, and found itself a grave among the purple hollows.

She turned her face from it, and set upon her fast walk again. Once during that walk she did lie down to rest upon the heather, very white and exhausted, and destitute of courage. There was nothing living within miles of her, however, except a rabbit that came and looked at her, and scampered off.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SKETCH OF A QUIET YEAR

A FORTNIGHT passed, and brought deep summer with fuller beauty for the land. The mountain world wore its most sumptuous robe of purple. By day it was crowned with the sun's most dazzling coronal of glory, by night it was wreathed with stars of the keenest and wildest brilliance. The Largie Farm lay warm and picturesque, a jewel on the splendour of the moorland. There were no more torrents, no more hurricanes. Nature, having flung away the very memory of winter, made all the land dance and sing in exuberant joy at her release. The sea was a gorgeous living thing, making the air blue and lustrous and fragrant, and singing, singing eternal music, sweet, or sad, or inspiring just as it chanced that the moonshine fell, or the breeze moaned, or the sun burned, and the ear of the listener opened to receive its meaning.

Summer deepened. The hill-tops took a redder crimson at

sunset. The white flash of the river was no longer seen in the valley. The mountain roads were weary and yellow with dust; and the grass was scorched and pale, except far under the hedges and deep in the hollow dykes. Months went on, and there was no news of Randal Drummond.

Even Ellen, who had scarcely known the Largie in its merry days, felt the heavy change that had come upon it. It would have been less painful if the doctor had grown stern, and forbidden the name of his lost son to be mentioned in the house. It was pitiful to hear him laughing and joking with the boys, and chatting with Lottie in his bright way about what should be done on Randal's return, when all the while no one was deceived amongst them. They all knew that when alone in his study now, he did not read much. They had seen him sitting idly, with his hands loosely clasped on his knees, studying the floor; and they knew what that meant.

He was sitting so when Ellen went to him one day soon after his return from Dunsurf. At sight of him all thought of self vanished, and she almost forgot her errand. His "Well, my dear?" brought the tears to her eyes, and it almost made them fall to see his hard struggle to give her a beam of his old smile.

"I cannot return to Dunmara, Dr. Drummond," she said; "and I want to ask your advice about what I should do to find a new situation. I have got some money, which I earned at Dunmara. I can afford to travel. If I could get to London, I dare say I should soon get work to do there. I have a great desire to be an artist."

The doctor's absent eyes grew attentive. He pushed away his unread book, and altered the position of his chair.

"London, my dear!" he said; "you do not know what you are talking about. London is not the place for a girl like you to go to, alone on speculation. But this is a dull place; I do not wonder that you tire of it. Poor Maud!"

"Oh! Dr. Drummond, it is not that! I love to be here; it is like a home. But I ought not to stay always."

The doctor looked up with wistful kindness in his face.

"My dear child," he said; "if that is how you feel, take your money and lay it away. One day you may want it, but not while I live. This is no boast, because you see all that

I have to offer. If you wish to earn your bread, you can earn it here. Nowhere could you do more good ; even in a few days I have seen the effects of your presence. The boys were in need of some gentle hand to care for them, and Maud, poor child ! has been brought up too much like a boy herself to know how to supply the want. To her also you will be invaluable. I have been thinking of this for some time past. I had not quite made up my mind how to act, but circumstances have arranged themselves, without any effort of mine.

"As for Randal," he went on, despondently, "I intended that he should leave me about this time, though not in the way he has chosen. I meant to give him my own profession, and I had strong reasons for wishing to do so. I could have advanced him much myself with this object, but he would not let me—reckless fellow ! He spent his time out of doors when he should have been reading here. My conscience reproached me for letting things go on so, and we quarrelled about it. He declared that he would not be a doctor ; he must enter some active, stirring business. I thought this merely an excuse, and pressed my point ; I have been wrong. If I could now be sure that he is at work somewhere, learning, however dearly, the lesson of hardy independence, I should be content. But he is young to be adrift on the world."

"He is strong and active, though," said Ellen, eagerly ; "and he is just the kind of lad to win strangers, and make his way. I am certain he will be a good, brave man and make you proud and happy yet !"

"God bless you, my dear ; I pray that it may be so. I believe we shall all be the better for your happy temper !"

Ellen went away, and sealed up her little hoard of money, Elswitha's cheque, which Trina had brought her enclosed in that letter delivered on the cliffs. Miss Elswitha's rigid precision in business matters would not permit her to keep money belonging to any other person lying, unclaimed, in her desk. Whatever might, in other respects, be her conduct towards Ellen, she would not endure to withhold from her one farthing of the pittance that was her due. But if Elswitha was honest, Ellen could be obstinate. Only that morning she had recollected the letter thrust in her pocket as Trina left her, and opening it, had discovered its contents. Then there had been a sharp

struggle before she could resolve upon keeping the money, and only a sense of duty had withheld her from returning it at once. Now, however, since the doctor would not allow her to use it, she might do with it as she pleased, and, sealing it carefully up, she sent it straight off to Dunmara with Patsie, to be delivered into Miss Aungier's hands.

Ellen soon found herself at home at the Largie Farm, with her own especial allotment of household duties, and pleasures, and anxieties, just as though she had lived there all her life. At first, there was many a feverish night and blank day before would come the lively interest in surrounding things which is necessary for a healthy tone of mind. But when it did come, then Ellen knew that she was not, nor ever could be again, the dreaming, fanciful girl she had been, but that she was to be, henceforth, a working woman, filling her humble, appointed place on God's earth, and striving to fill it well. Many an hour when busy, her thoughts clung to the words, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Musing upon them, she quelled the desire to leave the peaceful mountains, and plunge into a busier, harder life, where she might unlock the richer powers within her, and find vent for the enthusiasm of her nature in the struggle to produce works of beauty—a struggle which, of itself, would fill and ennoble her life, no matter how lonely her life might be. In order to satisfy this longing, it seemed that she must sacrifice the wishes, perhaps the welfare, of others; and feeling this, she fought and vanquished it, so that for a time it seemed dead.

By slow degrees, Maud shook off her "sulks." She suddenly ceased to be a child, and after a spell of bewilderment, looked round for her share of womanly duties. She was no longer to be met by the mermaids in distant caves looking for shells, nor by the moorfowl, bounding over the heather, with her hair flying wild from under her hat, nor by the leaping fishes, paddling her boat around the cliffs in the sunset. She was busy now at home, helping Ellen with her daily tasks of making, mending, and baking, which were all the better performed for having been taken off Nancy's willing, but overloaded shoulders. Her fits of gloom, so strong in her nature, and so difficult to master, were growing less frequent, and she was rapidly becoming transformed into a cheerful handmaiden to those around

her. She had assumed the dignity of long dresses, and wore her hair combed back smoothly in civilized curls, which made a rich framework for her dark-eyed face. And she had so far given up her gloomy silence on the subject of Randal that she could look brightly from the glass to Ellen, and say,—

“ Randie will not know me when he comes back ! ”

Though all seemed to accept Ellen's hopeful predictions, often uttered, there were times when fear and despondency sat wearily by the fireside. On stormy nights Ellen would see Maud change colour, knit her black brows over the sewing which she could not finish, rushing at last from the room, unable to control her agony of dread lest Randie should be on the sea perhaps drowning at that moment. There were times when Dr. Drummond would leave home early in the morning and not return for some days, when Ellen and Maud believed him to be at Dunsurf, but when he was in reality wandering about the quays of Galway, looking through ships, and talking to sailors, or sauntering up and down the platform at the railway station, entering into the details of an oft-repeated description to the officials, or chatting with the beggars or hangers-on, whom he chanced to find lingering about ; and after these absences he would return with his ruddy cheek looking thinner, and broader streaks of grey showing in his hair.

But there were brighter days than these, when he drove them all to Dunsurf to spend some hours with the M'Dawdles, and Ellen and Maud made purchases in the village shops, of white muslin for curtains for the parlour, and various little other et-ceteras to make the house look pretty. “ Because you know,” Maud said, in one of her happy humours, “ when Randie comes back he will be quite a young man, and he will have seen a great many better things than we have here, and he will expect to see the place looking nice.” There was always some period fixed for Randie's return. First it was midsummer, then he was to be home for Halloween ; at last it went as far as Christmas. But each period arrived and went past, only noticed by a sigh, and still there was no Randie.

There were gala times when Dr. M'Dawdle came all the nine miles from Dunsurf, leaving home about noon, one day, after having given “ the girl ” strict orders the night before to call him at five in the morning, resting for twelve hours at the house

of a patient on the roadside, and arriving at the Largie at noon of the next day. These were fine times for the boys who hailed the long-faced doctor with delight, rifled his pockets of the sugar candy which was sure to be there, dragged him down to the well to play leap-frog, and forced upon him other indignities to which Dr. Gregory submitted himself with a lazy good grace.

And then there was a lapse of some days, during which time the doctor repeatedly made the announcement, as he smoked the green flies from Lottie's rose-trees, that it was time he was "off." "Off" he never got, however, till Lucinda, good wife, arrived in due course of time, bustling down the road in her car, with a face like the sun, and a whole region of jam-pots and seed-cakes bestowed away in a deep well under the cushions on which her ample person reposed. And then, if Dunsurf at large happened to be in a particularly good state of health, Lucinda could be coaxed to allow Dr. Gregory to smoke his pipe about the Largie for another day or so, whilst she devoted herself, with right hearty energy, to the task of enlightening the benighted understandings of Maud and Ellen on many matters of household importance, turning the light of her beaming countenance on all obscure places in the domestic machinery. After breakfast of a morning, she would produce from the depths of a capacious bag, which, in utter unconsciousness of making any joke, she would call her "reticule," a pair of vast holland over-sleeves, and a voluminous apron to match, in which she would encase her best silk gown, as in a coat of mail.

"I never travel without them, my dears," she would say. Mrs. M'Dawdle's "travels" had not extended for twenty years beyond a circuit of ten miles. "One never knows what may turn up, and it is always good to be provided for an emergency!" And Lucinda was quite equal to the creation of an emergency. Equipped in her household armour, and crowned with a floured roundabout cap, surmounted in front by a broad rose-coloured rosette, she would repair to Nancy's kitchen, and forthwith proceed to awaken that simple housewife's mingled jealousy and admiration by the manner in which she sailed in and out of the pantry, solemnly, with a loaf in each hand, considering the due or undue lightness of the home-made bread, or tasting

of the fresh-churned butter, with her eyes rolled up to the farthest corner of the ceiling, and her soul rapt away in an ecstasy of critical abstraction. No one but herself could disgorge the hamper which "the girl" had helped her to pack, and as Nancy described it, "the light would leave your eyes to see how with two or three whisks of the rolling-pin" she could transform a dish of fruit from the Dunsurf garden into a most delicious-looking pie.

"Now, Maud, dear!" she would cry whilst crowning the summit of her work with an artistic flourish of leaves, "you must make just such a pie for Randie's supper, the very first night when he comes walking in, the young rogue! with a moustache on his lip, his pockets full of gold, and all the seven languages on the tip of his tongue!" Mrs. M'Dawdle believed in the number seven, seven sons in the fairy tale, seven languages of course, and no more. And Maud standing by, tall and slim, in the new dignity of the increased "letting down" of her dark blue skirts, would laugh and flush, and look right pretty with the blood flashing through her clear brown cheek, and pleasure brimming over her amber eyes. And Ellen would sit near, with a white apron tied over her black dress in compliment to the presiding genius of cookery, with her hair crushed up in lustrous ripples against Lottie's nestling head, and probably her collar fastened with a ruby rose, or a knot of forget-me-nots fixed there by the fanciful little garden woman to make her pet nurse look "still more exactly like" the princesses in the fairy tales. And Ellen would think the while, of what a glorious sketch Lucinda would make, as her plump hands described, with the bowl of an inverted tea-spoon, a certain conventional wreathing of triple arcades round the margin of her pie-dish, to complete the perfect ornamentation of her tempting master-piece.

And in the evening the two doctors walked together on the beach and talked of Randal. And Mrs. M'Dawdle and the girls sat in the parlour window with the mending-basket between them; and Lucinda, with much benign consequence displaying itself innocently in the pose of her fat chin, and the radiations from her smiling eyes, became the preceptress of the needle, examining the stitches in darned stockings, and explaining her

rigid principles as to the turning of ancient sheets, and the patching of invalid towels.

"My plan is this, my dears. My girl comes to me the other day, and said, 'My towels are every one going to smithereens, ma'am;' I said, 'Mary, bring them all to me, immediately!' Then I picked out the worst amongst them, and sacrificed it to the public good. I cut it up in patches for the rest, and what was over and above I laid past for more patches. So I have only lost one towel instead of all. The next time I come I'll just make Mary put one in the reticule to let you see how beautiful it looks."

And Ellen would ask repeated questions about the patches in a warm, interested way that quite thrilled Lucinda's housewifely heart, and rivetted her thoughts fast on canvas and huckaback, to the utter exclusion of all *morceaux* of gossip, all wonderful histories of fine old families, etc. But Ellen might have been spared her feverish random questions and hurried laughs, if she had only known at first what she discovered by degrees. that in no way was she herself connected with the Aungiers in Lucinda's mind, except by the circumstance of her having been picked up by them, and having lived for some eight or nine months under their roof. Her own lips had been kept fast shut on the secret of her identity. Dr. Drummond, Maud, all were ignorant of the truth. To save her life, she could hardly have told the story of that bleak discovery at Dunmara, nor did she feel called upon to tell it. A terror had seized her lest Mrs. M'Dawdle should arrive from Dunsurf, overflowing with the news, and with the full particulars on the tip of her nimble tongue. And even when days of pie-making and towel-patching had passed, and the subject remained unapproached, Ellen still contrived to hold the reins of the conversation, fearing that at some sudden turn the terrible gulf would yawn. But Lucinda's talk rolled on placidly, and, by degrees, Ellen breathed freely, and spoke naturally, and began to admit the assurance that the story had remained marvellously walled up in Dunmara House, beyond the reach of rumour. And, after all, this was not so wonderful. Perhaps no one, even at Dunmara, had known the secret except Elswitha, Mrs. Kirker, and old Martin. These three would naturally keep silence on the matter.

With the sense of danger, Ellen's feverish gaiety subsided, and she could slacken the strain upon her nerves, and indulge in the luxury of silence. Little Lottie had been sickly of late, and Ellen passed many of the hot summer afternoons sitting on a low seat by the parlour sofa, soothing alike herself and the child with fanciful tales and legends, and snatches of sweet poetry. Sometimes Lottie fell asleep, and she fell a-thinking. Sometimes, then, an irresistible impulse would come upon her to rise up and race out, and away as far as the half dry, lazy, river that divided the moorland valley, crushing the lustrous heather as she went, and breathing the delightful lavish scent of the meadow-sweet that swept against her knees as she dashed on. She would reach the old Dunthorla bridge, with its arches cut black and clear out of the hot, rugged stonework, and, pushing the hat from her eyes in the blinding blaze, she would look far out to where Dunmara lay wrapt in the golden haze of the western cloudland.

Then she would come back again slowly, wishing she had stayed in the house. When the twilight was making all the land sweet and melancholy, and doors and windows stood open, she would go in again, to hang up her hat in the little room where she and Maud slept, and where the window was framing now a breadth of that purple peace, with its sweet, merciless associations. Here, like one stifling with rich odours, she would suddenly gasp for a breath, such as it seemed hard to get, chill, keen, anything to fill her lungs with unpoisoned air, and send a healthy current through her veins. Lacking this, she would, perhaps, sit down on the bed, her hands would drop listlessly on the shawl she was folding, and her eyes would fix themselves in a brown study. At such times she had a habit of taking from her trunk a certain little empty sugar-plum box, such as Egbert used to bring to Rowena. As this was her only relic of Rowena, she permitted herself to sit looking at it, and turning it about ruefully in her fingers for five minutes at a time. It happened one evening, however, that she got into a sudden passion at the little thing, and tore it into shreds into her lap, just as she had torn the will. "Oh! you foolish, foolish thing!" she muttered, "you have been trying to lead me a nice dance! It is high time you were made away with, for conquer I will, so help me, God!" Then she held her hand over

of the window, with the fragments upon it, and as it was winter before this occurred, the wind soon swept them away. It licked them up, and whirled them off, and then rushed on to Dunmara with a crowd of dead leaves to dance on Rowena's coffin.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEW TIMES

A YEAR and a half had crept away, and with the flushed skies of a brilliant autumn, another crisis arrived.

It happened on a bright morning that Dr. Drummond made one of his sudden excursions to Dunsurf, and Ellen rose by dawn to make his early breakfast cosy, and to pour out his tea. She is something changed from the Ellen of Dunmara as she sits before the little white table, with her hand on the shining teapot, and her eyes surveying her preparations to see that all is right. Her figure is more womanly, and the folds of her green gingham dress have a sweeping grace that many a silk gown lacks. Her bearing is more assured, her hair is brighter, her face fuller and fresher; also there is more self-control on her lip, and less habitual dreaminess in her eyes. Her hands are not quite so delicate as they were, but what of that? There are thrifty secrets folded in the helpful palms, which, if they were betrayed, might put to shame many lazier owners of white-skinned fingers. Altogether, she has been the better for keeping that vow recorded in the last chapter. She believes now that she did well in tearing up Rowena's little bon-bon box.

The red rising sun flashes in from the east, jewelling the wide window, and weaving a fiery nimbus round Ellen's lustrous hair. Beautiful is too inexpressive a word by which to describe this countrified girl, sitting in the early sun, in her gingham gown, with no ornament but the exceeding freshness and purity that hang about her as the scent hangs about the morning flowers, in their dew outside. There is about Ellen a charm, a picturesqueness, a softness, and sunniness of glance, touch, and motion, which is not the result of either beauty, or amiability, or genius, but is a nameless essence distilled from certain degrees of all three. There is a winsome power in her influence that all feel though few analyze, and there is a meaning in the habitual

kindly light on her face which is reflected from more glorious places than most people would dream of.

For the heights of Ellen's nature remained the same. Their simple majesty was unimpaired by the nearness of small things, whilst the commonplaces of life, lying unconscious below, caught quaint, sweet reflections from the glory of sublimer latitudes, and were refined, garnished, poeticised; and the deep and the dark places, with their secret of harsh rift and sore convulsion, they were all hidden away and covered up. Ellen's Dunmara dream was to her now, much like a ruddy jewel lucklessly dropped into one of those fairy-tale wells which have no bottoms. It was a pity that all her wealth should have been expended on its purchase, too great a pity to be dwelt on much. Down it had gone, however, and up again it never could come. Meantime, the pretty spring time shining above kept the secret grave bright enough, the sunshine of a kindly temper played about the water's surface, and fancy trailed luxuriant blossoms over it, and flung them to the wind. No one knew anything about the blood-red jewel that had cost so much, or could guess that at the blowing of a gust, the sweeping by of a branch, quivering reverberations could go on eddying down to where it lay with its useless worth and its lustre extinct for evermore.

It may be, that there is some truth in the doctrine of pre-sentiment, that there are times when a strange voice will speak to the spirit, making itself dimly intelligible, and causing throes of fear and foreboding which are doomed to be realized. We sometimes get the lightning of revelation just before the crash of the thunder. But it is certain that the heavy shocks of our lives come on us unawares, shod with silence and veiled with peace. Neither do they often come from that point towards which our dread gazes. We look out to the sea, and our enemy surprises us from inland; we search the sky, and the bolt that is to strike us leaps out of the earth at our feet. If any one had warned Ellen of a crimson flag of danger that floated in the face of that brilliant autumn morning, she would have cried, "Randal!" and distended her ears to receive the horrors of some woeful shipwreck, or the heartrending details of some hospital death-bed.

Things like these were far from her thoughts, however, as

she sat with her hand on the teapot, listening to the doctor's step coming across the hall and into the sunny parlour. It was the same firm tread, as brisk and frank as when it first fell on Ellen's ears two years ago, one of the new sounds that had greeted her on her return to life. And a slight cloud that had gathered on her face as she waited and listened, cleared away at once, and her nimble tongue and fingers were soon busy in the service of the breakfast table. But still when her eyes fell on his face her voice involuntarily lowered itself, and once or twice she stopped short, and forgot what she had been going to say. For of late, there had been a thinness about the doctor's ruddy cheek, and at times a look of abstraction in his eyes which had used to be very foreign to his merry face. Ellen and Maud had spoken of this together, and had even ventured to appeal to the doctor himself on the subject of his health. But he had laughed cheerily at their anxiety, asserting that they wanted to declare him sick in order to allure Dr. M'Dawdle to the Largie, for the purpose of playing saucy tricks on the simple man. And so, as he would not take the matter in earnest, they had been forced to let it drop, while Ellen knew of many a sleepless night and despondent hour whose secrets Dr. Drummond kept. There was always the cheery laugh and the blithe word, just as there had been before Randie went away, and when Ellen heard his brisk step or hearty voice she forgot all uneasiness and believed as she had longed to believe, that there was nothing the matter with Dr. Drummond's health.

Smiling his "good-bye," the doctor rode off in the morning sun.

Ellen remembered long afterwards every detail of that autumn day. How she sat for a time on the door-step drinking reverently of the sacredness and silence of the morning, watching the shadows of the clouds deepen on the mountains, and the scant patches of cornfield grow more golden, here and there upon the purple of the moorland. How in the afternoon Patsie produced the car, and they all went for a drive, Maud acting as charioteer, and sick Lottie lying on a pillow with her head on Ellen's lap. Now they came at one point within full view of a gray shoulder of Dunmara House, looming among the trees, and how a train of memories suddenly elbowed their way forward, and would run their full race and endure no curb. How they

forced her to visit a deserted room, where the curtains were gathered up and swept uselessly round the pillars of the stately bed, where the black marble serpents twisted among clustering leaves about the cold fireplace, the tall screen folded, no longer to enclose ruddy spaces of warmth for twilight luxury, and where the poetry books had been driven from their sunny corners to be re-entombed in the grave of unsought shelves. And the raving sound of winter seas came back, and the drear swishing of branches passing the window, and they seemed to have ceased their haunting hints, and to be speaking plainly now when there was no one to hear them, and the ashes of a burnt-out dream lay cold on the fireless hearthstone.

The echoes of a weak voice, for evermore to be unheard, came pattering back in the pauses of winds and waves, and straightway she was standing in spirit at the rails of that dreary grating among the vaults of the old castle, looking in at a new coffin that had been placed there for the dry leaves to rattle upon, and leap over, and nestle beside in heaps.

And then she left the vaults, and flitted back to the living inmates of the silent house. Was Mrs. Kirker still sitting beside her geraniums by the diamond-paned window, with her knitting needles jerking on faster than the clock ticked, with her shrewd eyes puckered up in silence, and the corners of her wrinkled mouth drawn down to the ruminative angle? Was Miss Elswitha enthroned at that moment by her spider-table, in the ghastly solitude of that dead drawing-room, with its perpetual lying in state? Were her iron-gray puffs of hair arranged upon her cheek-bones precisely as of old? Were her hands still formally engaged on that antique-looking embroidery. Were her eyes still as dull and as unkindling, her mouth as straight and as unmelting as they had been in the days of that past which stood in the distance like a haunted castle, girdled round by its moat, only to be approached when will or circumstance lowered the draw-bridge for memory, and suffered her to go groping about in the empty rooms.

And then, stealing down the hall, her spirit hovered on the library-door and entered. There was the gray coat hanging behind the door, and the rivulet of sunshine breaking through the leaves at the window, and rippling in amber translucency over the floor. There were the roses blowing by the sash, and

the perspective flashes of colour from garden beds, and the straight line of the pansy-wreathed pathway mottled with light and shade, shooting long and narrow between ranks of stately lilies, and fringes of gold and crimson calceolarias. And she dared to linger here for one minute, listening to the things which were spoken to her by this room and its associations, and then she unbent her brows, opened her lips for a long breath, and strangled a torturing something which had risen in her chest, and was riving its way upward from under the folds of her green gingham wrapper.

Connected with this autumn day, Ellen remembered her unwonted spiritual visit to Dunmara House. She remembered Lottie's distressing little coughs, and patient little complaints, and the boys' prattle, and how they all had a tea-dinner on their return to Nancy. And she remembered how, obeying the doctor's injunctions, they did not sit up waiting for his return, but left a lamp burning low in the study, and the turf fire "raked" so as to be set ablaze by a touch, and some supper on a tray, all in readiness for his return at any hour of the night. And she remembered how he did not come, and Lottie lay awake all night listening for him, and how the next day passed, she sitting all the time by Lottie's side. And how that night they repeated all their little preparations and went to bed a second time, fully expecting to see "Father's" face at the breakfast table by next morning.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

THE KING'S BELL

"ALAS ! my son, the kingly crown
Bears secret sorrows of its own.
The burnished metal radiant seems,
Like fire ; and, as the sun, its beams
Oft sear the brow beneath and brain.
Child ! covet not this glittering pain."

The prince knelt by his father's bed ;
All hope is past—the King is dead.

Reigneth the Prince. " In sooth," quoth he,
" My days shall go right merrily ;
And eke my people all shall have
My bliss, and I my people's care.
And I shall hang a goodly bell
Upon my palace tower, to tell
The folk in field and town the King
Is happy when the bell doth ring ;
And peer and hind the King shall bless
And share the monarch's happiness."

The Summer chased the Spring. The flowers
Grew, glowed, waned, died in all the bowers
For years and years ; yet all this time
No mortal heard the turret chime
By night or day. The King waxed old.
His hair was white, his limbs were cold,
And on the regal couch he lay,
Awaiting sad the final day.
" But hark ! what sound is that ? " he said,
And upright sat upon the bed.
" I heard, meseemeth, all around
The palace walls a wailing sound.
Rush to the casement ! " They return
With tears, and say, " Thy people mourn
Their loved King's woe. The young, the old—
Such grief no poet e'er hath told."
" My courtiers, listen. Ne'er before
In all my years, now past four score,
Knew I one hour of joy like this,
My first sweet draught of real bliss."
He touched the so long silent bell,
And lo ! it was his passing knell.

W. F. P.

AMEN CORNER

VIII.—ROSARY NOTES

FROM the feast of the Solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary, which is attached to the first Sunday of October, and from the special devotions first appointed for all the days of this month by Pope Leo XIII., October has come to be called and to be the Month of the Holy Rosary. In Australia, where May is a winter month, October has been officially promoted to the dignity of *Mois de Marie*. Less excuse than all this is needed to justify me in occupying Amen Corner this month with certain very informal notes about the Rosary, one of which dates as far back as June 26th, 1874, when I made this brief extract, never utilised till now, from the ninth chapter of *Grapes and Thorns*, by Miss Mary Agnes Tincker :—

“ Father Chevreuse took out his beads to exorcise troublesome thoughts and invoke holy ones. It was a saying of his that the beads, when rightly used, had always one end fastened to the girdle of Mary, and were a flowery chain by which she led the soul directly to the throne of God. They proved so to him in this case ; and one after another the Joyful Mysteries were budding and blossoming under his touch, when presently he found himself——”

I have no idea how or where he found himself, for I have not the slightest recollection of the story except that it was very good and very clever. But I have not had time to forget another admirable story which I have already earnestly recommended to convent libraries and readers in general—*By What Authority*, by Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and now (thank God) a Catholic priest. The mistaken notions about Rosary beads entertained by persons outside the Church are well discussed at page 174. The heroine, Isabel Norris, “ began to discover that for the Catholic the Person of the Saviour was the very heart of religion . . . and that the worship of the saints and of the Blessed Mother, instead of distracting the Christian soul from the love of God, rather seemed to augment it.” She soon “ began to understand what the

Rosary meant to Catholics. Mistress Corbett had told her what was the actual use of the beads, and how the mysteries of Christ's life and death were to be pondered over as the various prayers were said." But she had still prejudices against what seemed a mechanical, and, indeed, superstitious method of praying. One day she saw the beads in the hands of an old nun who in those troubled days of Queen Elizabeth was obliged to live with her sister in her house in the country. "The old lady's eyes were half closed and her lips just moving, and the beads passing slowly through her fingers." After a while the good Protestant maiden asks her old friend, "How can prayers said over and over again like that be any good?" "Mistress Margaret was silent for a moment. 'I saw young Mrs. Martin last week,' she said, 'with her little girl in her lap. Amy had her arms round her mother's neck and was being rocked to and fro, and every time she rocked she said *O Mother!*' 'But then,' said Isabel after a moment's silence, 'she was only a child.' 'Except ye become as little children,' quoted Mistress Margaret softly. 'You see, my Isabel, we are nothing more than children with God and His Blessed Mother. To say *Hail Mary! Hail Mary!* is the best way of telling her how much we love her. And then this string of beads is like our Lady's girdle, and her children love to finger it and whisper to her. And then we have our *Pater Nosters* too; and, all the while we are talking, she is showing us pictures of her dear Child, and we look at all the great things He did for us, one by one; and then we turn the page and begin again.'"

The American lady, converted from Transcendentalism forty years ago, and the English gentleman, converted from Anglicanism five or six years ago, have both hit on the same idea that the Rosary is the Blessed Virgin's girdle, and that we are her little children fingering it fondly, and therefore keeping very close to our Mother.

Not only strangers outside the Church, but there are many within it who look on the Rosary with its string of beads as a sort of devotional toy, a mere pious device, excellent in its way as a help for simple, rude, uneducated people who cannot even read, but never meant for intellectual persons like themselves. Nay, it is a solid, scriptural devotion, useful for all, and fit to be our chief daily proof of filial loyalty to the Mother of God. Rohrbacher, at the 449th page of the 71st volume of his *History*

of the Church—that is a tremendous number of volumes for a single work, but so I have it in my note—asks a string of questions which brings out very well the nature of the Rosary. “The sign of the Cross with which it begins—is it not the mark of a Christian? Is not the Apostles’ Creed* the profession of faith which the martyrs recited at their baptism and under the axe of the executioner? Is not the *Our Father* the prayer which our Lord Himself deigned to teach us? Was not the *Hail Mary* pronounced by an Archangel in the name of Heaven, continued by the holy Mother of the Baptist whom the Holy Ghost inspired to speak, and finished by the Church with whom that Spirit abides for ever? Is not the *Gloria Patri* the everlasting cry of praise that goes up to the Adorable Trinity from men and angels, from all times and from all places? Are not the fifteen mysteries that were proposed here for our meditation an abridgment of the Gospel? In truth I know of no practice better adapted for facilitating attention, piety, and devotion in prayer, the meditation of mind and heart. I say this for the learned who are ignorant of it, not for the ignorant who have learned it by experience.”

Yes, the use of the Rosary beads is by no means to be confined to those who cannot read, who cannot use a prayer-book or other book of devotion. Even priests who are compelled (blessed compulsion!) to give a considerable portion of their day to the ritual and liturgy of the Church, must not reckon the Rosary among those private devotions which may be supposed to be satisfied by the devout recitation of the Divine Office. I will venture to emphasize this point by the authority of a priest who is dead thirty-six years, as I am surprised to find by subtracting 1869 from 1905. Some, indeed, in Ireland, even outside the Society to which he belonged, remember still the holy and gifted Father Daniel Jones. To one of his younger brethren who had accused himself of some shortcoming with regard to his way of saying the Rosary, the amiable saint took the trouble of giving the following counsel, and his penitent took the trouble of at once writing it down exactly. “I had occasion to write lately to Father Etheredge of the English Province, and I told him that I had never ceased to be grateful for a warning he gave me when

* These preliminary prayers do not belong to the Rosary, and are not necessary for the gaining of the Indulgences attached to it.

I was ordained priest. 'Up to this,' he said, 'the Rosary was imposed on you as an obligation for various intentions, but now all that is superseded and satisfied for superabundantly by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and you will be tempted sometimes to be careless about saying the Rosary. Take great pains not to yield to the temptation.' "

It would be very well for us to stir ourselves up sometimes to perform this act of filial piety better by remembering all that the Rosary has been to countless generations of simple and devout souls since this devotion first became popular—all that it has been and is and will be in the peasant homes (for instance) of Ireland and in holy convents there and everywhere. In country chapels on Sunday morning, waiting for the arrival of the priest, how piously the good women say their beads! In trouble and poverty how many have been comforted and strengthened by this act of piety which puts them in communication with the Queen of Heaven.

Before beginning to say their Rosary in private, some make use of this little rhyme to stir up their fervour :—

Mother ! now I'll say my beads,
For my soul some comfort needs ;
And what better can there be
Than to raise our hearts to thee,
Sweet Mother ?

But sometimes it might be more effective to remind ourselves of the good company we are going into—how many souls very dear to God are at that moment employed as *we* are : good humble folk such as I have just referred to, or nuns kneeling before the altar of their convent chapel or pacing slowly the convent alleys with beads in hand and heart in heaven. With these and with all who are similarly engaged in every corner of the Church, all the world over, let us join our hearts when we set about saying the Rosary.

A few more thoughts about its worth in general before descending to particulars.

The Rosary is, first of all, a prayer ; and all the encomiums that can be heaped upon prayer in general are true of *this* prayer. Every prayer, every cry of the soul to God, every expedient and artifice than can entice us to pray, to raise our

hearts to God, to turn to God, to think of God, is good and holy and salutary and praiseworthy.

But this prayer is, secondly, a *long* prayer. The goodness of a prayer does not indeed depend upon its length. "My Jesus, mercy!" is a good prayer. "O God, be merciful to me a sinner," is an excellent and efficacious prayer, producing often the blessed results attributed to it by our Lord Himself in the parable (if it be merely a parable) of the Pharisee and the Publican who went up into the Temple to pray. But perseverance in prayer is both desirable and difficult; and the Rosary helps us to persevere in prayer. The perseverance and piety exercised in so prolonged a prayer as the Rosary are in themselves more meritorious and are calculated to influence the soul more deeply and more permanently. No other form of prayer nearly so long has ever wound itself so closely round the hearts of the faithful, beguiling them into forgetfulness of its length, when recited habitually with fitting dispositions—so diversified is it, so interesting when we take fair pains to enter into its spirit, and withal, in spite of its repetitions, so little monotonous. Those repetitions are surely not "vain repetitions," for they are repetitions of the divinest prayers that human lips can utter, the prayers which Jesus Himself prescribed as a model prayer—"Thus shall ye pray"—and the prayer which the Holy Ghost dictated to the Archangel at the sublimest moment of the world's story.

With these best of vocal prayers mental prayer is joined; for, while the beads glide through our fingers and the Hail Marys fall from our lips, our minds and hearts should be quietly turned towards one of the joyful, sorrowful, or glorious mysteries of our Lord's life, such as every prayer-book explains them to us.

Our Lord's Life? Yes, for in each of these scenes our Lord is the principal figure, as He must needs be, even when His Blessed Mother is beside Him. We call it the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin; but, like everything that is hers, it is much more her Divine Son's than her own. Even in her own Hail Mary the central word, the central thought, is Jesus, the blessed fruit of her womb. Ah! when that moment comes of which each Hail Mary reminds us—"pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death"—when Death shall have come and after that the Judgment, and we shall stand before the Judgment-seat of that

Jesus whom every Hail Mary blesses, we shall have no fear of the reproach that Heresy flings at us, as if forsooth in praying to the Mother we blasphemed or slighted the Son. The moments we shall have spent in saying the Rosary will not be the portion of our lives that we shall then regret.

The ordinary way of saying the Rosary is another of the innumerable triplets or trinities that meet us everywhere. Though the *Psalterium Marianum* consists of 150 Hail Marys as King David's Psalter consists of 150 Psalms, the faithful divide it into three parts, each consisting of 50 Hail Marys, and the daily portion is limited to these five decades, each preceded by an *Our Father* and followed by a *Glory be to the Father*, etc.

Again, this three-fold division of Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries may, perhaps, be considered another of the many instances in which it seems possible to discover a special propriety in assigning one of the three to each of the Three Divine Persons in order. The plainest point in the present case is that the Sorrowful Mysteries, which come second, belong specially to the Second Person, the Man of Sorrows, Jesus Crucified. He, and He alone, is present in each of these mysteries. The Sorrows are all His own. Though of course the First Person of the Blessed Trinity is in all the others also, yet a certain attribution to Him of the Joyful Mysteries may be ventured, as the Archangel of the Annunciation represents the Eternal Father in His Embassy to the Immaculate Virgin ; on the morning of the Nativity that Voice might well have been heard which spoke thirty years later : " This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased—hear ye Him ! " Yes, though all that is heard is the wailing of a helpless Babe. This attribution is justified also in the fifth mystery, where Jesus asks, " Must not I be about My Father's business ? " Of course it is not pretended that this distribution of the Rosary Mysteries between the Three Divine Persons is more than a fanciful application of the yearning to find traces of the Trinity in the works of nature. But even to advert to the idea in order to reject it keeps the mind alert and prostrates it before the fundamental mystery of mysteries, *Immortalis et Invisibilis*, God the Three in One.

Not by any arbitrary choice of private devotion, however, but by an authorized arrangement in force among the pious faithful and set forth in our prayer-books, the three divisions of

the Rosary are definitely assigned to certain Sundays of each year and certain days of each week. As regards the Sundays, the year may be considered as consisting of Christmastide, Passiontide, and Eastertide ; but we here give to those terms a much wider signification than they generally bear. From the first Sunday of Advent to the Sunday before Lent we meditate on the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary ; on all the Sundays of Lent on the Sorrowful Mysteries ; on Easter Sunday, and all the Sundays after it till the ecclesiastical year begins again with Advent, we meditate on the Glorious Mysteries.

Finally, in each week the three parts of the Rosary are used twice over on the six week-days, so that the Joyful Mysteries are assigned to Monday and Thursday, the Sorrowful to Tuesday and Friday, the Glorious to Wednesday and Saturday. Fortunately in this arrangement the Sorrowful Mysteries fall to Friday, which is our weekly commemoration of the Passion ; and Saturday, which is the Blessed Virgin's day, is the most suitable day for the Glorious Mysteries which end with our Lady's Coronation and the everlasting Sabbath of Heaven.

Some of the foregoing suggestions, even for those who will only think of them (as I said before) to reject them, may yet help occasionally to awaken our attention while saying the Rosary ; they may serve as pegs to hang ideas on. But all of us would draw profit from some attempt to follow the method used generally, I think, by the Sisters of Mercy. Instead of breaking the flow of the Hail Marys by saying (for instance) " Blessed is the fruit of Thy Womb, Jesus, who was crowned with thorns," and and so for the other mysteries, it is better at the beginning of each decade merely to name the mystery attached to it, with the briefest possible prayer for a corresponding virtue. Thus on Monday and Thursday throughout the year, and on the Sundays from the beginning of Advent to Lent, we remind ourselves before the first decade of the first of the Joyful Mysteries : " The Annunciation. O Blessed Mother, obtain for me your love of humility." And as the beads slip through our fingers, we keep before our mind a picture of the scene of that mystery and bow at the name of Jesus as if we were present at it.

" Second Joyful Mystery : The Visitation. O Blessed Mother, obtain for me your love of fraternal charity.

"Third Joyful Mystery: The Nativity. O Blessed Mother, obtain for me your love of holy poverty.

"Fourth Joyful Mystery: The Purification. O Blessed Mother, obtain for me your love of holy purity.

"Fifth Joyful Mystery: The Finding in the Temple. O Blessed Mother, obtain for me your love of holy obedience."

A little reflection will show us how each of the virtues suggested as the objects of our prayer springs from the mystery it is linked with; as in the last of them, the Finding in the Temple, which ends with that summary of our Lord's Hidden Life, *Erat subditus illis*, "He was subject to them," a lifetime of obedience. The Nativity, which shows the Incarnate Son of God born in a stable and cradled in a manger, suggests a love of poverty. In the Annunciation the lowliness of the Handmaid of the Lord—*ecce Ancilla Domini*—suggests Humility; and more plainly still the Purification and Purity, the visit to St. Elizabeth and Charity.

More arbitrary is the selection of graces to be prayed for with each decade of the Sorrowful Mysteries, which in the scheme I am following are these in order: 1st, a love of silence and resignation—"Not My will but Thine be done"; 2nd, mortification; 3rd, meekness; 4th, patience; 5th, the Crucifixion suggests a prayer for an ardent love of God. This last we might be reminded of by the words, "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Finally, St. Paul's dictum (1 Cor. xv. 17), "If Christ has not arisen, your faith is vain," makes it natural to link the First Glorious Mystery with faith. "O Blessed Mother, obtain for me a lively faith." The Ascension, a confident hope—"I go to prepare a place for you." The Descent of the Holy Ghost, true zeal for the glory of God—for not till then did the Apostles go forth boldly to preach the Gospel. Last of all, the Assumption joins together again for ever the hearts of the Mother and the Son, and we naturally pray, "O Blessed Mother, obtain for me constant union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus," while her Coronation suggests as our aspiration before the last of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, "O Blessed Virgin, obtain for me the grace of confidence in your prayers and the grace of final perseverance." Better, however, all through to say "for us," not merely "for me," and to include many or all in our prayer.

Even the effort, often unsuccessful, to make use of these or other *piae industriae* in our saying of the Rosary, will make our prayers more pleasing to Him whose "*sermocinatio est cum simplicibus*." A minute or two would be well spent in ending with some such prayer as this : " O glorious Queen of Heaven, accept this Rosary which as a crown of roses we lay at your feet ; and help us, O most gracious Lady, join your prayers with ours when we turn to God and pray : O God, whose only begotten Son by His Life, Death, and Resurrection has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that, meditating upon the mysteries of the most Holy Rosary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. O Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us."

OUR LADY OF THE LUTE

(ON A PICTURE)

WAN daylight lies upon the hill,
Deep shadows creep athwart the lane,
The robin tunes a parting trill,
Fall gentle drops of summer rain.
We linger in the gloaming long
Listing her low melodious string :
While she doth chant her evensong,
Glad angels pause upon the wing ;
Her fingers strike the moving chord,
She never songless is, or mute—
Mother of the Incarnate Word,
Our Lady of the Lute.

All day her voice hath sounded nigh,
As in her quiring-stall she sat,
And now the moon is mounting high
She singeth her *Magnificat* ;
She will not slumber though we sleep
Lulled by her madrigal of praise,
But ever at the midnight deep
Her matin-canticles she'll raise ;
And when shall dawn the gleesome day,
Clearer than tone of golden flute
She'll chant her hallowed roundelay—
Our Lady of the Lute.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

A DAY'S OUTING

THERE is one advantage in living at a distance from a railway station : if you have to catch an early train you will perforce enjoy the pleasure of a morning drive at an hour when even many of the country folk are still a-bed. There is a certain little village in the heart of Tyrone to which the whistle of the steam engine penetrates but seldom. Neither nature, modernity, nor antiquity has done much for it. It possesses no interest for the scene-loving tourist, the antiquarian, or historian ; and a police barrack and post office are the only institutions of recent times.

Despite all this, however, a couple of individuals of the stay-at-home class found many pleasures in an early drive from this little village to the nearest town last autumn. The morning was one of those misty ones that betoken a good day, and as our unexcitable steed conveyed us at a steady pace along the narrow road we had abundance of time for observing the country. The mist was at first so thick that it required no great effort of the fancy to imagine a clump of sycamore trees to be a cloistered abbey, or to find the towers and buttresses of a mediæval fortress

in the prosaic outbuildings of a hillside farmhouse. As the sun mounted upwards, the mists fled backwards till at length the surrounding districts lay fair and smiling beneath the soft glow of the September sun. The wayside hedges, still thick with their full complement of foliage, were beginning to display the lines of autumn. The blackberries were ripe, and the leaves of the briony had vivid patches of red and scarlet. The haws were colouring, and the berries of the wild rose were taking on their coral hue. The white convolvulus and the straggling ragged-robin were showing their vagrant propensities by wandering through thorns and briars, docks and nettles. Ragged-robin, or robin-run-the-hedge, is said by country folk to have fine medicinal properties, though what they are is not exactly known. In the far off days of my childhood I remember being obliged to drink each morning in the spring season a glassful of a noxious draught composed by boiling together the leaves of ragged-robin bog-bane, and another plant that went by the local name of rose-noble. Perhaps the latter's proper cognomen was rose-mallow.

The country through which we passed was a fairly well-wooded one; and the beeches and sycamores, loveliest of all trees in the spring season, held their own bravely in their autumn garb. The slender upright rowans were loaded with their wealth of red berries, and the larches with the fir cones which the squirrels love; and on trees and hedgerows, thistles and bramble, the spiders had spread their filmy lace-work.

The work of cutting down the harvest was in progress, and, instead of the low "swish" of the scythe, we heard the more rapid "whirr" of a reaping machine in one or two large fields. When the scythe is quite superseded, what will the poets do for a fitting rhyme for blithe? I suppose in the autumns to come the reaping machines will have the best of it; but there will be some regrets for the stalwart mowers—the premier men of the country—who, in shirt and trousers, and with arms bared to the shoulders, bent to their task with steady sinuous strokes, leaving in their wake a heavy swathe of sweet-smelling grass. What rivalry and competitions were amongst them! Now they unite in denunciations of the rival of all, the dull, spiritless bit of mechanism that threatens to leave them, like Othello, with their occupation gone.

The town that formed our first halting-place is nowise dif-

ferent from other Irish provincial towns, save that it consists of one long street on which the church of the Holy Trinity and its neighbouring convent of Mercy—a grandchild of the Newry foundation—look down. In the rear is the new parochial house. A year ago the latter was barely out of the builder's hands.

We two untravelled travellers, like all of our kind, reached the station a good ten minutes too soon for our train, and were finally borne through a seemingly prosperous country to the next county. In one of its principal towns we found the person who was for that day our host, and were met by the inquiry, "Should we potter about the town or go for a drive to Shane's Castle?" We voted for Shane's Castle, despite the warning that we should in all probability have to go dinnerless. While dinner was still an uncertainty, we had some regret that we hadn't chosen that particular day for doing "the black fast"—one of the conditions necessary for gaining the indulgence of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception which the Church was at that time celebrating.

The roads over which we drove were level, and the district spread far before the view; the flat fields were unbroken by woods, forming a contrast to our own country of wooded hills and hollows. In a drive of nine or ten miles we met, strange to say, only one man with a horse and cart, and two cyclists. Slemish, where St. Patrick prayed and herded, was blue in the distance as we approached Toome, a little town on the Bann, famous above all things for its eels. In its comfortable homelike hotel that looks out on the placid waters of Lough Neagh we found an excellent impromptu dinner—salmon trout, flowery potatoes, green peas, and crisp lettuce, not to speak of other fare. The evening wore on, and at length we took our places in the train for C——. The only other occupant of the carriage we entered was an aged priest, busy with his office. There seemed to be no hurry along our line of route, and the train lingered at the intervening stations. C—— is a terminus, and if we were behind time it did not matter. A little white pony and school cart were waiting us and we crawled slowly homeward. Before us the west was red with the afterglow of a brilliant sunset; and against its crimson and gold the gathered sheaves on a distant upland were silhouetted darkly. Is it the thought of approaching winter

that causes one's thoughts to take a melancholy cast in the gloaming of an autumn evening ? Or is it the thought of that important day when we shall reap as we have sown ? The last golden rays of the sunset were gone, the stars were peeping out, and over the meadow-land the white mist spread mystic draperies as our charioteer drew up in the wide welcoming disc of ruddy light that streamed from an open door. Our day's outing was ended.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE PLEASURES OF INCOMPETENCE

IT is interesting and instructive to study the modifications of meaning involved in certain changes in the form of certain words. The word *competent* does not explain itself by its etymology, as *compete* does and *competitor* ; but the special point now before my mind is the fact that *competence* and *incompetence* might seem to bear the same relation to each other that *competent* bears to *incompetent*, whereas in reality they stand in very different relations. These relations need not be discussed at present ; for they have only been alluded to because the unusual title of my paper has been suggested by the usual phrase, " a pleasant competence."

A " competence " means a sufficiency, especially of the means of living ; " incompetence " is not the opposite of that, the denial of that, but general inability, incapacity. Now we have all heard of the pleasures of competence. Pope's couplet is familiar :—

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.

And in prose Ruskin, who practised what he preached, and showed a high disdain for many of the ordinary uses of wealth, sounds also the praises of competence :—

" What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a

consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions self-possession and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace."

Macaulay says somewhere, "Every day shows me more and more how necessary a competence is to a man who desires to be either great or useful."

Not, however, of the pleasures and advantages of a modest competence is there question here, but of a more novel subject; for we should be surprised to find that any one had forestalled us in celebrating the pleasures of incompetence.

Yes, incompetence has its pleasures, and its decided advantages. The man who is thoroughly competent, able, skilful, will often be called upon to exercise his skill. To plunge at once into the concrete, take a man who is able to carve well—at ordinary entertainments, picnics, modest dinner-parties, where things are not managed *à la Russe* but dishes are carved honestly at the table, such a man will have the turkey placed before him to be doled out judiciously to the company, while the man who does not know how to carve will be allowed to eat his dinner in peace. The thoroughly competent cricketer—in the cricket season was any slave ever more overworked than he? So also in the more serious business of life, in private concerns and in public affairs, the abler and more competent a man proves himself, the heavier the load that is placed upon his shoulders. He has to undergo toils and responsibilities from which the incompetent man enjoys complete immunity.

The view of the subject that we are putting forward is illustrated very clearly in those who in a thousand different ways are called upon to exercise leadership amongst their fellows. Authority assumed or accepted, on a large or a small scale, carries with it responsibility, anxiety, peril, toil. White Pope and Black Pope, and every one whose office obliges him to give commands, to require obedience from certain members of his fellow-men, to be to a certain extent responsible for their well-being and good conduct—all these in their different degrees must realise the truth of the poet's words, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a

crown." There are none who are less masters of their time, of their lives, of themselves, than those are who rule over others. Not the Sovereign Pontiff only but all subordinate rulers in the Church and even in civil affairs, every true and conscientious superior might claim the title of *servus servorum Dei*. The worthy efficient king is subject to more laws and customs than any of his subjects. Of all grades of authority the same holds good in due measure. St. Paul says truly, *Qui praeest, in solitudine*. Anxiety must always be the portion of him who presides over others. On the other hand the incompetent, those who are manifestly unfit to stand on such heights, escape much trouble and toil. Of course they miss also opportunities of doing good and gaining merit in a difficult way and on a great scale. As a compensation, however, the person who is only fit to obey and has the good sense to know that, enjoys, as we have said, almost complete immunity from responsibility and care.

We do not deny that this very immunity may be bitterly distasteful to a generous spirit, that there may be something cowardly and selfish in the pleasures of incompetence ; while the thoroughly competent man may feel a far higher pleasure in exercising his ability and serving his fellows. We do not deny that there is another side to the question ; but at present we are looking only at one side. Where a man's incompetence is natural and beyond his control, and has not been achieved by neglect of duty and want of conscience, there are some compensating advantages in such a position ; and a good deal may truthfully be said in praise of the Pleasures of Incompetence.

M. R.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

[*N.B.—Authors and publishers will save us some trouble and postage by sending books for review, &c., to*

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, UPPER GARDINER-ST., DUBLIN.]

1. *The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Ossory.* By the Rev. William Carrigan, C.C., M.R.I.A., Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker.

This is by far the most important work that has been published in Ireland for many years, and it reflects the greatest credit on all who have been concerned in its production. The brief and modest preface of the Author is less communicative than the fine introduction in which Dr. Abraham Brownrigg, the present Bishop of Ossory, lets us know how Father Carrigan has devoted all his available time during twenty years to the laborious gathering and ordering of the materials that make up these four stately volumes. Ossory has indeed been fortunate in her historian; he has done for her what Monsignor O'Laverty has done for Down and Connor, Dean Cogan for Meath, and Dean Monahan for Ardagh. It is announced that the diocese of Limerick is about to receive the same filial service from Father Begley, C.C. These four finely printed and copiously illustrated volumes are by no means dear at thirty shillings. Dr. Brownrigg in a letter to the publishers congratulates them on the completion of their undertaking, in all the details of which the workmanship is exclusively Irish.

2. The Catholic Truth Society (69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.) has given us many wonderful pennyworths; but the best value in its catalogue is probably *The Gospel Story for Catholic Homes*, by B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A., price one shilling net. Some 440 pages—broad and capacious pages—and thirty full-page very good illustrations. The present Archbishop of Westminster introduces the work with a brief account of the excellent and devoted layman who compiled this clear and full record at the close of his useful and too short life. For practical use among the faithful this will be found an admirable summary of the four Gospels, giving the events in their probable order.

The same Society publishes in a particularly neat form, price sixpence, *Simple Aids to the Devout Recitation of the Rosary*, by the Right Reverend Joseph Oswald Smith, Abbot of Ampleforth. Next in the descending scale of prices, there is published at threepence, *Development: Thoughts on Bishop Gore's Roman Catholic Claims*, by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. In this very unpretentious form we have a controversial treatise of solid merit, that would formerly have been expanded into a portly volume. The newest penny publications of this Society are four sketches—*St. Francis Xavier*, *St. Thomas Aquinas*, and *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, all by Lady Amabel Kerr, and *The Ven. John Ingram*, by John B. Wainewright. The last of these is one of Queen Elizabeth's martyrs. The narrative has been compiled with great care, but it is rather confused, especially the opening pages. The very title contains a mistake which must be corrected. "The Venerable John Ingram (1584-1598)." Was he, then, a boy-martyr, only fourteen years old? No, he reached the limit of our Redeemer's mortal life, thirty-three years; 1584 is the date of his admission to the English College at Rome, when he was nineteen years old. References are given at the foot of the pages to the various authorities; but the very first consists of mere initials which ought to have been interpreted for the ordinary reader. Others of these C.T.S. pennyworths are *Some Thoughts on Progress* by William Samuel Lilly, Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge; *Education, True and False*, by the same distinguished writer; *The Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews*, with notes by Canon McIntyre, Professor of Scripture in Oscott College; *Savonarola on Prayer*, translated by the late Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.; *The Suppression of the Monasteries under Henry VIII*, by a Protestant antiquary who is not named, but who is said to be well known; and *Thoughts for Freethinkers, An Appeal to Young Men*, by Dr. William Barry. This last tract is, as may be expected, written with great force and eloquence; but it is directed against free living rather than against free thinking—it regards morals more than faith. Alas, that it should be needed, even in England! God help the young, with the perils of life before them! St. Augustine knew too well what he was saying when he cried out, *O juvenus! flos ætatis, periculum mentis*.

3. *Rex Meus*. By the author of *My Queen and my Mother*. Westminster : Art and Book Company, Ltd.

There is a good deal of freshness about these pious reflections on portions of the Old Testament relating to the career of King David, beginning with the sixteenth chapter of the first Book of Kings. Perhaps the arrangement of the book would have been clearer if the long citations from the Scripture narrative had been printed in a different type from the comment. The author introduces many happy quotations from Dante, Madame Craven, and even from Ruskin. We remember that the late holy and learned Abbé Hogan, in our last conversation with him, demurred to the interpretation which finds an address to the Blessed Trinity in the last verse of Psalm sixty-six which priests read every day in Lauds. The following is the comment of the author of *Rex Meus*: "Every night in the Office we use another of David's beautiful coaxing prayers on the same subject when we say: *Benedicat nos Deus, Deus noster, benedicat nos Deus*. 'May God bless us, our own God, may God bless us.' Many children are taught to ask their father's blessing before going to bed; and here we make a triple petition to God every night that He may grant us this same favour. Let us do it earnestly with our whole hearts. The name of God is repeated thrice: let us beg the blessing of each person of the Holy Trinity, dwelling lovingly on the *noster* of the Second Person. Jesus, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, has indeed made Himself our own in every conceivable way, even to making Himself our food." These reflections frequently take a metrical form, but the metre suffers from a dearth of rhyme, the odd lines disappointing the ear every time by being unrhymed. Poets indeed are sometimes guilty of this parsimony; but so much the worse for the poems in question. Is there one of them among classic favourites? Of course we refer only to long lines which cannot be regarded as mere parts of a line.

4. Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne have published for 1s. 6d. in a convenient form a large-type edition of *The Epistles and Gospels for all Sundays and Holidays of the Year and other Important Feasts*, arranged by the Very Rev. Richard A. O'Gorman, O.S.A., Prior of Hythe, Kent, who has marked the pronunciation of the more difficult names of places and persons. But how can Caiphas be pronounced as indicated at

page 10 ? The same publishers have issued a sixpenny reprint of *An Earnest Appeal for the Revival of the Ancient Plain Song* which the great architect, Augustus Welby Pugin, published in 1830. It is written with his well-known energy, forestalling by half a century the views on Church Music of Pius X. In this context we may mention that Bayley and Ferguson, 2, Great Marlborough Street, London, W., have begun the publication of a series called *Latin Church Series* by Palestrina and others, in which the Sol-fa notes are printed with those of the Staff. At twopence each can be had *O Bone Jesu* by Palestrina, and also his *Alma Redemptoris*. His Mass, *Aeterna Christi Munera*, is given for a shilling.

5. They certainly do things on a grand scale in the United States. We have seen nothing of the sort so elegant as the Memorial of the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy, San Francisco, California, recently issued with pictures of all the persons and places connected therewith ; and *St. Joseph's College Annual*, Philadelphia, is also a splendid specimen of its own class of literature now so abundant and so spiritedly conducted. Again (but we are now leaping to another Continent) there is nothing better of its kind anywhere than the *Springfield Magazine* for May, 1905. This is conducted by the pupils of the Dominican Convent at Wynberg, South Africa. Even the newsy part is excellently written ; but " At the Foot of Parnassus " and many other items are real literature. Best of all is the summary of the Debates. The subjects chosen are really interesting and the discussion is fresh and clever ; but I suspect the reporter must be as responsible as Dr. Samuel Johnson was in the old times before strangers were allowed to listen to parliamentary debates. " Are gentlemen vainer than ladies ? " How could that be discussed impartially in a Ladies' Parliament ? " Which is pleasanter, cold weather or hot ? " This question is more debatable in South Africa than in Ireland, where even " September serene " can be a little chilly. " Does absence make the heart grow fonder ? " may interestingly be discussed. But we must return perhaps, hereafter, to the Springfield Debating Society.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1905

A SUNDAY IN THE "BAR'NIES"

BETWEEN the river Slaney on the east, and the Irish Sea beyond the point of Carnsore, lie the low plains of southern Wexford. They are ample, rolling, rich-moulded : spread out broad under a dome of sky against which no mountain strives. The furrow is fruitful of corn, there is white clover in the grass. Milky of grain, the barley bends before a wind that has no roughness in it, though it has blown over leagues and leagues of roaring sea. Bean-fields ripen in a generous sun. The sand-dunes take on a glint of silver where the light falls on their banks, the tide is booming with hollow, soft noises on the beach beyond them. This is Norman Ireland.

Over the ridge of Forth, or "the Mountain of Forth," as it is called by the proud people of "the Bar'nies," Celtic Ireland has its bogs and rocks. The distinction between the two Irelands has been made with due consideration. Wexford has scarce anything in common with the rest of the country : the Wexford people have little Celtic blood in their veins. Before the Norman came, the Ostman had made his settlement beside the Slaney. Earlier again, folks from Gaul took up their abode here, after helping in the destruction of the *Dinn Righ*, or royal palace, of Leinster ; to which Province they gave its name. We have their descendants, the Doyles, otherwise the *Dubh-Galls*, or Dark Strangers, almost as many as the Devereuxes or the Brownes whose fathers landed with Strongbow. And when the children of these later invaders abode upon the plains between the river and the southern sea, they intermarried among themselves. The Sinnott wed a Lambert ; the Stafford a Whitty

or a Browne. The grandsire of the first Devereux of Ballymagir fought beside William at Hastings, a Norman bowman ; to-day you may walk down the quay of Wexford town, and see the Norman profile in a hundred faces, lightly-cut, keen, aquiline. Either names mean nothing, or surely the builder of Baldwinstown Castle came out of Flanders ; to-day the people of the two baronies pass you by on the road, and you meet the heavy jawbone and the long heavy features of the Dutch. The very appearance of the country is not like anything we should look to find in the four provinces. The flat expanses of sandy land, the salt canals with their raised banks, the sand-dunes over-against the beach, the Little Sea encroaching along the Cul, the wind mills that turn slow sails against the light, the serious-eyed women going to and fro in their short petticoats and curtailed sun-bonnets of linen : these things do not belong to Ireland, but to Flanders and the Low Countries, and Normandy across the wave.

When the Flemish mason laid the corner-stone of what is now the ruined church of Killag, mouldering amid yellow sands, this corner of the land was the cradle of the Norman rule in Ireland. For ages after, the right hand and the left of the Norman power were the two baronies of Forth and Bargy, with their 118 stone castles, all in the circle of a sea-gull's flight. In the battlemented bawns the kine were herded, safe from the foray of the Irish chief : the strength of red granite broke the cast of Gaelic spears, and stood against the vengeful fires that would have consumed a wattled dun into black ashes for the wind to blow abroad. The Clans trailed back to their bleak, bare mountains, wasted and weary from fruitless battle, and eat their proud hearts in wrath while the stranger prospered upon their tribe lands. What the Norman took, the Norman held ; and holds to this hour.

We, of the blood of Gael and Gaul, make holiday here, in a honey-sweet June. Our fathers, who were Norman, turned their back upon their own race, repenting themselves of their foreignness. For that they were named "the False." On the list of the great families in the Two Baronies, we find the "Gay Giffords ;" the "Stiff Staffords ;" the "Dry Devereux" or "Derouse ;" the "Gentlemen Brownes ;" but the "False Furlongs." The Abbé MacGeoghegan tells us that "Brien Cavenagh, son of Cahir MacArt, who was created Baron of

Balian by Queen Mary, caused great disturbance in Leinster. He was a brave and accomplished nobleman ; he killed Robert Browne of Mulrenkan (A.D. 1572) for having insulted him. Brien's pride made him so formidable to his neighbours that Sir Nicholas Devereux and the principal inhabitants of Wexford assembled to check his progress. They came to an engagement, which was fatal to Devereux. He lost thirty gentlemen on the field of battle, besides several soldiers." Next we hear of Sir Nicholas Devereux writing to the Lord Deputy with complaint that Brian M'Cahir (otherwise Brien Cavenagh), Feagh M'Hugh, and " the Furlongs " had killed his son Philip, and thirty other gentlemen of the county of Wexford. (This Sir Nicholas was the " White Knight " of Ballymagir, the high seat of the Devereuxes, hard-by Killag, and Ballyteig on the Little Sea.) So it would seem that the bonds of fosterage moved us rather than the ties of kin : and taking Kathleen ni Houlahan for our mother, we served her against them that were of our own blood, as it was the way with Gaelic fosterlings. We are at peace now with Devereux and Stafford, and the cousin who keeps house for us is of the " laughing Lamberts," whose laughter in ages past was often changed to weeping on our account.

We keep our holiday, then. Of a certain Sunday morning, the cousin rises with the lark. She kindles a fire under the great, dusky, hooded chimney of our three-roomed cabin. The fire is of coals from the English " black country." Our cousin never saw a sod of turf. Think of that, in Ireland ! The fire is on the floor, and is blown up by what they call a fan. This is a modern invention found in almost every Wexford cabin : it stands some distance from the hearth, and does not appear to have anything in life to do with the fire ; it is an affair something over a foot high, made of an iron tube or pipe, curved like a horse-shoe and fitted with a pumping apparatus inside ; this is worked by a wheel without. Our cousin sits by the wheel and turns it, with the suggestion of a person spinning : then the black coal on the hearth shoots out fiery spikes and sparks like a smith's furnace, for under the earthen floor there is a pipe connecting fire and fan. The kettle, swung from hook and hanger on a sooty crane, soon begins to sing. The cousin leaves the wheel, and fries eggs and bacon. She calls us up. We rise from our bed, iron-framed with a mattress of woven

wire—which is not as it should be. Under this roof of lichened thatch, and low ceiling of rafters made from the planks of some old boat wrecked by God or man on the Burrow Strand below, by right we ought to sleep on a broad wooden shelf with a raised edge, set into the wall like a berth in a ship. Such a thing is here at hand, curtained and airless. Like enough, it was a ship's berth, once upon a time, before wind or wave, or the decoy-light of the wrecker drove a midnight vessel to doom upon some rocky headland of this coast. It is a ghostly thing, and we will have none of it. We are ashamed to mention ghosts, but we quote the maxims of late-come knowledge, speak of carbonic acid gas and microbes, and set up our new-fangled bed away from the corner. We are in a dangerous draught, our cousin declares. But we do not heed the draughts. Who could bolt and bar the shutter against a night-wind that will bring sweets of woodbine and the full fragrance of wet meadows to a tired head upon the pillow? that will carry the word of the corn-crake crooning in the dark, and the far call of tides upon a level beach? We rise and eat our breakfast, having no need to go abroad in the air for an appetite.

Our cousin makes fitting morning inquiries. "Has we slept?" and certainly one of us looks "angish, but sure she have more strength nor any o' ye, after." This is "Bar'ney o' Forth talk." "Angish" means weakly. "Meerame" is another word for the same. "She have," sometimes changes to "she haves." "She have brave, fine children," but "she haves a brave, fine girl." Is this reminiscent of the French silent "s," which, exceptionally, is sounded before a vowel? While we ponder, our cousin bids us eat our meal, or else it will be "all to wastin'." After that, we ask if the day will hold out? "There bes no fear of it wettin', unless the wind goes down," she makes answer. As there is no wind to speak of, this would be confusing, if we did not know that "down" means "south" in this connection.

We prepare a careful toilet, and go to Mass. No out-of-date frocks may be brought to wear out in Wexford. Your Dublin best is not above the country girls here. The folks are known for their love of fine raiment: it is told of them that they will suffer hunger sooner than walk ill-clad. Going on broader lines, it may be said that they favour a good appearance in most

things. Their churches are an example. In no county of Ireland are there to be found finer churches. One strives against another in beauty within and without. There is nothing like the poor thatched barn we meet with in the West, meagre in poverty as the stable of old Bethlehem. Here the churches are carven stone. There are pilgrimages and processions, banners, and a glow of flowers. One beautiful ceremony is held every year : the decoration of the graves. Each family brings wreaths and crosses of summer blossom to its own mound, in pathetic token of remembrance and lasting sorrow. Is this another custom carried over-seas ? We know of chapels on the shore of Brittany, where *immortelles* are hung, garland upon garland, along the walls ; bearing the names of father and son, brother and cousin, who have been drowned in the sea ; lest the dead should be also the forgotten.

We take the road by level golden fields, and red ploughlands where the harrow lies at rest. Beyond the dunes, the tide is always sounding, but softly now, as if the excessive light drowsed it into sleep. On the hither hand, our cousin points out the "Mass-field." We were there once, in the green bowl of sward where our fathers knelt in hiding, and the priest offered the Sacrifice by stealth. Like a lark's nest low in the ground is that deep, small hollow. We climbed the high ditch and looked abroad, as our fathers may have looked, but without such weight of dread on our heart as they. There was the Duncormick road, which, long ago, was the only road out of Wexford to Duncannon : it stretched long and white in the gloaming, now winding by fair homesteads and peaceful pastures where the kine crushed fragrance from the herbs. Then it was the red march of war. This high ditch was as a watch-tower to the people : from thence the warden gave word of the coming of the "red-coats," and bade the people fly as deer before the wolf. We gather to our chapel now, without fear. The roads, north and south, are dark with people. Up against the low hedge of "skeoughs" the donkeys are tethered, with their "side-lays" cars. This is a peculiar kind of country-cart, without springs sometimes, sometimes with them. The sides are not upright ; you do not sit on a "cross-board." There is a flat seat, about six or nine inches in width, running round all sides of the cart : the floor within is sunk a little, and filled

with straw. You can sit with your feet inward, if you like, as the women and girls mostly do : or with your feet outward, after the fashion of the men. In this latter position, the feet just clear the wheel. The chapel-yard is crowded with men, as is common in all parts of Ireland : they are discussing the news of the week, the crops, the present war—wherever it may be—and, perhaps, their neighbours. At the last bell they come crowding into the church, and make a decorous, serious, comfortably-clad congregation, keeping a steady eye on the priest as he preaches.

We come home to our thatched cabin, to an early dinner of country chickens and fresh vegetables—not to be imagined at city dinner-parties—and when the meal is over, we idle a while, pretending to read as we lie on the clover of our little field. The sallagh-warbler, up among the silver fringe of the sallaghs, imitates the robin, with a bolder note : above in the blue, the lark is discoursing heavenly music before he will drop to the nest, like a stone falling down the air. We enjoy our spell of repose. Forty years ago, the country folks still held to the custom of mid-day slumber. In those days, should you chance to be abroad in the afternoon, you might travel from the town of Wexford to the Burrow Strand without the salutation of a living being ; even the dogs and cats went asleep, it is said. Hearing of this fashion, one cannot but think of the Spanish *siesta*. We are roused from our reveries and dreams by the trot of a horse upon the road outside, and go forth to welcome another cousin who has come to drive us where we will. We make choice of Mayglas, and the woods of Rathmacknee. “Dandy,” our handsome strong horse, slings away with his heavy trot again, and we sway to and fro behind him in the car, grumbling somewhat for the smoother motion of the “byke” which one of our party has preferred. We turn round by Rathangan-cross, where the “red-coats,” retreating on Duncannon, halted to fire their guns into the corn-field where the women and children were in hiding. It needed such bad doings to quicken the slow blood of this thrifty patient people into rebellion. We go inland from the sea and the sand-dunes, where the rabbits leap up under your foot among the low briar of the sand-roses. The wind-mill of Ta-gunnon lifts its black shafts without motion, in the air

This is Baldwinstown Castle, over a break-neck bit of road : an old grey keep that looks out far upon the country and the creeping, winding Little Sea. By-and-by, we lose the cyclist. We are concerned, for she does not know the lie of the lanes, and having taken a wrong turn may wander to the Mountain of Forth before she stops. We draw rein, and question this one and that. We get a clue, follow it, lose it again. Here is a jwayfarer, with a lilac bonnet, tramping in clogs as thick as sabots, a baby on her arm. Has she seen a lady on a bicycle ? She lifts dark eyes, set in a face as brown as Egypt. No, she has met with no person at all. How long are you on the road ? she is asked. " About four months, sir," is her answer. This is not the quick intelligence of the Irishwoman in the West and South.

We pick up our cyclist after a while, and return upon our way rejoicing. We pass Bridgetown and Mulrenkan (where our fathers slew Robert Browne), and come over Wolf's Ford into the Barony of Forth ; from the sea hitherto is Bargy. Now we are in Mayglas, the Green Plain (*Magh-glos*), rounding away out of the hollow of the Ford, in wide grassy meads of richness. We leave a " Labourer's Cottage " on the left. Wexford is blessed with a progressive County Council, and these dwellings with their gurths and gardens, are a delight to the eye. Here is one which is rented at 10½*d.* a week. The house is two-storey, lime-washed as snow. In a tangled bower, the pinkest of honeysuckles overhangs the porch. Purple and yellow pansies border the path to the door ; hard-by the hollyhocks stand stiff and rich in their satins. Out in the " half-acre " beyond the shelter of the sallaghs, there is a bit of barley, and a square of oats, and a few ridges of early potatoes showing white blossoms. Prosperity on the work ! There is a little hill rising now between us and Rathmacknee. The hill is crowned by a graveyard and a ruined chapel.

In the retreat from Wexford to the fort of Duncannon the roof was fired by the soldiery : three of the company found their graves in a field at hand, for the people, who forsook their houses, defended their churches. Soon we come by shady avenues into the woods of Rathmacknee. There is a church, and a mill, and a castle in the midst. Dr. Gabriel Redmond, in his " Account " of the Devereux family, tells us that in the

fifteenth century there arose a dispute concerning the presentation of Rathmacknee. This was the finding of the Court of Inquiry: "We learn that William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who had married Isabella, only child of Strongbow and the Princess Eva, only child of Dermot MacMurrough, granted the church of Rathmacknee to the Priory of All Hallows, Dublin, which grant was confirmed by Pope Innocent V, in 1276." Dr. Redmond further says that Henry VIII confiscated the Priory and all its holdings to the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, and that the living was thus vested until 1842. So much for the church. The mill is a water-mill, looking out of place enough after the old-world wind-mills of Ta-gunnon and Ta-Goat. The castle is splendid, and simple, and strong: built of red granite, with a courtyard and grenelle and gateway undefaced by time. It was the seat of the Rossitters in the days of feudal power; now, the Rossitter has departed the way of all flesh, and who should come and plant his pleasant farm-house in the court, but a Kavanagh? So the Celt renews his youth, like the bird that rises out of its own ashes.

We wander by the water-courses of the woods, and watch the sun go down behind the mountain in hazes of burning glory. Presently we come upon a low thatched house, by a straggling garden where bindweed clings about the roses, and bees come humming to a half-score of hives set on little poles among the grass. A young man, the "servant-boy" of this homestead, loiters near the garden-gate. "Does Mrs. B—— expect us?" we inquire. "Likely she do," he says, quiet and dull, disdain-ing to be interested in us or our concerns. Think of how a Connaughtman would run and see where Mrs. B—— was, and tell her wordily of the guests seeking her!

The mistress of the bees and the roses does expect us, at any rate, and sets before us tea, and home-made bread, and honey; and shews us crickets by her hearth, ugly little monsters better heard than seen. We drive home in the warm dusk. The fields are yellow and dim, and grey moths flutter about us, and the wind brings very softly the far sounding of the sea.

ALICE FURLONG.

HIS RIGHT AND TITLE

A LOVELY Sister, meek and pure and pale
 As ever shrined her face in Mercy's veil,
 Oft took her pitying way to a lone shed
 Where lay a poor old pauper on his bed,
 Dying by inches of disorder dread.

Her gliding presence, like a sunbeam fair,
 Making a glory in the murky air,
 The Sister brought the outcast when she smiled
 The very light of heaven clear and mild :
 The while, with tender touch she cleansed his sores,
 Opened upon his bed her dainty stores
 Of wines and fruits and jellies—fragrant flowers,
 And holy books to speed the weary hours—
 She led her patient to the Gospel fount,
 And gently read the Sermon on the Mount,
 Then, spake to him of God and of His Son,
 Of Blessed Mary (fair and sinless one !)
 And of the angels and the saints who reign
 With Christ the King in heaven's bright domain.

But, ever as she added, soft and low :
 " Oh ! let us hope, good friend, that we may go,
 One day, to taste the joys of that dear Land,
 And near the Master in His Kingdom stand "—
 The beggar check'd her with uplifted hand,
 And cried aloud, his wasted face aglow,
 " No '*hope*' about it ! Sister dear, I *know*,
 As sure and certain as I'm lying here,
 Without a single doubt, a single fear,
 I know, I *know* that yonder blessed heaven
 To me, at last, sweet Sister will be given ! "

Then grew the nun's benignant visage grave
 (Presumption never yet a soul might save !)
 A kneeling angel by that wretched bed,
 She clasp'd her slender hands, and, warning, said :
 " Sinners are we who *hope* to be forgiven,
 But no one, here below, is *sure* of heaven ! "

The beggar's brow was lifted—round it glowed
 The nimbus of a trust no doubt could cloud.
 One wither'd fist upon its fellow's palm,
 He struck with emphasis assur'd and calm,
 And cried aloud in accents shrill and odd :
 " *Not sure of heaven ?* Glory be to God !
 I know, I *know* (since He can never lie),
 That I am *sure* of heaven when I die ! "

The Sister puzzled by this bold defence,
 This strange and over-weening confidence,
 Turned on his face her tender, dove-like eyes,
 And asked : " Why art *thou* sure of Paradise ? "

The old man answered : " Didn't Christ our Lord
 Upon the mountain once declare this word ?
 Yourself hath read it : ' Blessed are the poor,
 For their's is heaven's kingdom ! '—Safe and sure
 The beggar's title to that blessed spot
 Where want and cold and suff'ring enter not.

" Then, hearken to me, Sister ; all my days
 I've suffer'd bitter want a hundred ways ;
 In nakedness and thirst and hunger knew
 Nothing but poverty my whole life through ;
 And, since I even now am poor as Job,
 (A poorer pauper never trod the globe !)
 And since our Lord declares it safe and sure
 That Paradise is for the blessed poor—
 Talk not to me of *hope* : the iron key
 To golden gates is holy Poverty !
 And, Sister darlin', now that Key is mine,
 And, close at hand, the gates and glory shine.
 Oh ! wouldn't it be strange if such as I
 In downright certainty would fail to cry :
 I know, I *KNOW* that yonder blessed heaven,
 To me, at last, sweet Sister, will be given ? "

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

FATHER WILLIAM HUGHES, S.J.

A BELATED OBITUARY

PART II.

IN our account of Father Hughes's family, his eldest sister, Margaret, was not mentioned. She married Mr. James Byrne, of Tully Castle near Stradbally, in Queen's County. When she was left a widow in November, 1883, Father William wrote some beautiful letters of consolation from his distant Australian home. She died in 1895. Of her six children, four are still living, three of them fighting the battle of life successfully in that new land where so many battles were lately lost and won—at Kimberley and Grahamstown in South Africa.

My notes last month ended with the landing of the new band of Australian missionaries. At that moment Father William Hughes had a letter ready to post to his brother John, enclosing a note to one of his sisters, then a Sister of Charity at the Blind Aylum, Merriem. It is dated, "Off the Coast of Australia, April 8th, 1873."

"I am anxious to write before landing, as I expect and indeed hope to be very busy as soon as I disembark. We started from Liverpool on the 18th of December, and immediately fell upon bad weather for three weeks. I was sea-sick for a good while; but you know it is not a dangerous malady, being only particularly nasty. We were forty-one days in getting to the Line. We did not suffer much from the heat. We did not meet with the usual trade winds and missed the strong westerly winds which usually blow from the Cape to Australia. Hence our passage was so long. We met with six storms, but none of them was formidable. We lost a few sails, an anchor, and a few barrels of beef that were washed overboard. Fathers Nulty and Watson are very well after their voyage, and we are, of course, in high hope and joy in the prospect before us of doing something for God's glory among the Antipodes. We read and studied and prayed together, and said Mass when we could. We almost always had the Blessed Sacrament with us; so you see our Blessed Lord accompanied us on our voyage. I suffered a little from time to time from the weather, strange food, want of enough to do, the glare of the water, and the

rocking of the vessel ; but we never were afraid or downhearted, and made very little of these inconveniences. I suppose you were praying for me. I recommended you all to our Lord in the Holy Sacrifice. We had Mass about sixty-three times in spite of our rough passage. The captain for half the voyage refused to let us assemble the Catholic sailors ; then he relented and at last told us to do all the good we could to the sailors. He is a Freemason and was greatly prejudiced against us. However, we were kind and gentle to him, amused him and talked piety until he admitted we were good fellows, and that we did him good. He is a good sort of man, and is certainly now inclined favourably towards Catholics. He promises to ask his minister why he does not hear the confessions of the dying and absolve them as the Book of Common Prayer directs. He admits that there is the power somewhere on earth of forgiving sins. We got all the Catholic sailors to make their Paschal Communion. We gave a few instructions to them and appointed a day for confessions, but none came. It was not that they did not need to go to confession, for one was thirteen years away from the Sacraments, and three others from five to seven years. Affairs looked bad, so we began a Novena to the Holy Ghost, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Blessed Virgin. Before the nine days were up, the sailors began to come. All went to Communion with most edifying dispositions. One of them has since come to be taught how to say the Rosary well. The only Catholic in the second cabin was a Frenchman who had not been to the Sacraments since his First Communion. He smiled at the idea of confessing after fourteen or fifteen years. I think it was a miraculous medal of our Blessed Lady that brought him round. He received holy Communion this morning with a modesty and recollection I have seldom seen equalled. Besides these consoling results there are two Protestant sailors under instruction. They wish to become Catholics, and will come to us in Melbourne to be further instructed before being received into the Church. A few simple words to the men whilst at their work, a few good books, some prayers, and a little good example have been the occasion for Almighty God to grant these graces. May His Holy Name be blessed, and may the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved !

"In about another hour we shall enter Port Philip, and to-morrow we shall see the field for our future labours. The moment seems to me a little solemn, when I think how much good God might make me the worker of, if I be faithful to my vocation—and what folly it would be for me to have come so far and not do His business by praying and labouring. Pray for me, that we may all be faithful to the vocation that we have received."

I will not attempt to specify the times and places of all the various labours to which Father Hughes devoted himself, heart and soul, for the next thirty years in his new country. He did not allow his variable but always unsatisfactory health to interrupt his work. His chief employment was the conduct of the higher classes, at one time at Kew, at another at St. Patrick's College, Melbourne, or at Riverview, near Sydney. He was equally at home in the classics and in mathematics, but his taste inclined more to the latter. Much of his time and energy went to the hard, wearing toil of preparing boys for the public examinations so much in vogue in this examining, competitive age.

But we shall let Father Hughes himself describe the sort of life he was leading when he had been eight years in the Colony. In a letter to one of his sisters, written from Melbourne, July 13th, 1881, he lets us know some of the work he was engaged in. His correspondent had evidently scolded him for not writing, and he begins by acknowledging that she is a real brick. |

"I admit my terrible sins against you, but I'll try to repent. I felt it was good to have a sister when I read your letter, and I will strive not to offend so much any more. I am now at St. Patrick's College, grinding young lads for the University. This is the chief part of my work, but I hear a good number of confessions also, and preach occasionally to small congregations. I used to preach pretty often in the Cathedral last year, till the strain became too severe for me to do my everyday work comfortably afterwards. I had to give it up, and lead a quieter life. I have given a good many Retreats to the nuns about Melbourne, principally to Sisters of Mercy. You know I am up to a good many of the little spiritual games that nuns take to, from seeing some of the vagaries of pious girls in the old home. It was what the doctors call fine practice for me. However, you never went very far, or lost your head—to signify."

"There is not much to tell you about people here. We are getting along fairly enough—plenty of work to do, and hardly enough of Jesuits to do it. Attached to the College we have an association of young men who were formerly pupils, and who are now studying at the University, or engaged in business. They assemble every Friday for instruction and Benediction in the College Chapel. Besides, they have a special meeting every month for reading papers which they compose on Catholic subjects. The subjects lately treated were the Crusades, the

Life of Cardinal Ximenes, the Life of Sir Thomas More. The next will probably be the Life of Columbus, or some other great Catholic. The essays and discussions are very interesting and instructive. Some of the leading Catholic M.P.'s come to encourage their future successors. This Academia, as it is called, will, I think, do a great deal of good in the course of time."

I have quoted so much, because his minute knowledge of what went on in this Academia shows that he had himself a great deal to do with organizing and maintaining those literary discussions. The young Sister of Charity to whom the letter was written, was evidently at the time an inmate of Mount St. Anne's, Milltown, and had mentioned the number of times she had read the treatise on Christian and Religious perfection by Alphonsus Rodriguez, whose name seems to have been shortened into "Rod." Two of her sisters and her brother, Father Joseph Hughes, had rather recently died.

"But now, my dear, you must not be in any hurry to follow poor Joe, and Kate and Mary. You won't get off so easily as you think, but must read 'Rod' and leave letters unfinished, and think the bell the voice of God, and practise all your old games for ever so long yet."

In the same long letter he gives us a notion of the sort of health with which he was still to struggle on for more than twenty years. How much more merit such people get from their work than those others can expect who never feel pain or ache and never lose a night's rest in forty or fifty years! This remark, however, was probably made before in almost the same terms.

"As for my health, I think it is much like yours. I am always able to work in a sort of way, but get pretty well done up every year. I am not exactly suffering, but fagged, and sometimes I get rather weak as if I were going to faint—but I don't do any such thing. So you see you have to pray for me that I may not neglect my prayers on pretence of weakness and worry, as I often feel inclined to do. I said Mass for you and Annie this morning, and applied the satisfactory part to those who are gone. I always remember you in the Mass if I don't say many more prayers for you."

And then he ends thus, after sundry affectionate messages :—

"So now good-bye, my dear little sister Hanny, Sister Bernardine, Sister Mary Bernardine, Sister Mary Bernardine

Hughes, [of the Star of the Sea, Tramore ! We shall not meet again here below ; but [if we only pray for one another, and if I be more faithful, we shall have rare old times in Heaven, and then I'll tell you all about my doings. Good-bye, dear, and God bless you. Your affectionate brother, W. HUGHES, S.J."

His verdict on the Victorian climate is given in a postscript :

" You think our climate here very severe. No snow, no ice, a slight frost a few times a year. Hot summer, but not depressing. I think I could hardly live in Ireland now."

He managed to live twenty-one years after this in Australia, in the same round of work that he has described, with the addition of retreats to the nuns of a convent, or to the priests of a diocese, as he tells us in a letter to his Brigidine Sister, dated, " St. Aloysius' College, Bourke-street, Sydney, June 28th, 1900," the middle of the Australian winter.

" Your September letter found me in the height of summer, after enduring a six months' roasting, longing for cool days ; and now that I am in the depth of winter, I am eager for the heat. We hardly ever have frost and never snow at Sydney, but, I suppose, we complain as much as people elsewhere. But we beat you hollow at rain. We have about twice your annual rainfall, though not a third of your rainy days. We do the thing in style—two or three inches in a couple of hours, sometimes ten inches in a week, with rivers overflowing, streets flooded, roofs leaking, gutters bursting, and clothes blue-moulded. A spill of ten minutes gives a thorough drenching to any rash adventurer. . . . I am just as usual—on the whole better than last year, and have not been laid up for a single day. This evening I begin an eight-day Retreat for the Marist Brothers. I dare say I shall have over 130 exercitants, so that I shall not have much time on my hands. Last summer I gave no convent retreats, but had the clerical retreats of two dioceses. Bathurst is a very pretty town of about 13,000 inhabitants, situated in a valley beyond the Blue Mountains, about 130 miles by rail from Sydney. There is a Convent of Mercy near the Cathedral, which I had not time to visit. The clergy assembled in the Vincentian College, a fine building of red brick, with a roof of corrugated iron. There were about twenty priests with the Bishop. The time was only three full days, with the usual introductory and parting addresses. No time for calm and quiet speculation as with you nuns, but hard work to get through with the business in the time. The priests were most edifying. The Vincentian Fathers were very hospitable, and two Irish lay-brothers looked after me in the dreadful heat.

"Am I going to inflict another Retreat on you? Armidale is a much smaller town than Bathurst. It is 358 miles from Sydney. It has a cathedral able to seat about 300, a votive altar erected by the people to commemorate the Bishop's escape from the shot of a lunatic, and a very tolerable choir. There is a convent of French Ursulines close at hand—very kind and friendly Sisters, with a high reputation for all kinds of school-work. The Bishop is Dr. Torregiani, which name his Irish flock have turned, I believe, into Tear-and-ages. He is a Capuchin, and has two friars with him, one a lay-brother. The Capuchins, from the beginning of the Society, have been great friends of ours, so you may be sure I felt quite at home."

Father Hughes' Retreats were very solid and beautiful, adhering very faithfully to the methods of St. Ignatius. His sermons also were very highly appreciated for the soundness and freshness of the matter and the beautiful language in which it was clothed. To the very end he continued to teach and preach, as we see from a letter dated so late as January 12th, 1902. He writes from "Manresa, Hawthorn," which is near Melbourne.

"It is a long time since I wrote to you. Last May I went on a three months' missionary tour to Queensland, so that I spent my winter within the Tropics. I worked single-handed at Jubilee missions, and convent retreats. The scenes of my labours were Townsville, Charters Towers, and Mackay. When I returned, I had to go on another tour on the coast of New South Wales. The six months were very fruitful in all sorts of conversions, but left me quite exhausted. I am going to Sevenhill, South Australia, to recruit my health among our German Fathers. They have a college, vineyard, and farm about eighty miles inland. Some of my old friends are there, so that I shall have a pleasant time in country quarters."

A pleasant time indeed! Well, a holy death is the beginning of a happy eternity. And then he goes on to tell his sister that he had "met two Leighlin men at Charters Towers, Pat Murphy at the milestone of the Leighlin road, beyond Craan, and one of the Nolans of Tomard Cross. How glad they were, and how kind!"

Perhaps it is to the second of these missionary tours that a nameless and undated newspaper scrap before me refers. "The mission which began last Sunday in St. Joseph's Church, and is being carried on by the Rev. William Hughes, S.J., is largely attended. Last evening there was again a large congregation

to hear the eloquent sermon of the preacher who has the gift of holding his hearers in rapt attention, instructing them and touching their hearts alike. The mission will continue in town until the 28th instant, when the Rev. Father Hughes will proceed to Walkerstown, and thence to Mirani, holding similar mission services for a few days at both centres." May God bless the good people, young and old, of Walkerstown and Mirani, though we never heard of them before.

The solidity of the missions and retreats given by Father Hughes after thirty years of constant study and practical experience may be conjectured from the sound advice that he gave long before, just after his noviceship, to one of his sisters who consulted him about her unsatisfactory morning meditations. He of course confines himself to the A B C of the subject, but some of us never get much beyond that stage of the proceedings. The letter comes from Crescent House, Limerick; but no day, or month, or year is named.

"I am surprised that you ask me about spirituality, knowing how little of it I possess. I am almost afraid to say anything of it, knowing my own ignorance. It is not wonderful that you complain of not making the progress you wish in meditation; for, as you know its value, you would never be satisfied whilst it could be better done. Every one has difficulties, and prayer can never be perfect in this life. We must wait until we get to heaven. But we can always be advancing. The only thing wanting to advance in prayer is a good will and perseverance.

"The directions of St. Ignatius regarding prayer are that you spend between ten and fifteen minutes at night preparing the subject, the points, for the morning meditation, that when going to bed you think a little about them and then composing yourself to sleep you briefly recall them. In the morning you briefly call them to mind when you awake, and, if possible, make the meditation before engaging in any other work. When about to begin, think (*before kneeling*) of the presence of God Almighty; and, then, kneeling down, adore His Divine Majesty, thank Him for His benefits, beg pardon for your sins, and make a short act of contrition, and then beg of Him to direct and guide you in your meditation.

"Then you make the preludes. The first prelude is simply to keep the imagination steady. For this purpose you imagine for a moment that you see the place where the mystery occurs; as, for example, if you meditate on the Sacred Infancy, imagine you see the cave of Bethlehem and our Lord wrapped in poor swaddling clothes in the manger, and the Blessed Virgin and

St. Joseph in the cave with the Holy Child. If you meditate on the Passion, imagine you see Mount Calvary and the Cross upon it, and our Lord nailed to the Cross, His Blessed Mother standing at the foot. And so on for other mysteries. If the subject of the meditation be a truth or maxim uttered by our Lord, or written by St. Paul or some other saint or holy writer, imagine ourselves present when our Lord gave that teaching, or else try to realise more vividly God's presence and to imagine Him addressing this counsel to us. This is to be done without straining the head, and must only take up a minute or so.

"The second prelude is to beg the particular fruit I want to draw from the meditation : for instance, to know, love, and serve our Lord more and more, and to imitate Him better, particularly in the virtue of—(here mention the virtue opposed to the fault or sin that is the subject of our particular examen), and the virtues that are illustrated in the mystery which is to be meditated upon.

"Then proceed to the first point of the meditation. What is it ? Ask yourself and go over it carefully in your memory. Jesus Christ did so-and-so. Why ? For my instruction and that I may imitate Him. What does He teach me by His conduct here, and how can I imitate Him ? Have I done so hitherto ? If so, I thank Him ; if not, I will be very sorry, and will purpose to do so for the future. Also, how good it was in Jesus Christ to do so for me. Therefore, I love Him and will do my best to please Him, and will perform all my duties to please Him, and will do them very well for His sake and because He wishes it ; and I will avoid such and such defects in them which I have sometimes fallen into, etc., etc.

"The same to be done in the second point and in the third.

"If I am distracted, as soon as I perceive it, I will say, 'Oh Lord ! teach me to pray. I cannot if you do not help me. Help me, O Lord !' And resume where you had broken off. Don't be disheartened if you find you cannot make many reflections ; be satisfied if you can elicit some acts of the will, and if you can become more humble, more mortified, and more attached to the will of God : for perfection consists in these. If you find yourself very dry, and feel no relish for prayer, say, 'Lord, I am unworthy to be visited with Thy consolations, yet, Lord, let me remain in Thy presence. Cast me not away from Thy face, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. I am unworthy to be called Thy child, etc., etc.' Make acts of humility faith, hope, and charity, and do not give over till you receive some crumb or drop of divine grace. If you remain the whole time without any sensible fruit, be sure that your prayer is very meritorious and will gain for you wonderful graces if you have endeavoured to make it well, and have spent the whole time

without any curtailment. The prayer of St. Ignatius, remember—his system of prayer is practical and intended to strengthen us against our defects and to obtain for us the virtues of Jesus Christ ; and, if we gain this solid fruit, we ought to be content and not seek after consolations. Besides, for a while we may be sure that the distractions and labours of our external life will prevent that complete recollection which purely contemplative Orders may attain to. But, if we enjoy not these sweets, we are labouring for God in the hard dry work, and performing real, difficult acts of love which will meet their reward in heaven, and even on earth may later on lead to a very intimate union with God if we are only faithful to Him.

“ St. Ignatius supposes that, in order to attain to a great spirit of prayer, we use the general and particular examen, in order to know our general defects and our predominant passion, and to seek in prayer a remedy for both.

“ The great secret is to make in prayer frequent acts of contrition for our sins and love for God, and we will thus attain to a great union with Him. Purity of heart opens the way for all the graces of God, and those are the best means of attaining it. Contrition, however, supposes a firm resolution of avoiding our defects.

“ Meditate calmly and quietly. If you are dry, ask for everything you want or can think of for yourself, or for anybody else. Make acts of humility, love, thanksgiving, adoration—and beg for the spirit of prayer, the fear of God, final perseverance, devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Aloysius, etc., etc.—and be always asking.

“ Pray for me, for I want your prayers badly. I have no time to write methodically, but have given what came first.”

• In another letter dated “ Crescent House, Limerick, November 19th,” he adds something more on the same subject.

“ I was rather startled to hear that any one should take notice of the few hasty notes I gave you regarding meditation. I assure you I feel great fear when offering any suggestion to you, even at your earnest request ; but that fear would make me dumb if I thought my words would go to others, as the danger of misleading would be immensely increased.

“ There are a few things remaining on which my former letter did not touch. I think I did not speak of what are called by St. Ignatius ‘ Colloquies.’ ‘ Colloquy ’ signifies a conversation ; and is applied by St. Ignatius to the conversation of the soul with God, the Blessed Virgin, the Angels or Saints. At the end of the meditation there is always one or more colloquies. There are generally one to the Blessed Virgin Mary, one to our Lord Jesus Christ, and one to the Eternal

Father. The colloquy will consist in representing yourself before the person to be addressed in some character, and in that character asking what is suited to your wants as such. For example, you can represent yourself to the Blessed Virgin Mary as a child, and ask her as a mother to grant you everything you see necessary and good for you by meditation ; or as a slave before her—a slave who is unworthy of liberty and yet implores to be freed from the yoke of Satan ; or as a condemned criminal who asks the mother of the Judge (Jesus Christ) to intercede for him ; or as an orphan who is deserted by everyone and who comes to Mary's feet to be consoled and strengthened ; and so on, as your devotion may suggest.

" If you address Jesus Christ, you can represent Him as Brother, as King, as the Good Shepherd, and yourself as sister, as subject, as the Lost Sheep, and so on according to the different titles of Jesus Christ in the holy Gospels, and in the words of the Saints. Then also a colloquy to the Eternal Father, representing Him as Creator, you as creature—Him as Father, you as child—Him as all love, yourself as all malice,—Him as all strength, you as all weakness, sin, and misery. And so on, as the spirit of God may direct you in prayer.

" The colloquy to the Blessed Virgin is to be ended by the *Hail Mary* or the *Hail, Holy Queen*, or the *Regina cæli, lactare*, according to the inspiration of the predominating affection of love, sorrow, joy, etc. The colloquy to Jesus Christ finishes with 'Soul of Christ, sanctify me,' etc. ; and that to God the Father ends with the *Our Father*.

" The colloquy need not take up much time. You could make the three in five or six minutes, at the end of your meditation. Greater reverence is required in them than in the parts where you reason. Make colloquies whenever you feel inclined, as well as at the end. And ask for me the grace of prayer."

We do not get enough out of one another. We do not show enough thoughtfulness and unselfish zeal in trying to secure for those around us, especially the more shrinking and less self-reliant, the fullest opportunities for showing the best that is in them. To do this is often better and more useful, and gains us more merit than anything we could do ourselves. Some self-reproach on this score has sometimes been awakened when calling to mind the marked vocation for literary work, the strong inclination and aptitude displayed from his early years by the dear friend to whose memory these pages pay a tardy tribute. In a letter indeed which has been quoted, written as he was starting for Australia, he had expressly cut himself off from Europe, and proposed to transfer his literary

equipment to the service of his new continent. In spite of this resolve, carried out in the positive direction to a very limited extent only by some able anonymous articles in the *Melbourne Advocate*, and by very rare contributions to the religious periodicals of Australia, I sometimes appealed to him, on behalf of the IRISH MONTHLY, to imitate the prudent householder in drawing forth from his treasury old things and new, in drawing upon the stores of knowledge and thought he was carefully accumulating. For all his life, till the very last, he had an extraordinary passion for reading. He was rarely without a book in his hand. In whatever house he found himself, he soon made his way to the library. He was quick in discovering if a book had anything new to tell him. This systematic reading, aided by his marvellously tenacious memory, filled his mind with a vast amount of accurate information on all sorts of subjects. He had off by heart large portions of the chief English classics. Besides his familiar Latin and Greek and French, he was thoroughly at home in Spanish and Italian; and he was continually extending his acquaintance with out-of-the-way branches of literature. This omnivorous reading, however, was merely the recreation that he found necessary to relieve the monotony of teaching which with his chronic ill-health it must have needed heroic courage and self-sacrifice to continue so efficiently through so many years. On this ill-health he throws the blame of his infidelity to the literary aspirations of his youth, in the last letter I received from him, just before his death. I had evidently returned to the assault and begged him to let me turn his sermons to account. How unselfishly he slips in, even at so hard a time, a word of encouragement for another!

MANRESA, HAWTHORN,
January 14th, 1902.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

Your letter brought me great consolation when I really wanted a lift. I have been put on the shelf by the doctor. No more retreats, no more missions, no work to bring on strain. I tried, by taking things easy, to get on with sermons and confessions here, but I have to give in. As soon as the doctor has patched me up, I shall have to retire to Sevenhill. [He describes the doctor's account of him—heart-disease, dropsy, asthma, and other ailments.] You will find in this malady, which has long been lurking in my system, the physical cause of my literary inactivity which

friends were good enough to regret. I have no writings or notes of the slightest value. The thirty or forty sermons among my papers were written (three hours each) on Saturdays years ago, and were mere logical traps to bring in some useful things that I then knew. They could be of no use now to myself or anybody else. When I got a little practice, I fancied I could get on better on a few hours' reflection without writing.

I have followed your poetry with great interest and pleasure. I never thought that the "accomplishment of verse" could be turned to so useful an account.

Before breaking down I had a six months' run of really useful missionary work. Unfortunately the *labor improbus* found out the weak spots in my carcase and brought on a crisis. So good-bye to Townsville, Charters Towers, Mackay, Kiama, Jamberoo, Wollongong, Nowra, Berry, and Kangaroo Valley. I am now reduced to the state of a wild uncle of mine whom I heard "declare to goodness" that there was nothing now left him but to save his soul.

Father Dalton is very ill. We are all getting old. I am slowing down and nearing the station, which is almost in sight. Pray for me.

Your affectionate,

WILLIAM HUGHES, S.J.

The terminus was indeed in sight. He lingered on through Lent at St. Aloysius', Sevenhills, South Australia, joining in the recreation of the Fathers and entertaining them with anecdotes, for (writes Father Charles Dietel) "in spite of his pains he remained always cheerful." On Good Friday, an auspicious day, the last stage of his Passion began. He lingered on till the following Wednesday, April 2nd, 1902, giving the greatest edification to all who had the privilege of being near his holy deathbed. One of them, Father Dietel, says: "He showed his union with God by frequent ejaculatory prayers, even in the presence of the Protestant doctor. He was a great scholar, a faithful friend, a good adviser, and a true religious." The end came, as it often does after long warning, suddenly and unexpectedly, with hardly any agony, about twenty minutes before eight o'clock, on Wednesday morning of Easter week. It was a happy Easter for this beautiful, guileless, and gifted soul.

NOBODY KNOWS

*(It has been said that one half the world knows not how the
other half lives.)*

OVER the highway into the street
Soundeth the tread of a million feet.
Oh ! the sorrow that ebbs and flows
There in the midst, and nobody knows !

Nobody knows of the want, the care,
Bleaching the jet of the widow's hair—
Little time for a woman's woes ;
Hearts are breaking, and nobody knows !

A child alone in an empty street,—
Nothing to wear and nothing to eat.
Hunger and cold are terrible foes ;
Ah ! some are cruel, and nobody knows !

Many a youth of spirit light
Lies 'neath the touch of sin's first blight ;
So falls a leaf when winter blows
Deep in the woods, and nobody knows !

Out of the gloaming into the Light
Many a soul goes forth to-night ;
Into the arms of his Maker goes,
Heareth his fate, and nobody knows !

Over the highway into the street
Soundeth the tread of a million feet.
Oh ! the sorrow that ebbs and flows
There in the midst, and nobody knows !

F. X. F.

THE CURÉ

IT was a day of blazing heat. The town smoked in its hollow. On the sandy road there were a million coruscations to make the eye ache with fatigue ; the skies were merciless as brass. One's heart was troubled for the galled horses that went to the accompaniment of uncouth cries and an incessant, irritating cracking of whips.

At the top of the hill a hooded cart of the country passed us. Within it were seated a comfortable farming couple, surrounded by baskets of butter and eggs and market produce of various kinds. It was going slowly, and the silent couple gazed stolidly before them.

Half way down the hill we came upon the Curé ascending. He was a real saint, that Curé—a little freckled, curly-headed man, incessantly afoot and panting after the business of his big sea-bound parish. He had need to be a saint, for he leads a life of the uttermost isolation among a flock ignorant and gross, contemptuous of the old observances.

As we came upon him, we saw that the sweat ran down his face. He panted hard like one who has been running himself nearly to death. He was four miles from his ugly house in the village among the sand-dunes, and the day was pitiless. As we came upon him, before he recognized us and could lift his soft hat, with the beaming smile and the *Bon jour, Madame, bon jour, Monsieur*, we had time to observe his attitude. He was gazing sorrowfully after the farmer's cart, then at a little coin in his hand. Plainly the coin was inadequate as a fare, and this is a thrifty people who give nothing for nothing—not even a lift to a weary traveller, and that traveller the priest. One thought of a country where the priest has precedence, and any vehicle in which he would condescend to drive is honoured, because of That which he may carry in his breast.

The poor priest trudged on his sore-foot, toilsome way. One thought of matters of State, Concordats, and such things. Presently these rude villagers will be the poor Curé's paymasters. As we looked after him, trudging up the hill, the red curls about his perspiring neck took the colours of an aureole.

K. T. H.

CONCERNING HOBBIES

AMONG the "pithy sayings of Father Thomas Tracy Clarke," which were printed in this Magazine last September, I did not include one which I did not hear myself, but which was reported to me. He said that everyone ought to have three hobbies—a physical hobby, an intellectual hobby, and a spiritual hobby. That is to say, it is well to have some favourite employment or recreation, like gardening or carpentering; secondly, some favourite study or literary recreation that you can fall back upon with pleasure at all times; and, thirdly, some special devotion, some spiritual subject in which you are able to take a peculiar pleasure, in which nature helps grace to do its work, to which you are able to turn with eagerness instead of that disrelish that we too often feel for holy things.

It is indeed well to be able to overcome the feeling of tedium, of *ennui*, that falls upon us sometimes—to exorcise the spirit of dulness and sadness which too often tempts the young especially to seek relief in something out of the common, some excitement, alas! frequently in what is evil. The holy priest named above used to say that sadness is the next worst thing to sin, and very often it leads to sin. It is extremely desirable in such moods of the soul to be able to turn to something physical or intellectual or spiritual that will enable us to shake off this oppression and recover brightness of spirit or at least peace of mind.

If I were to pursue this subject further, I should deem it my duty to demur to this praise of hobbies to this extent at least that those seem to me happiest who make their duty their hobby. It is not always necessary to seek for this unbending of the mind in something quite distinct from our work. *Le plaisir dans le devoir* was the definition of devotion given by a certain Monseigneur Rey, Bishop of Annecy, as Count Joseph de Maistre tells us somewhere. Let us take our pleasure in our duty. It is possible to do so. At any rate let us take care to keep our hobbies in their proper subordinate place.

The fact, however, is that I have jotted down these notions

merely because I want to use here two references to the subject of hobbies which occurred in the *Mangalore Magazine*, of June, 1905. No name or initials are appended to this short article about "Hobbies and Health" :—

"The best thing in the world for nerves is sleep, the next proper food, the third proper dress. But as good as any one of these is a hobby.

"How often does one hear the expression, 'Oh, that is so-and-so's hobby,' spoken rather disparagingly. It is the tendency of the average mind to regard a person who has a pronounced enthusiasm as a species of harmless lunatic, rather to be pitied.

"The truth of the matter is that anyone who has any especial fad is greatly to be envied, as it probably provides more interest and amusement for its possessor than anything else. Any decided interest in life, whether it is dignified by the name of an occupation or is simply an enthusiasm, or even mentioned slightly as a fad, is eminently desirable.

"I have never seen a genuine collector that is not happy when he is allowed by circumstances to gratify his tastes," remarked a student of human nature, "and a bent in that direction should always be encouraged. It is a curious phase of our humanity that we will work diligently to make provision for our material needs when we are old, and quite neglect to store up mental resources that will interest and amuse us until we are called hence."

"Hobbies help one to forget sorrow and give us pleasure in the present. They are among the best things in life—promoters of health, peace, and happiness."

Yes, but for all that I repeat that duty is the best hobby, and that even in hobbies strictly so called, it is eminently desirable that the ones we chose should be as useful and as little silly as possible.

The other recommendation of a hobby is the seventh of twelve rules for those who desire a healthy and long life laid down in his *Chart of Life*, by some Professor Laynard, of whom I know nothing. I will omit the twelfth rule, because it does not apply to all persons, and would need a good deal of commentary. But why give the other ten? Because some of them may be useful to some readers, and will be read with more interest than the rest of this little paper. Irrelevant observations are often the most entertaining :—

" I. Avoid every kind of excess, especially in eating and drinking.

" II. Do not live to eat. Select those aliments most suitable for nourishing the body, and not those likely to impair it.

" III. Look upon fresh air as your best friend. Inhale its life-giving oxygen as much as possible during the day, while at night sleep with the bedroom window open at the top for a space of at least four or five inches. Follow this out even in the depth of winter. It is one of the great secrets of long life.

" IV. Be clean both in mind and body. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' It is a fortification against disease.

" V. Worry not nor grieve. This advice may seem but cold philosophy and to be easier to give than to follow; nevertheless, I have known persons of a worrying disposition almost entirely break themselves of it by a simple effort of the will. Worry kills.

" VI. Learn to love work and hate indolence. The lazy man never becomes a centenarian.

" VII. Have a hobby. A man with a hobby will never die of senile decay. He has always something to occupy either mind or body; therefore they remain fresh and vigorous.

" VIII. Take regular exercise in the open air; but avoid over-exertion.

" IX. Keep regular hours, and ensure sufficient sleep.

" X. Beware of passion. Remember that every outbreak shortens life to a certain degree, while occasionally it is fatal.

" XI. Have an object in life. A man who has no purpose to live for rarely lives long."

An object in life—something to live for? "Man was created to praise, reverence, and serve God our Lord, and by this means to save his soul." But the poor human heart is allowed to cling to more immediate objects, to pursue subordinate ends, provided they are of such a nature that God's blessing may be invoked upon them all, and provided they are a help rather than a hindrance to us in attaining our real and our supreme ultimate end.

OUR FORGOTTEN DEAD

A HYMN for our dead—the faithful-hearted,
The strong of soul and the stout of hand ;
And a prayer for the rest of their souls departed—
They died for God and this Irish land.

We sing not of warrior chiefs and sages,
Renowned in Eire in days of old,
Whose fame heroic, to all the ages,
In thrilling story is proudly told.

Our dead forgotten—the poor and lowly,
The peasant soldiers who fought and died
For the land they loved and the Faith, all holy,
That was dearer than all life held beside.

The *soggarth* slain at the lowly altar
In glen remote, or in mountain cave ;
The men undaunted by rack or halter,
Or felon's dungeon, or famine grave ;

The martyrs slain in peasant shieling,
In plundered aisle or in convent grey—
Mighty the prayer of their blood's appealing :
Of those we sing and for those we pray.

No voice proclaiming their deeds of glory
E'er thrills the hearts of the listening throng.
Their fame is shrined not in deathless story,
No poet sings them in tuneful song.

Nameless their graves, by the mountain lonely,
By cloister wall, and by sea-struck shore ;
And the sad-voiced sea and the night-wind only
Crooneth their requiem evermore.

But they guarded well, with a strong devotion,
And held more precious than gifts of gold,
Than mighty conquests by land or ocean,
The blessing that Patrick brought of old.

And for this we sing them—the faithful-hearted,
The strong of soul, and the stout of hand ;
And we pray for the rest of their souls departed
Who died for God and this Irish land.

J. D.

THE GREENWOOD

“ As a dove, so did I mourn.”

ALL day the wood-pigeons are calling in low tone—
All day I hear them, where I bide alone ;
And all the day my heart calls to its own.

For like' the wild wood-pigeon is my lonely soul,
That hides where green leaf billows tideless roll—
An ocean sail'd by many a wingéd shoal ;

And softly stirr'd its depths by soundless feet
Of elfin creatures that in twilight meet,
And noiseless revel in its dim retreat ;

For never echo any clamouring voices there,
Nor stifling smoke bedims the greenwood air,
—The shy wood-doves' and mine, this refuge fair.

ROSE ARRESTI.

DUNMARA

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE STETHOSCOPE

DR. DRUMMOND arrived at Dunsurf in the full blaze of a dazzling noon. The village streets were white and hot, and the little bay looked like a pool of gold lying among the bronzed rocks. The scarlet petticoats of the village girls flashed brilliantly as their wearers tripped with bare brown ankles down through the burning heath to draw water from the well between the cliffs. At the constabulary station the men had thrown off their jackets, and worked lazily at their patch of neat garden. In the sweetmeat shop the barley-sugar was fainting against the side of the copper-lidded canister, and the jujubes were forming themselves into glistening masses by the side of fly-marked copies of the *Halfpenny Journal*. Little girls were deep in the game of Jack stones on the poorer doorsteps, and in the market-place some small boys were playing "see-saw" in the weighing-machine. Men went along with their hats slouched over their sunburnt faces, and the women walked with their lips wrinkled back from their teeth, and one hand extended protectingly across their eyes.

Dr. Drummond got many a "God save you!" as he trotted up the village street, and the genial look with which he answered them had not faded from his face when he reined in at Dr. McDawdle's door, in the midst of a full chorus of welcome from the canaries.

The cottage doors, front and back, stood wide open, and the narrow hall made an obscure tunnel, with a region of brightness at either end. Through this tunnel a shred of blue smoke was seen in a distance of greenness, and Dr. Drummond hailed Dr. Gregory over the heads of the gooseberry-bushes.

There were hearty greetings in the little hall, and "Let me speak with you alone a few minutes" might have been overheard from Dr. Drummond; and then Dr. Gregory's pipe was extinguished, and the two friends went into the little parlour,

and the door was shut. And after a few minutes the door was locked. And then there was a long silence, during which a fat bee came humming down the hall from the garden, and after staggering against the wall, and making the rays of sun-light that streamed behind him wink with drowsiness at his droning murmur, lumbered slowly out into the street; and the flies buzzed about the lintels, and a little white kitten turned in at the front door, passed noiselessly out to the garden, and disappeared among the nasturtium leaves.

Lucinda came then, bustling from the kitchen and rattling at the parlour door; and to her dismay was refused admittance. And at the end of fifteen minutes she returned just in time to meet Dr. Drummond as he issued from the room, with,—

“Well, doctor, what have you and Gregory been confabbing about?”

But Dr. Drummond only smiled with a strange sickliness, gave her his hand in silence, and passed out. She watched him mount his pony and ride away, and then she turned into the parlour to cross-question her lord and master.

“Why, what have you being doing with this hateful thing?” cried she, seizing a stethoscope which stood on the table.

Dr. Gregory was standing at the window, with his long face towards the street. He turned round quickly, very quickly for Dr. Gregory.

“Oh! Ah!—that? He—he wanted it for a patient, and—and ahem! then he thought he would not take it.”

Lucinda folded her arms solemnly and said,—

“Gregory McDawdle, I believe you never told me a lie before, but I know you are telling one now. Don’t think to blind me!”

Dr. McDawdle made no answer. Lucinda came near, and laid her fat hand on his uncouth shoulder.

“Gregory dear! tell me—what’s the matter?”

But the doctor turned suddenly round, and drawing her by the hand to the door, unceremoniously put her out, and turned the key upon her. And whilst Lucinda stood outside in the tunnel hall, amazed, insulted, outraged, the canaries deafening her with their jubilates, and the sun centring on her from all points, Dr. Gregory was kneeling down at the table, with his face buried in his arm, and his shaggy hair falling over his sleeve. He was sobbing like a schoolboy.

CHAPTER XXIX

"GOOD-NIGHT, SHAG"

WHEN Dr. Drummond left the cottage door, the reins were slack in his hands, and his pony took the homeward road at will. But after a time the doctor waked from abstraction, turned and rode away with his face to the town of Galway. A few miles brought him far beyond human sight, and he was alone with God, and the wide, wide moors. There was no one near to see that he looked older, that the thinness in his face was very perceptible, that shadows struggled and darkled in his eyes, and the smiling curl had dropped away from his lips, leaving them tight and pale. There was no one to guess how the heart under that comely, fatherly figure, throbbed and laboured with sorrow bitter unto death. The long, yellow road writhed away into miles, and the moving shadow of the doctor and his pony was the only speck that fell upon the dazzling dust.

He rode on through wilder lands with cloud fringes on their skirts, and a mountainous burden upon their shoulders; into the shadow land of brown and purple—dreary, magnificent, rich, and sterile.

The day waned, the sun leaned towards the cragged west. A deeper violet stole over the heath, and a rosier breath warmed the atmosphere. Mountains crowded the background of the landscape thronging thicker and thicker, at every turn of the road, and a wondrous crimson ether gathered and intensified around their high peaks.

Another half hour, and Shag and his rider passed like shadows through a land of paradise. The doctor paused a moment and lifted his hat, thinking of the city of pure gold, with the walls of jasper and precious stones, and the river of life clear as crystal proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb. "And the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

The earth throbbed, the blood-red heather flashed up the hill-sides and over the plains; the distance carried it exhausted into its seas of delicious violet, its bath of slumbrous purple. The mountain peaks might have been the jewelled domes and

battlements of that wondrous city of light, blushing in rapturous humility at God's smile turned upon them. Snow clouds, rose-tinged, lay becalmed in the great gold sea. The sun immersed in the sweet waves was drowning in his own glory. All nature sang his triumphant requiem—a night psalm audible to the spirit, uttered not by one voice, but by the myriads of creation. Not a waif of gold but had its tinkling cymbal, not a bell of heather but had its gush of melody.

It was late at night when Dr. Drummond reached Galway. We cannot bear to lose sight of him now, and love to linger by him unseen, as he sits drinking his lonely cup of tea in the parlour of a quiet little inn, and we haunt him as he shuts himself into one of those old-fashioned inn-rooms where you go down a sudden step to reach the floor, where the bed is four-posted and sepulchral, where the window is choked up with a high-shouldered dressing-table, and curtains of lugubrious damask, and where over the chimney-piece there hangs one of those sickly portraits, where the ghost of a faded beauty, in a high-waisted gown and short sleeves pines wretchedly to be at rest in the grave of blank paper, but is still bound by remnants of outline and shreds of colour, a melancholy simperer to the visible world.

In the morning Dr. Drummond paid a visit to a house with gold-lettered wire blinds in the lower windows, and "Bodkin, Solicitor," on a steel plate by the open door. Here he was closeted all the long, hot day, in company with Mr. Bodkin, in a small back office, where the flies were practising gymnastics on the ceiling, and creeping in and out the edges of the holland blind that hung its length down the window; and where the noise of all the rushing rivers that foam around Galway kept pouring in with one continual hiss. It was late in the afternoon when he left this house, and rambled down towards the Claddagh, watching the brilliant figures on the quay, with their fitting background of ancient black wall and "Citie" gate, and their neighbourhood of ships and green water.

Galway is always a queer place, with its old, old Spanish houses; its gaunt "Castles," with their carved escutcheon and grotesque symbolic sculpture, frowning down in sullen reproach on the dinginess and forgetfulness of the nineteenth century.

"Why have we been left behind?" so seems to run the weird writing that sprawls above doors and windows. "Where are our proud chiefs? Why are not swords flashing from under our shadow, and steeds reined up before our archways? Why do dingy little shops congregate about our knees? Or why are we not toppled down, and buried decently in the dust of ages?"

Here is tradition more real than the existing present; here is Time walking backward into the future, absorbed in his dream of the past. This evening, as we follow our dear doctor's steps, every gaping arch has a wide-eyed meaning, every mutilated face that looms from the stonework is the face of of a fetish, every broken inscription has got a new scaring translation.

With his head drooped, and his hands loosely locked behind his back, Dr. Drummond passed the old "Citie" gates, and along the quay, out far to the radiant point where the bay opens its wide arms, and receives the mighty Atlantic full into its bosom; the stately bay, with its world of waters chafing and roaring by night and by day. "Ships! ships! to master our idle strength, and ride our Titan wings abroad into other zones!"

Dr. Drummond walked slowly, eyeing the scanty craft that rode at anchor near. He knew by sight most of the vessels that were accustomed to lie there, and he looked for a strange rigging. Ah! there was a new one; he had never seen it before. He stepped briskly up the plank on board, but the men were all ashore, and the cabin boy left in charge was a stupid lad, who could only say, "Yes, your honour," and "No, your honour." So the doctor turned away disappointed, and bent his steps to a long shelving ridge of shingly beach, whence a line swept out over the sea must cut thousands of miles into Neptune's kingdom, and get lost to sight behind the snowy peaks of the neighbouring cloud-land. Here he walked up and down with his hands still loosely clasped, and his eyes watching the flowing tide which bountifully bathed a new line of the thirsty white stones at his feet with each fitful fling of its glistening waves.

A voice near startled him. He looked around and saw a sailor in a blue flannel jacket, tugging respectfully at his storm-battered "sou-wester" hat. He was square built and muscular, with brawny brown hands, and a brawny brown face

ploughed with furrows, but attractive by reason of the genial Irish curl of the rough lip, and the friendly light in the childish beaming eye. Sailors have such eyes often. Eyes that grow hard and gray in a storm, but wake up again all blueness and glee when the gale goes down.

"I was thinkin', your honour, maybe you'd be the gentleman I was tould was inquiren' for a lad that ran away from home—goin' on for two years back now, or eighteen months, to say the least. But, good lord, sir, what ails you? Don't go all pale sick like that, sir. Don't go for to take it so much to heart as that, yer honour!"

The doctor was leaning heavily on his stick.

"I'm not very strong, my man, and you have given me a shock, that's all. I am very anxious to hear of that boy. I am his father, at least if it's the same—dark hair, blue eyes, brown skin, careless merry way of talking."

"It's the same to the life, sir, and, besides, he tould me his name before he parted with me—'Randal Drummond,' sir. I haven't been in these roads since, or I'd a found you out before. But, lord, sir, you needn't be afeard for that lad, he'll be at the top of the mast wherever he goes. I'll tell you all about it, sir, and save you the throuble of spakin', as you're not well. I was lyin' to, here in the docks, an' he up to me, an' says he:—

"'Where are you bound for?' says he.

"'What do you want to know for?' says I.

"'Will you put me down at Liverpool?' says he.

"'Where's your fairin'?' says I.

"'Not a screw have I,' says he. 'But I'll tell you what I'll do,' says he, 'though I'm a gentleman's son, I'll swab your deck, or I'll climb your mast, or I'll do anything you please to put me to, only take me to Liverpool, for I'm goin' off to seek my fortune,' says he.

"Well, I talked a bit to the lad, and he fairly came over me with his laughin' eyes an' his roguish ways. An' I took him aboard and we set sail. An' lord, sir, to see how he took to the sea. He could climb the ropes like a cat, an' he picked up the compass like A B C; bad scran to the ha'porth about a ship that he didn't know afore we were two days on the wather. Oh, he's the laughy boy, sir, wherever he is, God bless him!

He kep' us all goin' from mornin' to night, an' there wasn't wan o' the sailors that wouldn't have given the hair of his head for his little finger.

"Well, yer honour, it wasn't till the second day that he said a word about his home. But wanst when I was sayin' to him, 'Randie, mylad,' says I, 'I'll tell you what you'll do. You're cut out for the sea. Throw Liverpool overboard, an' stick to the ship!'

"The laugh just dropped off his face, an' he settled down quite grave like. 'No, Mick,' says he. 'I'll never do that. I've been a bad, ungrateful boy, Mick,' says he, 'to the best father that ever faced the sun. He'll be grievin' sore and sorry for what I've done. An' I tell you what it is, Mick,' says he, stan'in' up straight, an' pitchin' the rope out of his han', 'I'd just walk to that ship's side and jump clean over, if I didn't think I'd make him proud of his son yet. The dear ould father!' says he (savin' your presence, sir), and his eyes was busy waterin' all the time. 'I'll bring him home honest gould yet,' says he, 'and I'll make his name even more honourable than he has always kep it,' says he, 'an' you see, Mick,' says he, brightenin' up again, an' whiskin' the wet off his cheeks, 'sea farin' wouldn't be the way to do it. No,' says he, 'I'll go to Liverpool and get into some big house of business,' says he, 'an' I'll work the very flesh off my bones, till I push myself up to the top,' says he, 'and then I'll take a run home to the dear old father, and I'll say, Randie wasn't so bad as you thought him, father; won't you give him your blessin'!'"

The doctor stood still, leaning heavily on his stick, with his face turned away looking out over the glittering sea. Tears burst over his eyelids and slid down his coat into the shingle. The sailor stood aside and brushed his blue flannel sleeve across his eyes. Tender chords were quivering at the father's heart. Many words that he could not speak, were striving on his tongue. But honest Mick did not need questioning. His rough tact was equal to the occasion, and he dashed on blithely.

"Heart alive! yer honour, but he'll keep his word, as sure as my name's Mick Costello! That boy'll sail before the wind, and go straight into port at wanst, or the sun isn't shinin'. He stood wavin' his hat to me on the docks when we sailed away, all bright an' heartsome, an' I says to one of the sailors,

'Johnny,' says I, 'take my word for it, that lad'll have his pockets full o' gold afore he has the beard on his chin.' "

"Thank you, my good friend," said the doctor, turning now, and smiling faintly. "Thank you for your kindly predictions. I will remember your goodness to my boy. I cannot pay you for your sympathy. Tell me when and where I may see you again. That will do. Now go, like a good fellow, and you and your comrades drink my son's health."

Mick tugged at his sou-wester, and made his characteristic acknowledgements.

"God bless you, Mick," said the doctor, and held out his hand, and shook the sailor's brown fist. And then they parted.

It was midnight, and the doctor had many hours ago trotted off on his pony from the quiet inn where the faded beauty languished on the bedroom wall, and the lugubrious curtains choked up the window—had left Galway to sleep like the enchanted city yet another hundred years, and had already almost travelled the dim solitude lying between him and home. A pale moon lay in a fleecy hollow between two hills, a mystical murmur hung on the air—the dreamy plash of cascades that never dry up in the cool ravines of the mountains, mingled with the hoarser voice of the sea beating in under rocks a mile further into the shadows of the night. The moorfowls were asleep, the winds were still, the reeds lay huddled together in darkness on the surface of the meres.

In distant towns twelve o'clock was striking, swung down from church-steeple, lisped from golden time-pieces, spoken clear from tall, dark shrines, standing like ghosts on old-fashioned stair-cases. Happy faces were flashing through the dance in many a brilliant room, and music gushing from many an open window. There are echoes always drifting on the air, impalpable, neither of music, nor of woods, nor of footsteps, but which at times will embody themselves in some one of these three. Even then the thousands are deaf, whilst the one hears. It may be that at this moment some gay dancer shudders at the meaning suggested by chance words of a floating sentence imperfectly reaching his ear. Or it may be that in a far church the organ rolls, and singers are chanting the requiem for one

whose coffin lies below, awaiting burial. And gust after gust of supplication rises, and for some one kneeling apart the words of the hymn take a new meaning ; and he whispers,—

“ Our brother is in heaven and needs not our prayers. This appeal is for another unknown, who even now trembles on the brink of eternity. Let us cry aloft for him ! I have heard the voice of his soul pleading in the chant.”

At a peculiarly lone, wild part of the road, a well-known turn brought the doctor right above the cliffs with the sea surging in all its midnight majesty at his feet. The moon had slipped in behind the fleecy clouds, and only a lightness as of faint dawn, glimmered over the tranced earth and wakeful ocean. The doctor reined in upon a high cliff, and sat some minutes wrapped in thought. There was a heavy sigh and a loud whisper,—

“ Mary, Mary, shall I never see our boy again ? ”

A long wave broke in beneath, fell back, and went feeling its way outward, whispering, “ Mary, Mary,” into the deep recesses of distant caves.

Dr. Drummond arrived at the little gate of his home. He was weak upon his feet as he dismounted, but he shook off the feeling of illness, and took his pony by the bridle and led him off to the small stable. He made a drink for him with his own hands, and fed him with oats. While doing so, a sudden pain seemed to seize him, and make him lean heavily on the pony, who stopped eating and turned his head round lovingly as if in sympathy. But the pain passed, and the doctor patted the brute and stroked his rough nose and long mane. He leaned his head against his neck fondly, and said,—

“ Good-night, Shag ! ”

He went to the door, and then came back and stroked the grateful brute again, and repeated, “ Good-night, Shag,” and then he went out and locked the stable.

He let himself softly into the sleeping-house and entered the study. The lamp was burning low, the little supper sat on its tray, the fire was “ raked,” and with a touch leaped into a blaze. Dr. Drummond drank a glass of water, drew his arm-chair to the hearth as if it had been a cold night, sank

into it, and laid his head wearily, like a tired child, against the cushion.

A slight sound stirred in the hall, the study door opened, and a tiny white figure appeared on the threshold. It was Lottie, in her nightgown.

"Oh! papa, I am so glad you have come home. I could not sleep, listening for you. Papa, are you ill, you look so pale?"

"My darling, you are ill yourself, your little hands are burning with fever. It will kill you if you go about like this in your night-dress. We need not let you go before your time," he murmured to himself. "God knows it will be short enough."

He rose with difficulty and went slowly to the hall, and fetched a soft woollen rug and wrapped the child up in it, and sat down with her in his arms in the chair by the fire.

"Lottie," he said, presently, "I heard news of Randie to-day, from a sailor who took him to Liverpool. Do you remember that word—Liverpool. I forgave him with all my heart for running away, and I am sure he will be a good man. Maud must take care of him, and be good to him when he comes back. Do you hear and understand all that I say, Lottie?"

"Yes, papa."

"And if I—I should forget to tell this to Maud and Ellen in the morning, will you be sure to tell them?"

"Yes, papa."

"God bless you, love, and all my darlings. Go to sleep now. Can you rest here?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

He folded her tight in his arms and laid her cheek against his head, and then there was silence. The lamp burned itself out, and the fire flickered and fell into ashes, and the supper remains there in the dark, untasted on the tray, and the furniture in the room stood aghast through the dark hours, till the daylight came and revealed all things. [And the figures in the chair, the man, and the child, were motionless as sculpture. Lottie was wrapt in sleep, her scarlet cheek crushed against her father's coat. And he? He, too, was still, perfectly still.

At six o'clock Ellen waked with the singing of the birds, missed Lottie, dressed hastily, and hurried to the parlour.

then to the study. Lottie's eyes opened at the noise, and a little finger was raised.

"Hush, you will wake papa."

But Ellen came slowly and steadily over the carpet to one spot, for there was something in the carven repose of the doctor's head that impressed her awfully. Reaching the spot she gazed. Having gazed, she crushed her hand over her mouth, lest a cry should come forth too soon. For Lottie's pillow was a dead man's breast.

CHAPTER XXX

COME HOME

THE McDawdles came hurrying from Dunsurf, and Mrs. Kirker came from Dunmara, praying that no hands but hers might care for the dead.

"God help the world!" she wept, "there's few left in it like him!"

The brave doctor lay shrouded in his little bedroom off his study with a grand, simple smile on his marble face, and Mary Kirker sat at his head, and Maud sat at his feet, hiding her face. Ellen was elsewhere; for little Lottie's sickly frame had got a fresh chill, and her sensitive nature a fatal shock. Her father's last embrace had been loth to release her; she would soon be restored to it.

Maud's grief would not be comforted. She would endure neither hints nor sermons about resignation. As usual, she claimed no sympathy, and so her sorrow was all the more distressing to others. One night having coaxed her away to bed, Ellen found her afterwards sitting in the doctor's chair in the dark study, alone. A kiss on her forehead, an arm round her shoulder, threw her into a convulsion of crying.

"It was Randie!" she cried, between her despairing burst, "Randie killed him!"

"No, dear."

"Yes, I tell you. It was heart disease. His heart was broken. He never was well since then. Look here!" she said, drying her eyes suddenly, and producing a slip of paper. On this was written "R. D. The Largie Farm. Father is dead, and Lottie is dying. Come home!"

"I will send it to the *Times*," she said. "If Randie is in Liverpool, he will be pretty sure to see it. I will try at any rate."

"But, Maud, this will be a fearful shock. Would it not be kinder to break the news more gently?"

"No," said Maud sternly, "he deserves it. He ought to suffer."

"You are very hard and unmerciful. Don't you think he must have suffered sorely before now?"

"He hasn't broken his heart and died," said Maud, passionately, "he isn't in his grave!" she sobbed.

"Maud, will you not bear in mind what Dr. McDawdle told us? The disease must have been there for years, long before Randal went away."

"Yes, and was increased by fretting, till it killed him! I know all about it."

Maud carried her point, and the advertisement went. Soon after a modest funeral departed from the Largie, leaving emptiness and desolation behind it. Mrs. Kirker was hurried back to Dunmara by Miss Aungier, "who was not so strong as she had been," the housekeeper said. During the visit at the Largie, not the slightest allusion had been made to the past by Mrs. Kirker to Ellen, nor by Ellen to her. The shadow of death involved all the interests of life. The sorrowful present was enough for both. With the placid dead between them, their lips could ill have framed explanations or reproaches, had such been in the heart of either. A few civil inquiries passed between them, very icily respectful on Mrs. Kirker's side, and that was all. A few days wore away, and then Lucinda went on an expedition to Galway about mourning. The doctor had to see Mr. Bodkin on business, and she would just take a run up with him. Dr. Gregory before going, shook his shaggy head in Lottie's little bedroom.

"She is past my care," he said. "She may linger a month, but not more. Never leave her a moment, and feed her with wine. Lucinda and I will hurry back."

But Lottie did not linger a month. One night, when all the windows in the house stood wide open for the heat, the child went to heaven. There were no fairies dancing on the bridge that night, and the dearly-loved flowers stood outside hanging

their heads in their latest autumn flush, and breathing rich sighs through the sash, about the bed of their little dying mistress. A slender white blossom, renewed by Ellen at intervals, had stood through many days and nights pure and fragrant in its crystal vase, close by the sick child's head. An hour before her death she stretched forth her hand for it.

"It has been so good to me, keeping fresh all this time!" she said. "I think God will let me take it to heaven and give it to papa."

The soft brown eyes, shining with death's brilliance, roved about the room and fastened their gaze on Maud. The tiny hand made a sign, the tiny arm was flung round Maud's neck, dragging the dark head and weeping face close to her own lips.

"Be good to Randie!" she whispered, "don't forget,—papa said it!"

The sea had no impulse to moan that night; a dusk line it met the dusk horizon. Trees and mountains were stretched in soft black tufts and ridges. There was no wind; a lamp stood on the deep sill of the open window; not a breath from without flickered its flame. The little face was turned to it, the lustrous eyes fixed on it. Maud was on the ground with her face against the bed. Ellen knelt and held the little hand, counting every breath. Were there more in the room than these? What shadows filled the empty space of the chamber beyond? Was there indeed nothing but vacancy? Such speculation is vain until our own eyes have been sealed and unsealed.

CHAPTER XXXI

ONE GAINED FOR TWO LOST

ANOTHER day had passed, and it was near midnight. Again the windows stood wide open in the heat. Lights burned around Lottie's bed where lay a small carven figure, surrounded with whiteness, like a child frozen under snowdrifts. The watchers were only Maud and Ellen; Christie had cried himself to sleep, and been carried to bed by Nancy. The other boys talked in whispers by the kitchen fire.

Ellen sat at the window, her hands clasped upon a book which lay on her knees. Her thoughts were ringing changes

upon the words : " Judge not, that you be not judged." She was pondering Maud's hardened state of heart and mind.

Maud sat by the bed with her eyes on the floor. Her face looked strangely dark and stern as the near yellow light marked it with heavy shadows. It looked too utterly unresigned and uncompromising a face to belong to so youthful a figure ; and it was only the index of what was within.

" You need not preach to me, Ellen," she had said ; " it is very good of you to care about me, but the things that you repeat were meant for those whose troubles come upon them without any fault of theirs. When people make their own misfortunes, God leaves them to themselves. This is not from God, but from Randie ; we were seven, and how many are we now ? Four. Whose fault is that ? "

She walked up and down the room, repeating, " Four left, only four ! "

Ellen took her by the hand and forced her to sit down again.

" Do not outrage the dead," she said. " I trust that Heaven is more forgiving than you. Try and keep quiet."

Maud sat down and leaned her chin sullenly in her hand.

" I will be quiet enough," she said.

And she kept her word, sitting like a statue for hours. Then a vivid flash of lightning suddenly seemed to extinguish the candles, and filled the room with a dazzling glare. A crash of thunder broke over the house and rolled away among the mountains. That unnatural heat and stillness could not last. A storm had broken the world's trance.

Maud started slightly at the sudden flash and roar, and then remained as mute and still as before. Ellen closed the window, and they heard the brattling of the rain on the gravel and on the roof. Again and again the thunder rumbled and crashed overhead ; time after time the searching light flared through the chamber. In the pauses of the storm they heard the groaning and lashing of the sea. Ellen touched Maud's shoulder.

" Maud, will you not pray ? "

Maud shuddered.

" God have mercy on me ! I should not like to die now."

" No, Maud ; say more."

" I can't, Ellen. God keep me living till this wickedness goes away. That is all I can say."

Ellen went back to her seat. In a lull of the storm, a sound struck her ear, a sound like wheels; then the rain brattled again and smothered it. "It might be the McDawdles," she thought, "and yet they could hardly be here so soon."

Just then there was a knock at the hall door, and steps outside, and the cries and hushes, and subdued cries again; but a roll of thunder, and a gust of rain on the window, drowned all other noise to the girls in the inner room. Presently the storm fell into a deep lull, and in the silence a sound, something between a sob and a cry, rang through the slight door. What was it? whence was it? whose was the voice? Maud's face was thrown up, crimson from chin to hair; her eyes darkened, her lips opened. The next instant her face was set in her hand, paler and more sullen than ever. Ellen sprang to the door, finger on lip. Some one passed her into the room; some one tall and manly, and drenched and storm-beaten; some one in the flush of a strong youth, broken down and crushed with grief and remorse.

"Randie!"

The whispered word flew from Ellen's lips into the corners of the room. Did Maud hear it, and know what it meant? Did she understand that he had come back, that he was there? did she forget all about the old times, the plays and studies, the mornings on the mountains, the boating at sunset? and the grieving days since then, the longing and praying to know that he was alive, that there was even a chance of beholding him again in this world. Had Randal indeed snapped the strongest cords of love that had bound him round and held him fast in all the years gone by; through all the joys and griefs, the quarrels and reunions of their childhood? He had returned at last to the altered home. He stood there, looking from one grave lying behind him, to another yawning at his feet; he shuddered with anguish in all his strong young limbs, and yet it was nothing to Maud, who had laughed with him, cried with him, screened his faults, lauded his merits, and for very love had been the slave of his every whim. No, it was nothing to Maud that Randal had come home at last. When Ellen spoke his name, she turned her head coldly to the bed, and fixed her eyes upon the dead child's face.

Ellen, in an agony of sympathy, hung back, feeling that

no word or touch of hers could comfort then. They made a picture ; Maud's cold, handsome face, and indifferent attitude, Randal with wet disordered dress, dripping hair and stricken looks ; the little corpse, with its white face of peace, smiling between them, and the flame of the candle-light flaring in the draught, weaving the three in a mesh of yellow lights, and flinging them forward from the crowd of moving shadows behind.

"Speak to me, Maud," Randal appealed, "my heart is breaking !"

There was no answer. He advanced nearer to the bed, and, sobbing, bent to kiss one of the little waxen hands that lay on the coverlet. Then Maud was roused.

"Don't touch her," she said, harshly ; "you killed her father. How dare you come here ?"

Her eyes flamed from her pale face. At the cruel words, Randal rose to his feet, and fled out of the room and out of the house. They heard the hall door swing and dash behind him.

Ellen came up to Maud, and said hotly,—

"Is this your regard for his father's dying message, delivered by yonder angel's lips ? Is this being 'good' to Randie ? How dare you, who are so wicked yourself, presume to judge one so sorely repentant ? God knows what may happen to him this fearful night. His death may be upon your head before morning——"

A vivid flash of lightning hushed the words on her lips. Maud buried her face with a long wailing moan. The next moment she had sped across the floor, crying, "Randie ! Randie !" dashed out of the hall door, and disappeared into the night.

Ellen tried to be patient for a long silent hour. Then she heard her name called at the window, and going to the door, admitted Maud, wet and shivering. Her black hair hung loose on her shoulder, the rain dropped from her white face. She threw herself on her knees, and clasped Ellen round the waist.

"Oh, Ellen !" she sobbed, "will God, will you ever pity me again ? I cannot find him. I have driven him away in despair with my wicked tongue. I have been down on the rocks. I could not hear my own voice calling for the thunder. He may fall down the cliffs, he may be killed by the lightning ;

he may get fever out so long under this terrific rain. Oh! Ellen, I am not fit to pray—ask God not to let me be his murderer!”

So she sobbed and cried. Ellen could not soothe her; nothing could make her rest. Only let no one speak to her, let her wring her hands and range about the house, pressing her face to the panes of now this window, and now that. Let her pray and weep aloud, and promise all kinds of efforts, if only her past wickedness may be pardoned, and Randal return once more. Up and down the dark parlour she walked, the lightning flaring in her eyes, and over her clasped hands, and the thunder drowning her prayers and self-reproaches.

The night went at last, and a pallid dawn looked on the earth. Then Maud went out on the dim moors, and turned her face towards the sea.

“Oh, God! where is he?” she cried.

What was that standing out like a solitary figure on the pale glittering sands by the brink of the morning tide? Five breathless minutes, and Maud had descended the cliffs and was flying along the beach, the dawn light reflected in her eyes, the dawn glow on her cheeks. Another moment and she was sobbing by Randal’s side, kissing his brown hand, pouring out words of withering self-reproach, and of love and welcome.

“He loved and forgave you all along. It was not your fault that he died. I deserve any punishment. I deserve to be crushed to death. If you had been killed last night, I should have thrown myself into the sea!”

In the red sunrise they walked soberly home together, no longer the bounding thoughtless boy and girl. And together they knelt beside the still little figure that had lain all this time with its pale smile, undisturbed by the tempest that had so troubled the earth, and shaken the souls of those coming and going around it.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

TO PRINCE FRANZ JOSEF DE HOHENLOHE ON HIS FIRST COMMUNION DAY

You and Jesus met to-day
In a sweet and wondrous way—
Though He lived, as all men know,
On the earth so long ago ;
And He lives now just as far
From the earth as any star—
And in First Communion you
Were made one instead of two.

Pure as snow, and purer yet,
Like a seal the Host was set
On the days without offence
Of your childish innocence :
Where so much is insecure,
Thus your childhood is made sure
For our Lord, to whom we owe
All our life as white as snow.

Be, as long as life shall last,
Loyal to that little past ;
If you sin, and when you pray,
Even to your latest day,
Think how God, when you were young,
Was sealed on your prayerful tongue,
And how priestly hand made His
You and all its promises.

'Neath this Eucharistic seal
Safe shall be your life, I feel ;
Seals are sacred, and, you know,
Men of honour deem them so.
Since our Lord is human, too,
Treat Him as a man should do,
Lest you blush with dread disgrace,
When you meet Him face to face.

Often eat this Living Bread,
 If with life you would be fed ;
 He is strength in every need,
 He, the staff of life indeed.
 Fearing God, you need not fear
 Any man ; so, with good cheer,
 Little man of years eleven,
 Forward ! on your way to Heaven.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

THE thirty-third of the "Pithy Sayings of Father Tracy Clarke," given at page 486, is compared there with one of Vauvenargues' *pensées*. A still closer parallel is one of the sayings of St. Ignatius Loyola, recorded by Father Bartoli. Another of Father Clarke's sayings—"Judge nations by their peasantry, the nobles are everywhere alike"—came up before my memory when I read in Edward Fitzgerald's *Polonius* these observations of Dr. Samuel Johnson: "A decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization. Gentlemen of education are pretty much the same in all countries ; the condition of the lower orders, the poor especially, is the true mark of national discrimination." That last word comes in rather oddly, and made me look at the original ; but I find I copied correctly. The same idea is insinuated in Goldsmith's famous lines about "princes and lords," and "a bold peasantry, their country's pride."

* * *

The matter of the following lines by a certain Edwin Sabin is better than their form. He calls work

The comforter of sorrow and of care,
 The shortener of way prolonged and rude,
 The lightener of burden hard to bear,
 The best companion in our solitude,
 The draught that soothes the mind and calms the brain,
 The miracle that lifts despair's thick muck,
 When other friends would solace bring in vain.
 Thank God for work.

Last February, at page 116 of the present volume, I quoted the opinions about the style expressed by Mr. Charles Marriot and Mr. John Morley, and I very properly took occasion to mention discussions of the same subject which are to be found in earlier volumes—by the Rev. W. A. Sutton, vol. xii., p. 32, and by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., and Professor Freeman at pp. 510 and 554 of volume xx. But I was not then able to refer to some very practical rules for good writing laid down by Sir Arthur Helps, who begins by saying that some of the best writers confess that to the end they find it as difficult to write well as they did at the beginning. His hints may be found in a set of "Pigeonhole Paragraphs" at page 390 of our nineteenth volume. I want to add now on the same subject of style two further expressions of opinion by two of those just referred to. Sir Arthur Helps, though perhaps a little too cold, had still a very pure style of his own, though I suspect *Friends in Council* and *Companions of my Solitude* are now seldom read. In his *Realms* he gives through the mouth of one of his characters his idea of a perfect sentence :—

"It should be powerful in its substantives, choice and discreet in its adjectives, nicely correct in its verbs ; not a word that could be added, nor one which the most fastidious would venture to suppress ; in order, lucid ; in sequence, logical ; in method, perspicuous, and yet with a pleasing and inviting intricacy which disappears as you advance in the sentence ; the language throughout not quaint, not obsolete, and not new ; its several clauses justly proportioned and carefully balanced, so that it moves like a well-disciplined army organized for conquest ; the rhythm, not that of music but of a higher and more fantastic melodiousness, submitting to no rule, incapable of being taught ; the substance and the form alike disclosing a happy union of the soul of the author to the subject of his thought, having, therefore, individuality without personal prominence ; and withal, there must be a sense of felicity about it declaring it to be the product of a happy moment, so that you feel it will not happen again to that man who writes the sentence, or to any other of the sons of men to say the like thing so choicely, tersely, mellifluously and completely."

* * *

The other witness whom I wish to cite again is John Morley. When Sir George Trevelyan was about to publish his fascinating biography of his uncle, Mr. Morley contributed to *The Fort-*

nightly Review a remarkable essay in which he discussed Lord Macaulay's merits and defects more calmly and judiciously than had been up to that time attempted. From this criticism I extract the following passage :—

"Let no man suppose that it matters little whether the most universally popular of the serious authors of a generation—and Macaulay was nothing less than this—affects *style compl* or *style soutenu*. The critic of style is not the dancing-master declaiming on the deep ineffable things that lie in a minuet. He is not the virtuoso of supines and gerundives. The morality of style goes deeper 'than dull fools suppose.' When Comte took pains to prevent any sentence exceeding two lines of his manuscript or five of print ; to restrict every paragraph to seven sentences ; to exclude every hiatus between two sentences or even between two paragraphs ; and never to reproduce any word, except the auxiliary monosyllables, in two consecutive sentences : he justified his literary solicitude by insisting on the wholesomeness alike to heart and intelligence of submission to artificial institutions. He felt after he had once mastered the habit of the new yoke, that it became the source of continual and unforeseeable improvements even in thought, and he perceived that the reason why verse is a higher order of literary perfection than prose is that verse imposes a greater number of rigorous forms. We may add that verse itself is perfected, in the hands of a man of poetic genius, in proportion to the severity of this mechanical regulation."

* * *

With the foregoing observations about style, which are themselves examples of a good style, I will give a supreme example from one who is acknowledged by everyone to be a consummate master. It is an illustration of the manner in which a plain fact, a plain truth, can be developed and receive a wonderful increase of force in the process of development. The passage occurs at the beginning of Cardinal Newman's *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, delivered in 1851, one of the first years of his Catholic priesthood. This wonderful book has lately been published by the Catholic Truth Society in a well printed volume for a shilling, with an admirable introduction by Dr. William Barry. Dr. Newman introduces his subject—the difference between the picture of Catholic doctrines as drawn by bigotted ignorant Protestants and the picture that Catholics themselves would recognize as faithful—he introduces this in his very first sentence by referring to a well-known fable which

could be told baldly in a couple of commonplace sentences ; but listen to the way in which this mighty master of language puts it.

“ The Man once invited the Lion to be his guest and received him with princely hospitality. The lion had the run of a magnificent palace, in which there were a vast number of things to admire. There were large saloons and long corridors, richly furnished and decorated and filled with a profusion of fine specimens of sculpture and painting, the works of the first masters in either art. The subjects represented were various ; but the most prominent had an especial interest for the noble animal who stalked by them. It was that of the lion himself ; and as the owner of the mansion led him from one apartment to another, he did not fail to direct his attention to the indirect homage which these various groups and tableaux paid to the importance of the lion tribe.

“ There was, however, one remarkable feature in all of them, to which the host, silent as he was from politeness, seemed not at all insensible ; that, diverse as were these representations, in one point they all agreed, that the man was always victorious, and the lion was always overcome. The man had it all his own way, and the lion was but a fool, and served to make him sport. There were exquisite works in marble, of Samson rending the lion like a kid, and young David taking the lion by the beard and choking him. There was the man who ran his arm down the lion's throat, and held him fast by the tongue ; and there was that other who, when carried off in his teeth, contrived to pull a penknife from his pocket, and lodge it in the monster's heart. There was a lion hunt, or what had been such, for the brute was rolling round in the agonies of death, and his conqueror on his bleeding horse was surveying these from a distance. There was a gladiator from the Roman amphitheatre in mortal struggle with his tawny foe, and it was plain who was getting the mastery. There was a lion in a net ; a lion in a trap ; four lions, yoked in harness, were drawing the car of a Roman emperor ; and elsewhere stood Hercules clad in the lion's skin, and with the club which demolished him.

“ Nor was this all ; the lion was not only triumphed over, mocked, spurned ; but he was tortured into extravagant forms, as if he were not only the slave and creature, but the very creation of man. He became an artistic decoration, and an heraldic emblazonment. The feet of alabaster tables fell away into lions' paws ; lions' faces grinned on each side of the shining mantel-piece ; and lions' mouths held tight the handles of the doors. There were sphinxes, too, half-lion half-woman ; there were lions rampant holding flags, lions couchant, lions passant, lions

regardant ; lions and unicorns ; there were lions white, black, and red : in short there was no misconception or excess of indignity which was thought too great for the lord of the forest and the king of brutes. After he had gone over the mansion, his entertainer asked him what he thought of the splendours it contained ; and he in reply did full justice to the riches of its owner and the skill of its decorators, but, he added, ' Lions would have fared better, had lions been the artists.' "

* * *

Who else could have put the lion's cause of complaint so strongly ? What a heaping together of aggravating circumstances ! What easy knowledge of many things ! What variety in the turns of the sentences ! What subtle harmony in the choosing and ordering of words ! There seems to be one slight piece of carelessness—letting *direct* and *indirect* come so close to one another, although such closeness was not intended nor desirable. The host ought rather to have *called* the attention of the lion to the indirect homage paid to the lion tribe.

* * *

Messrs. Burns & Oates have put no date to the fifth edition of Father Faber's *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects*. This regrettable omission leaves us uncertain whether this is the limit of the circulation of this work in the thirty years since its publication. In reality it is one of the most interesting and most valuable of the wonderful series of volumes that the brilliant and saintly Oratorian poured out during his too short career. What an amount of work he went through in spite of his wretched health ! For many these notes, these heads of discourse, are more pleasant to read and more useful than the full development might have been ; for Father Faber's exuberant eloquence had " the defects of its qualities." But what an ample canvas he allowed himself generally ! The notes set down for one discourse could hardly be developed within the limits allowed for a single sermon in this degenerate age which has even invented (in New York) the five-minute sermon. Who could read this book and believe that the writer of such things, the thinker of such thoughts, who gave up such worldly prospects to become a Catholic, was the victim of a delusion in doing so ?

Here are some words from the book spoken of in the preceding paragraph :—

“Souls are never lost because their beginnings break down, but because they won't make new beginnings.”

“From some points of view we are all of us better than we think. Our dearest Lord continues to be pleased with many things about us, which we shall never know till we are dead, and judged, and saved.”

“Every pious person has the fidgets occasionally; and, like a successful vaccination, it shows that grace has taken.”

“Dear St. Francis of Sales said one day, in that nice way he used to say things: God is content with little, for He knows we have not much to give.”

“Efforts are easier than accomplishments, and are always successes.”

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Life and Writings of St. Patrick.* By the Most Rev Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; Sealy, Bryers & Walker. (Price 10s. net.)

St. Patrick almost rivals St. Francis of Assisi in the amount of literature accumulating round his name. Professor Bury has devoted to the Saint's historical position a very noteworthy volume so recently, that the Archbishop of Tuam has not been able to use his testimony or discuss his special views so fully as he probably would have done if his own work had not almost issued from the press at the same time. However, he quotes the Irish Cambridge professor with much effect on a very important point. It is too little to say that Dr. Healy has given us the most complete and satisfactory biography of our great Apostle that has yet appeared. Every reference to St. Patrick, in books old and new, every word of the Saint's writings, every spot of ground probably connected with his missionary labours—all have been studied with the persevering devotion of years; and we have the fruit in this delightful volume. The map of St. Patrick's journeyings through Ireland is a great help towards

a proper understanding of the course of events. The nine appendices form a most interesting part of the work, discussing amongst other topics the places of the Saint's birth and of his burial, and also giving in Latin and English the few authentic writings that have come down to us. A good index occupies, of course, the last pages of this learned and finely-written tome which is perhaps the greatest of the services that Ireland owes to the Archbishop of the West.

2. *Mariale Novum : a Series of Sonnets on the Titles of our Lady's Litany.* By Members of the Society of Jesus. Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York, Bombay. (Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is the finest *original* tribute that the English language has paid to the Madonna since the publication of Aubrey de Vere's *May Carols*. We have emphasized an epithet in the preceding sentence in order to debar competition with Mr. Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*. Fourteen Members of the Society of Jesus in England have, with the help of one outsider, formed a handsome book out of the Litany of Loretto, giving a sonnet to each title of the Blessed Virgin and a page to every sonnet, placing on the opposite page sentences from Holy Writ or from the Saints applicable to Our Lady. The names of the authors are not given, but the handiwork of each contributor is signed by a letter of the Greek alphabet, according as they occur in due order from *Alpha* to *Rho*. We will not venture to compare one with another, *Beta* with *Theta*, etc. A high standard of perfection is maintained throughout in the artistic expression of high and holy thoughts. This beautiful book, which has evidently been printed and produced with extreme care, is dedicated to "Robert Southwell, S.J., Poet, Priest, and Martyr." The only flaw in his claim to this distinction is that he never wrote a sonnet. But he is the only Jesuit that the historian of English literature recognizes as a true poet. That many of his brethren possess in a high degree "the accomplishment of verse" is proved clearly by this *Mariale Novum*.

3. *Christ the Preacher. Sermons for Every Sunday of the Ecclesiastical Year.* By the Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis, Mo. : B. Herder. (Price 2 dollars net.)

The author of this very portly volume has a wide reputation

in the United States as editor of the *Western Watchman*, a vigorous journal published at St. Louis. There are traces of journalism, and of American journalism, in these sermons, for which a somewhat inappropriate title has been chosen. Some of them have too much the tone of a leading article. There are some passages, such as page 490, which would sound very strangely in an Irish pulpit, though they may be understood *in sensu sano*. Father Phelan's listeners must have found it easy to keep awake, with his short, brisk sentences that drive the point home. These stimulating discourses are sure to have in their native country the same success that has attended Father Phelan's first volume, *The Gospel applied to our Times*.

4. The critics on both sides of the Atlantic seem to rank Canon Sheehan's latest novel, *Glenanaar*, as the best of the brilliant series. The *Chicago Citizen* says, with characteristic emphasis: "We have read, we suppose, every Irish story that ever was printed, but for analysis, atmosphere, vigour and depiction we have never read any thing superior to *Glenanaar*." The *New York Times Saturday Review of Books* (which begs to be quoted with its long title in full) says: "The well-told tale is so full of humour, pathos, and romance that it cannot fail to win the interest of every reader." Thoughtful journals like the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* have given careful appreciations of this book. But, for all that, we hope that its successor will keep closer to the soul and therefore to the religion of Ireland.

5. *A Ridingdale Year*. By David Bearne, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 5s.)

This is the newest (for the present) of the many delightful volumes that have made us so thoroughly at home with Lance Ridingdale and his older and younger brothers, and in a slighter degree with his sisters. It is a fine big book, pleasant to handle and pleasant to read, with its large clear type and its good illustrations. Some of the stories are the most interesting that we have had yet, though we think the best have not been put in front. Father Bearne's boys seem to belong to a different race from Father Finn's; but then the latter lays his scene in Catholic boarding-schools, while Father Bearne's boys do not stray from their parents or from the refined but frugal home that these provide for them. His impressions of boy-life are very vivid, and his powers of invention are inexhaustible.

6. *Who Killed Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey?* By Alfred Marks. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 3s. 6d.)

The central incident of the so-called Popish Plot in the reign of Charles II has been the subject of many discussions of late years, all tending to prove that the answer to the above question is, "Himself." This is the answer given by Mr. Marks, who is a Protestant—and his Protestantism breaks out in one or two disagreeable phrases. He has examined and weighed every circumstance very carefully and minutely in a volume of more than two hundred pages; and he establishes clearly that it was a case of suicide. A better impression is given here of Chief Justice Scroggs than one carries away from Macaulay's by no means colourless pages. Such writers as Mr. John Pollock show that even educated Englishmen of our day are not free from the prejudices that ran rampant to a ridiculous extent in the days of the Popish Plot craze.

7. *The Seraphic Keepsake.* By Reginald Balfour. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 3s. 6d.)

We have abridged the title of this beautiful book which is furthermore described as being "a Talisman against Temptation written for Brother Leo by St. Francis of Assisi: also his Words of Counsel and Praise of God most high; printed in facsimile from the Saint's handwriting, and set forth in English by Reginald Balfour of the Third Order of St. Francis, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." Mr. Balfour's share of the book is very interesting. His agreeable style was shown lately in the *Tablet* in advocating the cause of the poor Irish hop-pickers of Kent. We think it well to quote the first paragraph of his "Afterword": "It is to my mind impossible to account for the power which the very name of St. Francis of Assisi exercises over those who contrive to remain external to the Church for which alone he gave his life. But whatever be the secret bond between him and the best of modern Anglicans, the fact of his immense popularity with them is evident and must be reckoned with. For the vogue of St. Francis, though we welcome it as a happy omen of the future, presents certain dangers. 'Those who are not with us are against us,' and we cannot allow his name to become the symbol of a movement essentially hostile to the Catholic and Roman Church."

8. *A World without a Child.* By Coulson Kernahan. London: Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 1s.)

This is the newest of those earnest and eloquent little books which have caught the fancy of the multitude so wonderfully. Mr. Kernahan is on the right side, as far as he goes ; and therefore one rejoices to hear that *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil* has reached its 250th thousand, and has been translated into thirteen languages, while *God and the Ant* has been translated into eleven languages, and is in its 150th thousand. The subject of his present Lay Sermon is a burning question in England, the United States, and Australia, but not in countries where the Catholic religion exercises its full influence.

9. *That Scamp of the Days of Decatur in Tripoli*. By John J. O'Shea, author of *The Two Kenricks*, etc. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. (Price 60 cents.)

Many of Mr. O'Shea's readers will imagine that *The Two Kenricks* mentioned on the title page is a story book, probably for boys ; whereas it is a stately tome containing the biographies of two brothers, distinguished Irish-American Archbishops. The new volume is a proof of Mr. O'Shea's versatility, for it is a rattling story of sea-life, all about Moorish pirates and slave-ships, and the American Navy, and every chapter is full of exciting incidents. Edification is looked to as well as excitement ; but excitement predominates largely, and boys will not object to a considerable straining of probability in a sea-story of the old slave-trade days.

10. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has added to its series of penny publications, *The Present Condition of University Education in Ireland a Wrong to the Country and an Insult to Catholics*, by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick ; *Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans*, by John Robert O'Connell, M.A., LL.D. ; *A Short History of Some Dublin Parishes*, by Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea ; and Nos. 2 and 3 of the Emerald Series of Short Stories, containing respectively two stories by Grace Christmas and one by Mary Cross, and again two by Mary Cross and one by Grace Christmas, while in *The Carolans of Glenavon*, Nora Tynan O'Mahony has the whole pennyworth to herself, and an excellent pennyworth it is. Dr. Donnelly's researches would in the old times have been given to the world in a half-guinea volume. Here we have for a penny most interesting and edifying particulars of the parishes

of Donnybrook, Ringsend, Sandymount, and Haddington Road. A second part is promised of this most valuable historical essay. Dr. O'Connell seems to have been drawn to the case of Joan of Arc, as Judge O'Hagan was in our own pages, by his legal training and turn of mind; and he has treated that romantic career in a very satisfactory manner. What a mass of excellent literature we owe already to the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland!

11. From Dublin to Melbourne, from 27 Lower Abbey Street to 311 Little Collins Street. From the latter address the Australian Catholic Truth Society sends us Nos. 21, 22, and 23 of its penny publications, namely: an admirable *Life of St. Patrick*, by Cardinal Moran; an official translation of the Encyclical of Leo XIII on the Condition of Labour, and a story by Benjamin Hoare, *Through the Furnace*. This last is very dramatic, almost too dramatic for edification. The last sentence is the best of all. As Archdeacon Slattery was a real priest, is Father Kernan also a reality?

12. The Catholic Truth Society, which dates its books from 69 Southwark-Bridge Road, London, S.E., almost resents being distinguished as the C.T.S. of England. It has certainly a noble output of Catholic literature to point to. It varies its multitudinous pennyworths with books for a shilling, a half-crown. In a neatly bound volume of 130 pages it issues for a shilling the admirable letters on Theosophy and Christianity which Father Ernest Hull contributed last year to the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, which he conducts with conspicuous ability. For sixpence we have between stiff boards five papers on the Crisis in the Church in France, by Viscount Llandaff (once Mr. Henry Mathews, Q.C.), Abbot Gasquet, Father Gerard, S.J., and the Rev. Dr. William Barry—four most competent writers to deal with various aspects of the question. These essays are also given separately for a penny, such as Dr. Barry's *Freemasons in France*, and Lord Llandaff on *M. Combes and the French Catholics*. Lady Amabel Kerr gives us excellent sketches of St. Genevieve, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Thomas of Canterbury—whose last words have just been the last words with which Sir Henry Irving made his dramatic exit from the stage of life. Father Proctor, O.P., in a brief tract on Indulgences, ought to have named the poet in page 3. *The Decline of*

Darwinism was contributed to the *Month* by the late Walter Sweetman of Clohamon, Ferns—a Catholic gentleman of great literary activity, who kept up till the end of a long life a keen interest in the reconciliation of Modern Science with the Ancient Faith.

13. Some of us owe many happy hours and much of our acquaintance with poetry to such miscellaneous collections as *Knowles's Elocutionist*, or *Bell's Speaker*, or the Christian Brothers' *Literary Classbook*. Two very interesting additions to this department of literature are *Gill's Irish Reciter* and the *M'Hardy-Flint Elocutionist*. The former is published by M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, and is edited by Mr. J. J. O'Kelly. The price is half a crown. Prose and verse in English by Irish writers alternate with prose and verse in the Irish language; but, though the two languages get about equal shares, it is not so with the prose and verse—the poems are far in the ascendant, indeed there are only a few pieces of prose. Some of the English selections have the additional merit of originality, although we have old favourites too. Utterly different is the other collection, edited by Mary M'Hardy-Flint, and published by James Duffy & Co., in a useful binding for one shilling net. Ireland is only represented by Dora Sigerson, Mrs. S. K. Cowan, and Mrs. Carew Rafferty, unless we can now claim Mrs. M'Hardy-Flint herself. Her selections are meant "for school and platform," as the titlepage warns us, and the humorous pieces are an immense improvement on that dreary section of old declamation-books. The present work is up-to-date, and is the fruit of great practical experience. The editor's own share of it is the most amusing part.

14. Since we wrote the paragraph about the recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, we have received from 27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, their latest publication, a fine volume of 400 pages, price four shillings, *Great Catholic Laymen*, by John J. Horgan. It is dedicated to Dr. O'Riordan of Limerick (who has just been appointed President of the Irish College at Rome), and has a fine introduction from the pen of Canon Sheehan of Doneraile. It gives excellent summaries of the careers of [Hofer, Garcia Moreno, Frederic Ozanam, Montalembert, Frederick Lucas, Windthorst, Pasteur, and O'Connell. This book ought to get very a large circulation.

It is one of the most important that the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has given to us, and pairs well with *A Roll of Honour*, which gave similar sketches of Irish Priests and Prelates of the last century. Shame on the Irish Catholics who are *incuriosi suorum*, and waste on frivolous illustrated magazines the money that might help to encourage the literature of faith and fatherland.

15. Archbishop Bagshawe has devoted some of his leisure since his resignation of the See of Nottingham to preparing for the press the handsome volume of *Doctrinal Hymns*, published by the Art and Book Company, Cathedral Precincts, Westminster. It is a very holy book, full of piety and poetry. The Archbishop seems to have kept his best wine for the last. We do not refer to the concluding pages, which contain a devout method of hearing Mass by commemorating the events of our Divine Redeemer's life; but the final poem, "An Intercessory Prayer," one of the longest of the whole series, seems to be also the best in thought and expression. It is a very full and perfect prayer; and it would be hard to use it without being shamed into a certain degree of fervour.

16. It is enough to name *Meditations on the Passion of our Lord, together with a Manual of the Black Scapular of the Passion*, translated from the Italian by a Passionist Father, and published by Benziger of New York (price 2s.). Messrs. Burns & Oates are the publishers of *The Little Catechism Explained*, by the Rev. B. W. Kelly, and *A Month's Thoughts on Death*, taken from the French by A. E. P. (price 1s. net). Finally the same publishers send us the cheapest and most valuable book that we know of in its own department—a shilling edition (the tenth) of *Catholic Controversy, a Reply to Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons,"* by Father Ryder, who succeeded Cardinal Newman as Provost of the Oratory at Birmingham. This admirable book is a polemical classic.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1905

THE GARDEN UNDER THE HILL

I.

FAR away from the noise and traffic of the large city which is the metropolis of Ireland, there lies a sweet little hamlet, secluded and quiet in the everlasting peace of the great mountains. No echo of the life and bustle and activity of the multitudes that dwell within the radius of that city finds its way here. The sun rises on silent field and mountain ; it pours its scorching noontide rays upon the cattle that graze the hill-side and upon the quiet labourers who till the land ; at eve it slowly sinks behind the curtain of rock and heather that hangs before the gates of the West, and leaves behind the hush of twilight and the great silence of night. It is a quiet corner of the world, and were it not for the merry voices of children at their mid-day or evening play, and for the sound of the church bell as it chimes for Mass and Angelus, it would seem to be uninhabited.

Tiny farm-houses dot the foot of the mountain chain, and some may be seen far up the steep slopes in lonely desolation. Midway between these and the lower cottages stands the pretty little church, marked out for observation by its light spire that rises in contrast to the dark background of fir and bracken. Close to the church is the presbytery, and here in the quiet garden reclaimed by labour and untiring energy from the hard grasp of the mountain sentinel that guards it, walked the aged curate who had spent the greater part of his life in this remote

spot. The parish church itself lies upon the fringe of the city, and there the parish priest dwells amid the greater part of his flock. It is a large pastorate, extending for many miles along the mountains and towards the boundaries of Dublin, necessitating a resident curate to look after the outlying districts.

Father Daly paced up and down the walks of the garden he loved so well and tended with such care. All around it stretched wide herbaceous borders, gorgeous with the many hues of brightly coloured flowers. Hollyhocks, sweet-williams, phlox, Japanese anemones, columbine, snapdragon, and many such sweet old-fashioned flowers blended their various tints in gaudy, yet harmonious array. In the centre, following the incline of the mountain, lay a green slope of grass, closely cut, and levelled here and there to form a little terrace upon which one found a rustic seat placed beneath the spreading branches of an Irish yew or weeping ash. Groups of rose trees dotted the grass at intervals, and everywhere, everywhere there were lilies. They stood in rows, they stood in isolated groups, they dominated the whole place and lent the finishing touch to the entire garden. Their tone of white subdued the harsher tints of blue and yellow and crimson, blending them in harmony. Their suggestion of snowy purity transformed this little Eden into a Paradise. The flowers swung to and fro in full summer stirred by the mountain breeze, and then I used to say that this garden, which I also loved, was like some lively major chords on a stringed instrument. And when my eyes fell upon its owner I would say to myself that here was the minor chord with its note of sadness.

Not that Father Daly was ever melancholy. No. But his eyes looked sad and tender and full of that peace and gentleness which one associates with the saints. And Father Daly was a saint in my estimation. I used to wonder why he, with his brilliant intelligence, his splendid gift of oratory, his administrative power, and his strong physique should bury himself in this lonely place. For I knew that it was by his own choice that he remained here. More than once a parish had been offered to him, more than once had he been asked to preach on great occasions in the city and elsewhere; and sometimes, when many years younger, he had done so. But of late he had

withdrawn from all such distinction and isolated himself here, devoting his time to the poor and allowing himself but one pleasure—the cultivation of his garden.

Of course he was not quite a hermit, for Father John — we called him Father John in pleasant familiarity and to distinguish him from his elder brother, a famous Jesuit—Father John permitted the virtue of hospitality full sway sometimes, and on these occasions the little table in his dining-room was stretched to its full proportions, and round the festive board the merry laughter of brother priests echoed far out among the pine trees, and none was more gay than Father John himself. He loved, too, to gather the school children about him, and at Christmas and Easter there would be a merry-making in the old school-house. Little First Communicants were also invited to breakfast on the great day, and were afterwards allowed to roam about the beloved garden to their heart's content.

But after all, it was a monotonous, cheerless life, and I often rallied him upon his wilful seclusion. It seemed to me such a waste of talent. But Father John would reply: "There are souls to be saved here as well as in large towns, and as for my garden—no, I cannot leave my garden—for a reason." "What reason?" I would ask with temerity. But Father John always shook his head and answered with a smile: "Some day, my friend, I may tell you. Not now."

II.

When I began to write this sketch of one whom I revered so much, and whose memory is still so dear to me, I recalled him again as walking in that sunny, sheltered garden wherein I spent so many happy hours. On that hot summer evening I paused for a moment at the little rustic gate, unwilling to interrupt his quiet reverie. The news that I had to tell him was such as would call him forth from this happy retreat to face, perhaps, the sternest duty of a priest. I knew that he would not shrink from it, and for that very reason and the risk it entailed, I wavered in my own imperative duty—to call God's minister to the bedside of a poor woman stricken down with malignant fever, such as I feared would spread rapidly among his little flock.

He saw the anxiety in my face and said briskly : " Some one ill, Doctor ? Am I wanted ? "

" At once," I answered. " But I must warn you, Father, that there is great risk and danger to yourself. It is a case of bad typhus. When *will* these people learn to send for a doctor in time ? Now I find poor Mrs. Connors ill, one of her children dead, and the others sickening—worst of all, the neighbours running in and out of the house, spreading contagion as fast as they can."

" Poor people, poor people ! " said Father Daly. " Well, Doctor, I must go at once. We priests cannot allow you medical men to have such a privilege all to yourselves, you know."

" Privilege ! " I began—but he was out of sight in a moment.

I was scarcely seated in my trap when he came round from the vestry door of the church, and I saw by the reverential expression of his countenance that he carried the Blessed Sacrament with him. He got up beside me, and we spoke not a word till we reached our destination, now the abode of misery and death.

For three weeks Father John and I fought this terrible scourge side by side, and be it said for the honour of my own profession, I was ably assisted by two young neophytes fresh from the schools ; quick, ardent young fellows, disdaining to count the cost in such a work of mercy. The parish priest, too, came to assist Father Daly, but every poor sufferer wanted the man who had always been his friend, who had grown grey in the service of his lonely flock, who had married them and baptized their children. No wonder that they wanted him in their dying hours. Weeping wives and husbands, fathers and mothers, clung to his hands, crying out to him to save their beloved.

" The doctor is doing his best, my poor people," he would say, " we must leave the rest to God."

He scarcely took any repose, for the ravages made by this frightful malady were so sudden, and death followed so quickly, that we lost in the first week eleven, and in the second fifteen. The school was closed, and indeed the poor schoolmistress had passed away.

I urged Father John to take every precaution, but it seemed useless. Day and night, night and day, he was ever at his post, and, as time sped on, he seemed to me to grow more frail and less able for the work. Yet his spirit never faltered.

At length, at the end of the fourth week, we got a little breathing space, and I went up to the presbytery to try and induce my friend to take a rest. He was sitting under a tree in his garden, but as I approached he came slowly and feebly towards me. After a few remarks he said :

"Doctor, you have often wondered why I chose to live in this quiet place—this beautiful corner of God's world." And he looked up at the towering mountain and round his pretty garden, as he continued : "How my poor flowers have been neglected ! But it was for the flowers of God's garden, and this little spot has been but a reminder of those other flowers. These lilies have always seemed like so many white fingers pointing to heaven. I should like to tell you the story of my lilies, Doctor."

"I should like to hear it, Father John," I answered ; "but just now I want you to come in and lie down. Things are mending in the village, but we still have some work to do, and I am getting anxious about you."

"Very well, Doctor, I will obey you, but my head aches a little. Let me sit in this cool air for a few moments, and then I will do as you wish. I want to talk about my lilies to-night," and he looked tenderly at them.

I allowed him to have his way, for the air might do him good, and I did not like to thwart his evident desire to speak, so I listened with interest while he began as nearly as possible in the following words.

III.

"Forty years ago, Doctor, I was a careless, happy-go-lucky young fellow. There was no stoop in my shoulders then, and I had no grey hairs. Indeed I was a very fine fellow in my own estimation. My father was a member of the faculty"—he said this with a little smiling bow to me—"and he educated me to follow in his footsteps and help him in his practice. But I am afraid that in great measure I wasted his money and my own talents—such as they were.

"It was my misfortune to be a general favourite, and among fellows of my own turn of mind—that is, with a taste for pleasure and idleness—I was in perpetual demand, and indeed I was only too willing to join in every sort of gaiety and frivolity. But I think I was too lazy and inert to take the initiative myself. I followed where others led. Gaiety, however, is one thing; dissipation is another.

"I went to Galway College to study, and if I had profited by the counsels of our good President, and taken his kindly lectures to heart, well—I should not have so much to regret now."

"We should have missed you here, Father John," I said.

"No, no, my friend. But I thank God that He led me in His own way and gave me work to do, even in this little corner of His vineyard," and he slowly raised his biretta for a moment.

"Well, instead of taking his advice I began by being idle, and gradually flung all the restraints of common prudence from my mind, and went in heart and soul for enjoying myself, no matter at what cost.

"There was a Mrs. Blake, the widow of a doctor who had been an old college chum of my father, and who lived not very far from the town. She was anxious to show me every kindness, and I spent a good deal of my time at her house in the beginning, and indeed more or less till the end. Mrs. Blake had a daughter, and—the usual thing happened. I fell, or fancied myself, in love. She was a sweet, innocent girl; quiet, holy, and gentle in every way—a thousand times too good for me.

"The parish priest of this district was a brother of the late doctor, and of course I met him frequently at his sister-in-law's house. These meetings were not always quite pleasant nor quite convenient to myself. Father Blake knew a little too much about me. He would put me through my facings sometimes as to my attendance at the Sacraments, and I am afraid my replies were not always satisfactory. One day he came to my rooms and read me a great lecture, which I took upon myself to consider—young fool that I was—as an uncalled for interference. Nevertheless, Father Blake did not quarrel

with me. He was friendly when we met, but I always felt that I had incurred his strong disapproval.

"I need not make a general confession, Doctor," he continued with a smile, "but you know all the vices and follies and sins that beset a young, hot-headed fellow that won't take advice and pull up in time. One false step leads to another and—*facilis descensus Averni*—you know the rest, Doctor. However, I must not detain you much longer.

"I managed to scramble some way through the examinations, but never took a very high place. It was a wonder indeed that I passed at all, for I allowed myself little time for study, and spent the greater part in mischievous behaviour with my chosen companions. At length, before the third examination, we exceeded all bounds, and the President had no choice but to expel us from the College. There were three of us—one went down hill quickly, the other went to Australia, and I lost sight of him, and by God's mercy the least worthy is here to-day."

For answer, I touched his old, wrinkled hand. I could find no words for such humility.

After a pause he went on :

"Our interview with the President was a painful one, as you can imagine. We tried to assume a careless, indifferent attitude, but I, for one, was mortally afraid to go home. I made up my mind to go to Liverpool and see what fortune would do for me there. But I could not leave without seeing Nora once more. I had never spoken to her of love—some saving grace had prevented such presumption.

"I remember well that that particular day was bright and sunny, but I felt as if I were walking through a dark cloud as I set out for Mrs. Blake's house. I was tired and disheartened, and was thinking of turning back when I had accomplished the greater part of my journey; but Father Blake was just entering his house as I approached, and accosted me in his usual friendly way.

"'Come in, Mr. Daly, and rest. I am afraid you will be disappointed if you are going on to Seaview Cottage, for my sister-in-law and Nora have gone to Dublin.' 'For long?' 'Well, perhaps—Nora has been wanting to go for some time.'

"I could not understand his reticence, and a sudden defiant

resolution took possession of me. I told him that I *should* see Nora and asked for her address. Father Blake was shrewd enough to know what that meant, but he was a kind man, and full of tact. When I had stumbled through a few bombastic high-flown phrases, he refrained from any stern rejoinder, but it was obvious that he intended to pursue a course of humiliation. Rough words would but have incensed me, and I had a rude lesson to learn.

"He led me out to his garden, and I followed, not knowing why. We came to a bed of lilies, just like those," and Father John pointed to his own.

"You know of what virtue these flowers are emblematic, Mr. Daly?" said Father Blake. I nodded in silence.

"They require good soil and sunshine or else they will not thrive," he went on. "Now, come a little further," and he led me out beyond the garden to where stood a refuse heap.

"Suppose I transplanted my lilies to this spot, Mr. Daly? How long do you think it would be before—with the accumulated rubbish heaped up and thrown on them every night—how long do you think my lilies would survive? How long before the bulbs were crushed and the shoots stifled? Even if one shoot did force its way upward, the effect would be at least a little incongruous, you must admit."

"I understood that this was all figurative language, and that the lilies signified Nora Blake in her innocence and purity, and the refuse heap my own soul. I was angered and humiliated, but Father Blake was merciless. He led the way back to his garden and continued:

"When the Christian soul is regenerated by baptism, God plants within it a beautiful lily. He expects that soul to water it, and nourish and care for it. And He helps to give the increase by the sunshine of His grace.—What have you done with your lily, Mr. Daly?" And he walked away, leaving me to my reflections."

Here Father John paused, and I feared to break his silence. But at length he said:

"Do you wonder now, Doctor, why I have so many lilies in my garden?"

"But Nora?" I said, heedless of his question. "What became of Nora?"

"Nora is the best friend I have. Her prayers have helped to make me a priest. When I am gone, Doctor, you must go and see Nora—Sister Mary Joseph—in the Carmelite Convent at ——" and he named the place.

I wanted to ask many questions as to how he discovered his vocation and what led to it, but he looked tired and ill, and I refrained.

* * * * *

Next morning, the sacristan found him lying on the steps of the high altar in the church, with a bunch of lilies clasped to his breast. The fever was already on him when we talked the night before, and delirium must have quickly supervened. I could not but feel, as I looked upon his dead face, that Father Blake's question had been answered.

What had he done with his lily?

It had nearly perished, but the waters of penance and mortification, and the sunshine of God's grace, had given the increase.

M. C. KEOGH.

THE LAST FRIENDS

DAUGHTERS of Israel, of sweetest fame,
Near to the Queen your hallowed forms I scan
Beside the death-couch of the Son of Man,
Those hours of woe and thirst and blood and shame.
Immortal heroines of Judah, say,
Veronica, Salome, Magdalen,
Susanna, Miriam, what mortal pen
Can tell how on that "good" but cruel day,
When heaven was black, when earth gaped 'neath your tread,
And storm-proof mountains swerved in agony,
And ears were cleft with curse and blasphemy,
When ancient sepulchres gave forth the dead—
Loyal ye stayed beside the dying Friend,
Amid the faithless faithful to the end.

W. F. P

THE GRAVE OF HERNANDO DE SOTO

DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI

ON October 18, 1539, De Soto, who had come into the region now called Alabama, with the most splendid army that ever left Spain for the New World, fought an awful battle with the ferocious warriors of the Giant King of the Indian city of Tuskaloosa. So dreadful was the slaughter with which the Indians were repulsed that Bancroft writes: "I know not if a more bloody Indian fight ever occurred on the soil of the United States."

Several lesser fights followed, for the Indians were implacably hostile. But, as the King of Epirus said of a victory that cost him more than he could spare: "One more such victory and I am undone," De Soto might have said, when he looked on the broken ranks of his soldiers all but annihilated by various misfortunes, some time later, De Soto's men did not follow up their advantage. They soon left the scene of their glory and disaster. Their wanderings have never been located. But, with broken health and spirits, his thousand picked soldiers reduced to a mere handful, his twenty-four ecclesiastics reduced to three, De Soto led the remnant of the brilliant array that had sailed with him out of the water-gate of Seville, through the western wilderness till they had reached the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Arkansas.

De Soto had already had his baptism of blood in the New World. He had been the companion of Pizarro in the conquest of the Incas in Peru, and was famous on two continents for his extraordinary valour. From South America, De Soto returned to his native land, a brilliant soldier of fortune, of fabulous wealth. After tasting all the honour and glory Spain could bestow, athirst for greater fame he besought the valiant emperor, Charles V, to allow him to seek fresh laurels in the land beyond the sea, and to fight, at his own expense, for the opulent empires and splendid cities which his vivid imagination saw scattered over the arid plains and mountain fastnesses of the New Continent.

The Emperor granted his request, and made him a Knight

of the Military Order of St. Iago, Captain-General of Cuba, and Perpetual Adelentado of Florida. He made it a chief condition, as was usual in such cases, that "De Soto should carry with him the religious and the priests who shall be appointed by us for the instruction of the natives in our holy Catholic faith."

But now misfortune followed misfortune. The chief was sick unto death, and the fever never left him. The prostrate warrior soon knew that it meant death. As a soldier and a Christian, he began to prepare for the dread hour which was to place him before the judgment seat of His Creator. What follows seems like a page from the *Lives of the Saints*. He confessed his sins with lively sorrow. He summoned his officers and the chief men of his army. As they surrounded his poor bed, he gazed lovingly on them, and said he was going to give an account, in the presence of God, of all his past life. He expressed gratitude for their love and their loyalty to him, and said he had intended to reward them when it had pleased God to give him rest and prosperity. He desired them all to pray to God for him, that in His mercy He would forgive his sins and receive him into eternal glory. He begged pardon for any wrongs he might have done them or others, especially in former days. He had many things to say to them but, above all, he charged them to procure the conversion of the natives to the Catholic faith. Such was the chief wish of all the great men of these times who, it might be truly said, would compass sea and land to make a proselyte. And he prayed them most tenderly to live in peace and love with one another.

Next day, May 21, 1542, the seventh day of his illness, he died in peace. "And thus," concludes the chronicler, "departed out of this life the valourous, chivalrous, and most noble Captain Don Hernando de Soto, Governor of Cuba, Adelentado of Florida, whom fortune raised, as it had done so many others, only that he might have the higher fall. The danger of all his followers perishing in that inhospitable country without him was clear before their eyes, and they grieved that they had borne ill-will to him, or not held him in the esteem they ought to have done."

And now they lifted up their voices and wept over their

grand chief; they recalled his courage, his patience in every toil and hardship—his deeds of daring, how he had fought five hours standing in his stirrup at Manvila, and one hour on a loose saddle at Chickasaw. They might have added his resignation when all went against him—his fortune gone, one hundred thousand ducats swallowed up in this ill-fated enterprise—his fame, his hope of family, and the great estate he was to found—all had become as the dream of a dream, and nothing but shadows were left behind.

The new Captain, Luis Moscoso, chosen in deference to the wish of the fallen warrior, decided to conceal the death of De Soto from the Indians. As soon as the breath left the body, the new official ordered that the corpse be kept hidden in the house for three days. At the dead of night, the officer, cavaliers, and priests carried the dead governor to an open space outside the village, and laid him in a deep pit which they filled with earth.

But the Spaniards grew uneasy. They knew that if the Indians suspected the burial of a body among their pits, they would, if necessary, dig up the whole plain with their hands, and never rest until they found it. And should they find De Soto, they would wreck upon him dead the vengeance they would not dare to think of in his presence, living.

Then came the inspiration to bury the Captain-General in the great river which he had discovered, where alone his remains would be safe from savage insult. They found in the channel a depth of nineteen fathoms, and there they resolved to make his grave. As there were no stones with which to weight the body, they had a large oak tree felled, in the trunk of which they hollowed out a cavity the length of a man, as a sort of coffin.

The next night, about twelve of the clock, the Adelentado was, with all possible 'secrecy, disinterred, and placed in the cavity where he lay as in a coffin. His friends gathered around him in the silent forest: "They steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead." Then they carefully closed the opening in the hastily improvised coffin. Priests and cavaliers carried all in a canoe to midstream, and recommending the soul of the great Hidalgo to God, with the touching prayers and dirges of the Church he had loved so well, they dropped the body over-

board, and saw it sink in the wonderful waters he had discovered. The first requiems heard above the waves of the Father of Waters were chanted for his eternal repose. And who can look into that fathomless grave, even in spirit, without thinking of the loyal Catholic who found rest in its turgid waters, and repeating the simple holy words of the sublime liturgy of the Church of Ages? "Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine on him. May he rest in peace!" For he died repenting his early errors.

Thus was consigned to the mysterious Mississippi, in the dead of night, the mortal coil of one of the greatest of the discoverers, the first man of Caucasian race to view its mighty waters, who found a grave in its depths. "The wanderer," says Bancroft, "had crossed a large part of the Continent and found nothing so remarkable as his resting-place."

After frightful sufferings a wretched remnant of De Soto's once brilliant hosts escaped into Mexico. Meanwhile no herald had as yet published the death of De Soto. But expedition after expedition sought him and his followers in many lands, in vain. In October, 1543, at Vera Cruz however, one of them learned that the Captain-General was dead, and that the few who survived of his once gorgeous array had escaped into Mexico.

When his faithful wife, Isabella, after years of grief and anxiety, learned of the failure of the expedition, the loss of their fortunes, the ruin of their house, and, above all, the death of her beloved husband, whose body lay buried in the fatal river, she could not survive such a weight of misery, and, after three days of conscious widowhood, the faithful Isabella de Bobadilla, first vice-queen of Cuba, to which office her husband had appointed her, died at Havana, of a broken heart.

M. A. C.

BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS

HANG up the holly, nor forget
 The waxen-berried mistletoe ;
 What matter if the wind be wet
 And roads be slushed with melting snow ?
 The lamplight's gleam, the yule-log's glow,
 Shall brighten all the hours that glide,
 And we will bless them as they go—
 The merry days of Christmastide.

The clouded sun makes haste to set,
 The feet of night are overslow,
 The bare bough shivers, black as jet,
 While gusty winter's breezes blow ;
 But on our hearts no gloom can throw
 Its shadow, where glad thoughts abide :
 We sing our stave and laugh, Ho ! Ho !
 The merry days of Christmastide !

Banished awhile are cares that fret,
 Sad memories of grief and woe ;
 We make a truce with old regret
 And bitter tears of long ago :
 Such cares may come, such tears may flow
 Before the winter shall have died ;
 But cares and tears must never know
 The merry days of Christmastide.

ENVOY.

Friend, Father Time may bend his bow
 To slay our pleasures in their pride ;
 His malice cannot conquer so
 The merry days of Christmastide.

J. W. A.

A PLEA FOR SHYLOCK

NOW that the King of the British Stage has passed away, it may not be inopportune to say a word of one of his greatest impersonations.

"The Jew that Shakespeare drew" has been held up to universal odium ever since he was placed upon the stage. From his first appearance to the last, when he hurries away to hide his dishonoured head, the stern old Hebrew has been the object of all men's detestation. And yet there is something to be said for Shylock. In the first place, he is not the veritable author of the Merchant's troubles, as if we look a little closer we shall see.

A handsome young prodigal, whose extravagant living has "disabled his estate," becomes acquainted with a wealthy heiress, and has a mind to mend his tattered fortunes with her gold and silver. It is Bassanio's own first word of fair Portia. "In Belmont lives a lady richly left." Afterward he mentions incidentally that she is good-looking, also (notwithstanding which he is described as a gentleman) that she is in love with him; but these are secondary considerations. Being already deep in debt, he proposes to go deeper still, that he may display in Portia's eyes a "swelling port" to which he has no right; thereby obtain her hand, and with her wealth discharge his obligations. These borrowed plumes of young Bassanio's, and the means resorted to, to obtain them for him, are the cause of all the subsequent disasters. Bassanio is the hero of the play; no word of condemnation follows this proposal or any other of his deeds or words. Yet, is his love of money less than Shylock's? We turn the old Jew into ridicule as he laments over his "ducats" and his "daughter," and we see no cause to scorn Bassanio's appreciation of his lady-love's possessions.

Of Shylock's revengeful purpose there is no doubt; there is, however, some excuse for him. The law of Moses justified revenge. It is true that he exceeded legal limits, and would have taken more than the "eye for an eye" the law allowed. But how was Shylock to pay back in kind the debt he owed? He could not "void his rheum" upon the Merchant's beard,

or "foot" him as one spurns a stranger cur," or even protest against his life-long contumely, save by the "patient shrug" of old on the Rialto. And Antonio says emphatically that in this treatment of the Jew he will not change. "I am as like to call thee 'dog' again, to spit on thee again, to spurn thee too;" in short, to show him all his former courtesies. The Merchant is a Christian from whom we might expect some of the mercy that Portia tells us of so musically.

Shylock declares that in exacting vengeance he imitates the followers of Christ. "If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should be his sufferance? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction." And in allusion to the Merchant's scorn: "Thou call'dst me 'dog' before thou hadst a cause, but if I am a dog, beware my fangs." The maddening obloquy of the man's whole life is as a matter of course; the wild attempt to avenge it is held to be inhuman: Shylock is called a wolf, and the Merchant poses as a martyr.

The same note rings through every story of the Middle Ages, "Isaac of York" and all the rest of them. Every avenue to honour, every place of dignity in the State was closed to the Jew: they left him nothing but his money-bags, and then they railed at him for loving them.

Another point: If Shylock hates his enemies, he loves his friends. When he is told that his feather-brained daughter has stolen away his ring, he cries: "Thou torturest me, it was my turquoise, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor." Panting for revenge as Shylock was, and smarting under the treachery of Jessica, the mention of his dead wife's love-token brings back his strong old heart at once to gentler memories. Now let us see Bassanio with his ring—a gift, not of the far-off long ago; a gift just bestowed, and given with such generous surrender of all her rich possessions, with such strenuous insistence on all that it included, that a man worthy of the name would have "grappled it to his soul with hooks of steel."

This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love.

To which Bassanio, with great enthusiasm, makes reply :

But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
Oh, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

He is, however, in his usual health and spirits, and as smooth-spoken as ever, when, in a few day's time, he and the ring part company. Furthermore, at the trial, when matters begin to look threatening, he declares roundly that he wishes he could clear them by sacrificing the girl herself.

"And these be Christian husbands!" says old Shylock.

It would be interesting to follow fair Portia and her lord and master along the journey of their lives, and it is a pity that the story does not allow us to imagine that fortunate young gentleman in the hands of one of Thackeray's most energetic mothers-in-law.

As to Shylock himself, to whom we bid farewell in "darkest depth of dire defeat," *serve him right!* is the verdict of every Christian in the theatre. Still, as one watches our great tragedian in that last scene, where bereft of all, his vengeance, his riches and his ancient faith, the dazed old man goes blindly home, one wishes that the Leah of his unforgotten youth were there to meet him.

M. A. CURTIS.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER

ALL sins forgiving,
All wants supplying,
All graces shed—
God bless the living,
God help the dying,
God rest the dead!

M. R.

DUNMARA**CHAPTER XXXII****A LAST VISIT**

THE McDawdles returned from Galway, bringing back the balm of their genuine sympathy to the mourners at the Largie. Dr. Gregory had suspected that his friend had arranged his worldly affairs during that last visit to Galway after the fatal revelation in the little parlour at Dunsurf. And Dr. Gregory had been right.

There had been little to bequeath. Some property which Dr. Drummond had possessed, had passed away from his children at his death, and there remained but a small yearly stipend ; a few hundred pounds which he had held in trust for Maud, and which had grown in his hands, were given to the care of Dr. Gregory, who was guardian of all. The Largie Farm belonged to Randal.

The brilliant weather had vanished. Autumn had given place to winter. The fire was rekindled in the desolate parlour, and round it they sat, talking of the future, the girls noting more and more the change that had come upon Randal. Sitting thus in the firelight one evening, while the rain pattered on the gravel outside, he told them the story of his wanderings and struggles, commencing with a sketch of Mick Costello's honest good nature. Many things he softened in the narration, of some he did not breathe, but it was enough that he had wanted shelter, that he had nigh starved, that he had suffered much in his flesh, in his pride, and in his memory of the home he had deserted. He had passed an ordeal which had been as cleansing fire to his nature, which had roused and exerted all his faculties, and changed him from the wilful boy to the earnest youth. After long bitter striving in vain for work, he had at last been taken in a menial capacity into the office of a large business firm in Liverpool. Here he had won favour, and a fortunate accident having led to his displaying

peculiar intelligence his condition had been improved. On seeing Maud's advertisement he had gone to the principal of the house, a rather rough-speaking, but withal good-natured old gentleman, and to him told his entire story. The principal had rated him for not confessing before, given him a month's leave of absence, and hinted that if he could contrive to pay a certain fee, he might, on his return, enter the house on a very different footing, and one which should be extremely advantageous for his future prospects. That of course was impossible, Randal said, but he was content to climb patiently.

"Many things are against me, though," he said, "I wish I knew Spanish, I ought to know Spanish."

Whereupon Ellen briskly volunteered her assistance, and books were procured and pored over, hour after hour on rainy days, while the turf fire roared up the chimney, and Maud sat darning stockings on the hearthrug and silently laying her own plans.

One morning at breakfast Maud announced, "Nancy saw Dr. McDawdle pass this morning early. Can he have gone to Dunmara?"

"More probably to visit some sick person on the way," Ellen remarked, and so the subject dropped.

That evening when the twilight had suspended study for a time, and they talked round the hearth, Randal said abruptly,—

"There is an adventure that I have never mentioned yet, and I believe it influenced me a good deal. One day as I was wandering about Liverpool, whom should I meet but Egbert Aungier of Dunmara; you know Egbert Aungier; you, Ellen, know him of course? I had always thought he was a stern kind of fellow, but I shall never forget how he behaved that day. I was sauntering along hungry and wretched when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and some one said, 'What are you doing in Liverpool, my lad?' My face burned when I saw who it was, and I blundered out some excuse. I suppose he saw that something was wrong, for he drew my arm in his, and turned into a restaurant close by, where we found an empty room. He ordered some cakes, and made me sit down with him at a table. Then he drew the truth from me, or part of the truth, for I would not admit that I was a wanderer without a lodging. When the cakes came I devoured them, seeing

which, I suppose, he ordered a plentiful luncheon, pretending that he was hungry. I knew what it meant, but I was too famished to be proud. He wanted me to take money, but I was obstinate about that. He was leaving Liverpool immediately but if I did not promise to write to father that night, he would do so before he left. Would to God he had, or that I, when I gave my word, had kept it. But shame made a liar of me.

"Before we left the shop, he went to the counter alone, and bought some little boxes of chocolate lozenges. 'Take two of these,' he said coming out, 'I have four;' and I took them, and put them in my pocket. And Maud—Ellen, think of it, when hours afterwards I thought to make my supper of the lozenges, I found money, gold, in the bottom of the first box I opened. I believe that money saved me, for it was long after that before I succeeded in getting any work to do. And it is not alone money that I owe him," said Randal, "but courage, and strength, and hope; he told me that circumstances had deprived him of almost all his own property, and that he, like me, had to make his own way in the world. He spoke of self-help nobly, grandly. He is a splendid fellow. I shall never forget him that day."

"Deprived him of his property!" echoed Maud. "I never heard of his having lost anything. Did you, Ellen?"

But Ellen had left the parlour. She was just then standing in the middle of her own room, a little sick, and shaking a good deal, but all the while smiling to herself, and bidding her soul be very glad because that Egbert Aungier was a good man.

"Circumstances had deprived him of his property," she said to herself, taking a sudden fit of tidiness, and beginning to arrange her drawers. The will,—that wretched will,—could he have alluded to it? Oh no, had she not left the torn fragments on his own table? Had she not been living ever since on Dr. Drummond's bounty? Was not Dunmara exactly as it had been through all the years, with Elswitha its mistress? Wherever he might be, must he not know of these things? unless Elswitha—but she was getting unjust now. Elswitha was not a monster! "If I dwell on this idea," she said, "it will work me mischief."

"Ellen," said Maud at the door, "Dr. McDawdle is here, and wants you in the study." And Ellen shut up her drawer and went to him.

Dr. McDawdle was standing in his old friend's deserted room.

A single candle had been placed on the table in the fireless study, and all the circumstances of the visit had an aspect unusual, and therefore important. And yet at that moment Dr. Gregory's chief anxiety was to transact his business in the most cautious manner, without being suspected of having any business to transact. Some hours before this, he had mounted his horse at Dunmara gates, muttering, "Poor soul! poor soul, she is not so bad,—human after all, and not a good life!" He had ridden off, with a letter lying in his pocket, signed "Elswitha Aungier," which missive had been the cause of his unwonted visit to Dunmara House. And yet when Ellen asked him where he had travelled that day, he blundered and hesitated, and talked vaguely of "patients up in that direction"—"prevalence of colic among the fishermen"—"sudden revolution in the weather being pernicious to health," etc., and finally changed the conversation. As he seemed to have nothing particular to say, Ellen took the opportunity of unfolding a plan of her own for his approval. She spoke of her capabilities for teaching Spanish, she spoke of her hope of becoming an artist. "I want to go to London," she said.

Hearing this, the doctor brightened up and listened to the details of her scheme. He was as ignorant of the world as herself, and had a profound faith in her talents and energy. He saw her at once a flourishing artist in London, receiving gold and homage from the crowd.

"And now about the funds to begin with," he said.

"Ah! that is my difficulty," said Ellen. "I think——"

"Not at all, not at all—that is—I have—in fact——" here the doctor was interrupted by a sudden fit of coughing. After it had subsided, he, with much hesitation, contrived to make known to Ellen that he could provide her with a sum sufficient to serve for very moderate expenses in London for a considerable time. "And the payment is of no consequence," he said. "I can spare it perfectly—I have nothing to do—that is, I have no use for it whatever."

Ellen's first impulse was gratefully to refuse the kind offer, whereupon Dr. Gregory was exceedingly distressed and disturbed. He had a friend in London, he said, an elderly lady, who would receive her into her house. He would take her and place her there himself. There could be no difficulty about the matter.

Then Dr. Gregory took his leave with the air of a person who has carried his point ; and as Ellen from the doorway watched him clamber upon his horse, she could not but smile to think of the slow doctor who could not go a few miles for his diploma, undertaking to convey her all the way from the West of Ireland to London.

It chanced next morning at post time that Ellen espied Randal standing upon the road, studying an open letter with so thoroughly puzzled an air that she picked up her hat, and went to meet him, smiling.

"What is your important epistle, Randal ?"

"Read it !" he said, putting the letter in her hand. "What can you make of it ?"

It was written by his master in Liverpool, stating that as the required fee had been paid, he, Randal, was at liberty to enter the house on the footing formerly proposed, and naming a date upon which it was desirable he should make his appearance. Ellen gave it back to him.

"Who could have done this ?" Randal said ; "the letter is genuine—and I am not asleep. We cannot both be dreaming ! Who could have done it ?"

"I guess," said Ellen ; "I know some one capable of doing it. Maud has been mysterious lately, and I am sure Dr. McDawdle is in the secret."

"Maud ! Oh ! no ; not that—not her little fortune."

■ He coloured up to the hair, and turning sharply, walked in haste towards the house. Ellen saw no more of him for some two hours, at the end of which time she beheld Maud and him coming hand in hand across the heather from the cliffs. They had evidently settled the difficult point between them, for Ellen heard no discussion upon the subject.

¶ And so the little household was to be broken up. Randal's departure for Liverpool drew near, and Ellen's for London. Maud had announced her willingness to remain as housekeeper at the Largie.

"We shall be very comfortable, I and the boys and Nancy !" she said. "Mrs. McDawdle will come to us, sometimes, and see to my butter and patchwork, and I will teach the boys to the best of my humble ability, until Randie is rich enough to send them

to school. And when they come back to see me, I shall be the old maiden sister knitting stockings by the fireside."

Randal had gone. It wanted but a few days of Ellen's departure for London with Dr. McDawdle ; for Dr. Gregory, to the surprise of all, held fast by his promise of escort, and had prepared to make it good.

Ever since that evening when Randal told the story of the lozenges, Ellen had been troubled with a restlessness which she could not conquer. This grew worse as the last hours at home hurried past. By the time her trunks were packed, it had grown intolerable.

"Maud," she said at length, "I cannot go away without saying good-bye to Mrs. Kirker. I must go to Dunmara to-day. I do not want the car ; I will ride Shag."

And an hour afterwards she had set out.

It was grey October weather ; a rainy, murmurous evening. The mountain world was making mysterious utterance through all the lips of its swollen becks and thunderous falls. The rain-mists lay in thick white columns upon the heads and feet of the mountains, suggesting strange possibilities of height for the giant bulwarks that loomed between. The valley river had overflowed its margin, and wandered in straggling lakelets over the land. The heath was soaked and blackened, and pools of water glanced in the hollows of the hilly road. The sea was rough and grey, and fleets of white gulls rode in on the dun waves to the shore. There was in the air indescribable music, a thousand watery voices sounding from their thousand homes among the echoes, —music like the majestic march of unchiming metre ; the wakening of ghostly harps to the touch of buried bards ; impetuous, yet restrained ; sober, yet inspiriting. Phantoms of song were abroad, whose presence will not be wooed or compelled in softer seasons or in gentler scenes, but which are at all times the willing dwellers in remote cairns and ravines, and the especial visitants to the blenched highland, when winter has driven the colour from its cheek, and quenched the light of heaven in its weeping eyes.

Shag sped gallantly over the gleaming roads. Ellen pushed back her hat, and felt the blood mount in her cheeks as the damp fragrant air, racy of heather and sea-spray, blew sweet and cold in her face.

"Oh, Shag!" she cried, her voice cutting sharp on her own ear in the solitude. "Oh, Shag! it is my last journey on this road; my last sight of these hills! Dear mountain-land, dear mother Nature, where shall I find one like you to smile away my troubles; to preach solemn lessons to my soul? Parted from you, I shall indeed be an orphan, adrift on the world! And you will not miss me. You will preach on with your thrilling voice, and gaze on with your beautiful face, smiling in transcendent truth, and I shall not be here. Will you forget me utterly; will you not feel me yearning to you from across the sea? Stand still, old Shag. Browse there a moment!"

And she slid to the ground, flung the reins round Shag's neck, and knelt down on the wet heath.

"Hear me, mother! I cannot bid you an eternal farewell! I promise to come back to you! No matter where I go; no matter how long I have to stay; still, if God but give me life and power, I will return! Keep a child's place for me!"

She pressed her face into the rainy gorse, and kissed the earth. Then a bound reseated her in her saddle; in a minute she had dried her face, steadied her hands, and she and Shag were cantering over hills and dales, away into the hollows of the white mists, Dunmara-ward.

The goal was won. Dunmara House loomed grey and grim among the brown October trees. Rain clouds streamed over it, and two or three solitary rooks wheeled and cawed above the chimneys. Ellen struck off the main road, and guided Shag along a beaten path, leading across the heath to the grove, where the tree stood with the name "Dolores" carved over the bark.

The way seemed more deserted and untrodden than when she had seen it last. The wetness dripped from the spreading branches over her head, and an odour of rainy mould and soaked bark hung on the air.

She stopped at the well-known back entrance, the large brown panelled door, set a step up in the dark green-spotted brick wall. Her hand hesitated on the bell. Was she going to thrust herself again into this house? Would her self-respect suffer it? Was her courage equal to the risk of a meeting with Miss Elswitha? For a purpose, yes. She had come for no idle pastime, but on an errand that seemed almost like one of life and death. Would

she turn round now, and ride back as she had come, with her question unasked and unanswered? That were sheer madness. She snapped the wire sharply, and heard the bell go jangling down the long passages within.

It chanced that Trina came to open the door, with a look of curiosity on her face as to who might be the visitor this rainy evening. Her quick recognition was a start and a blush. Ellen was considerably changed since they had met last.

"Trina, will you take me very quietly to Mrs. Kirker? I am going away to England, and I want to say good-bye."

Shag's bridle was thrown round the low branch of a tree, and Ellen followed the girl into the house.

The scarlet blossoms had all been shed from the geraniums in the housekeeper's room, a bank of sallow green alone remaining against the window. A red moreen curtain sheltered the diamond panes. Mrs. Kirker's little kettle steamed on the bright fire, and the housekeeper herself was in the act of setting forth her one cup and saucer for her solitary tea, when the door opened and Ellen appeared.

Mary Kirker jingled a spoon out of her hand upon the tray. Her cheek flushed a little, and her lips twitched. She made a stiff, respectful curtsey, and all the greeting Ellen got was this:—

"Dear me, Miss Ellen, who would have thought to see you on such an evening!"

Ellen was standing near the doorway, twisting her whip in her fingers, and biting her lip to keep back some tears that were doing their best to blind her. This rainy-day look of the quiet room brought back another day, when the world had looked infinitely less bleak to her than it did now, and a kind hand had stroked her hair, and a kind voice had said to her, "Take comfort!" Then she was the petted foundling, with her sorrows shared, now she was the unwelcome intruder, who had much better have gone her way into the world with her unwished-for adieux unspoken. But the room looked just the same.

"I have another purpose," thought Ellen, "and I must think of nothing else at present. Yet how am I to ask my question?"

"Won't you sit down, miss?"

Ellen walked to the fire and stood by the fender.

"I only came to say good-bye to you, Mrs. Kirker. I am going very far away,—to London."

"That's very far indeed, miss,—I believe, the other end of the world, almost."

"It is far," said Ellen, and as she spoke it seemed terribly, hatefully far from Dunmara.

"I'm sure I hope you'll like living there, miss. It's a very gay place I've heard."

"Yes. Wealthy people can be very gay in London."

Ellen twisted her whip by the fireside for a few more seconds whilst her chance of gaining information was sinking fast into nothing. Every moment she felt less and less in a humble or questioning mood.

"May I go up and say good-bye to Miss Rowena's room?" she asked, proudly.

"Certainly, Miss Ellen," said the housekeeper. "Go where you please in your own house."

The last words were spoken as Ellen was crossing the threshold. She stopped with a start. What did that mean? Here was an opening to speak. She looked back at the housekeeper, who was absorbed in the matter of rubbing her spectacles. No, Ellen could say nothing. The words would not come.

She went hastily upstairs, flying along the landings lest Elswitha should meet her. She stood by Rowena's bed. She avoided looking into her own old room; no occasion to remember too vividly the last hours there. Rowena was all she cared about. She stood on the cold hearth. She looked through the well-known window, on the familiar brown-and-grey sea. She sat in the arm-chair. She remembered a score of distinct hours and days and occasions. She recalled a hundred thoughts and fancies.

"Good-bye!" she said, "you are to me henceforth like that coffin on the shelf in the vault; not buried at peace and overgrown, but dismally visible for ever through a locked grating. Poor Rowena!"

She was in the hall again. Should she just peep into the library? "No, indeed, you shall not," said pride, and marched her past the door with dignified air. But foolishness came stealing after and plucking her skirts. "Stay only a moment," it pled, "only for one glance. The days will be long enough al

through life. You will have plenty of time to set things right again, even if you hurt yourself a little now. The sea is very wide, and this is the last, last time ! ” Foolishness gained its point, as foolishness often does. Ellen passed swiftly into the room, and closed the door. “ It was hardy to come,” she muttered, “ but I am not a fool.”

Foolishness had followed her in, however, and capered about over the floor and walls, trying all its tricks to get her fairly caught in its leading strings. It plucked some coloured wool from the hearthrug, and a twig from the rosebush outside the window, and presented them to her.

“ I see it is no use maintaining that I am not a fool,” Ellen said, in taking them, “ but, thank God, nobody knows ! ”

The door handle turned, and Mrs. Kirker came in, and found Ellen busily peering into the gilt letters within the glass on the bookshelves. “ I am saying good-bye to my old friends the books,” she said lightly. And then she thought, “ Must I go now ? ”

“ Miss Ellen,” said the housekeeper, close by her side, “ may I ask you a question ? You will not take it amiss, I hope, from an old servant who is bound up in her master and mistress. How long are we to remain in this house ? ”

Ellen turned keen clear eyes upon her.

“ As long, I suppose, as God and Miss Elswitha please, Mrs. Kirker.”

The housekeeper’s glance met Ellen’s, troubled, puzzled, scrutinizing. Then Mary Kirker cried out, with more of fire, with more of passion, than had ever flashed out of her calm soul during all her years of life,—

“ In the name of Him who sits above us, Miss Ellen, tell us, with your own lips, what did you do with that will ? ”

The whip slipped out of Ellen’s fingers.

“ What should I do with it ? ” she asked.

Mary Kirker’s glow was quenched. A second had frozen her up again.

“ True,” she said. “ What should you do with it ? I beg your pardon, miss.”

“ What should I do with it ? ” Ellen repeated, quickly. “ I did not burn it, Mrs. Kirker.”

“ No, miss.”

Those two little words were a respectful sneer.

Ellen involuntarily put her hands to her swelling throat.

"No, I did not burn it, but I'll tell you what I did, Mrs. Kirker; I tore it. Standing just here, I tore it into the smallest shreds my fingers could rend, till the atoms looked like powder, and I left them like a heap of snow here, on your master's desk, on this spot where it used to lie open all day long."

Mary Kirker had sunk upon a chair. "Is this really true?" she gasped.

Ellen turned sharply away. She struggled to say something very fiercely indignant as she did so, but sorrow and a heart-scalding sense of injustice were stronger within her than anger. A loud long sob came shaking up through her lips, and she hid her face against the wall, and cried in very desolation of spirit.

"Oh, Miss Ellen, love,—oh, my dearie, hush,—for God's sake! I believe you the same as if it was gospel. It was only the surprise that took away my breath. I'll beg your pardon on my bare knees for ever misdoubting you. Oh, you stupid old woman, Mary Kirker, that couldn't believe your own eyes when you saw a true face. My child, my dear, cry no more like that, or it will break my heart!"

Ellen's gust of weeping was quickly past, but it left her weak and unnerved. She submitted to be led into the quiet room again and placed in the big arm-chair, where she had lain long ago, and to be dosed with sweet strong tea, while Mrs. Kirker sat by shaking, and dim-eyed, and full of history; which Ellen's ears drank in eagerly.

"I cried my old eyes dim that day," she said, "for to my shame I thought you had gone out of that door with the will in your pocket. It wasn't my own thought, it never would have come into my head, but——" Mrs. Kirker stopped short. She had been on the point of revealing her mistress's malicious insinuations, but such a revelation would have been against her conscience as a trusty servant. "I shouldn't have believed a word of it," she went on. "I well earned all the heart-aches it cost me since. *He* never saw it, Miss Ellen, my master didn't. I'll take my oath of that. He went straight to the library when he came in from the funeral. About an hour after that, he came here to me when I was sitting like an old fool with my eyes as red as the fire. He looked very stern, I thought, and he said, 'Miss

Ellen is gone, Mrs. Kirker ? ' and I said, ' Yes, sir, she had to go to Dr. Drummond's.' "

" Did she leave any message ? " said he.

" I just gave one look at him, and I shook from head to foot when I said, ' No, sir.' "

Ellen listened with her face turned away to the fire. A little half-stifled sound escaped her, when the housekeeper got so far.

" I didn't venture to look again for a good while, but he said presently,—

" You'll take good care of your mistress, Mrs. Kirker. You understand that, come what may, Whinmoor belongs to Miss Elswitha. You'll go there very soon, I dare say. It's a pretty place, and will be more comfortable for a small family than Dunmara. You'll not feel it so wide and empty.' "

" That will do, Mrs. Kirker," Ellen interrupted. " I can imagine it all. Just tell me one thing. Why did you think me capable of acting so ? Even if I had hurried away, forgetting to tell you of what I had done, could you not all have trusted me ? " Mrs. Kirker again gave a bitter thought to Elswitha, but one that remained only a thought.

" Miss Ellen," she said, " do you remember that day in your room, upstairs, when you sat upright on your bed, and asked me if I was sure that the will was real and good, and that it gave you everything—house, lands, and money and all ? "

" I see," Ellen said, absently.

She was realizing how much of the blame of this mistake had been truly her own. The recollection of her own conduct called up thus by Mrs. Kirker, though coming with a pang at first, brought comfort with it. It was good, after all, to think that Egbert's harsh judgment of her had been based on a natural misconception, which others had shared, and with apparent reason. It was good, and yet it was not good, for this reflection robbed her of the healthy resentment that had, till now, coloured her remembrance of these matters. She seemed to hear her own anxious questions to Egbert, her cry of " Give it to me ! " If her manner had led astray cool, discerning Mrs. Kirker, was it wonderful that he, too, should have been deceived ? Yes, a good deal of it had been her own fault, but not all ; no, certainly, not all. There was a wrong somewhere. Egbert, nevertheless, was acquitted to a very great degree. And it was better not to think

anything about the opinion of her which he had clearly carried away with him. Still she did think of it with a burning blush that, when it went away, left her a very pale face.

"Oh, Miss Ellen, dear, don't look like that, or I'll never forgive myself. I can guess what you were thinking of, when you said that."

"It's no great matter what I was thinking of," said Ellen, rising and picking up her hat. "It was not what you thought, and that is all that signifies now. I am glad I came this evening. I suspected, chiefly from your manner at the Largie,—I feared that I had got undeservedly under a cloud. I wanted to know the truth. It is getting late now, Mrs. Kirker, and I have a long way to go : I must say good-bye."

Mary Kirker began to cry bitterly.

"Could nobody find him out and tell him ?" she sobbed. "Oh ! if I only knew what corner of the world he's in, for he's gone away with his heart fairly broke in two. 'I'm going away, Mrs. Kirker,' says he, 'and it's likely to be a long, long time before I come back. I may never see you again ;' and he held out his hand to me, and I kissed it, and cried on it, and I did feel that minute that I could have hated you, Miss Ellen ; for, oh, dear, I can't help saying what I know so well, that you've been the light of his eyes ever since that blessed night when he carried you up out of the sea in his own two arms. Oh, Miss Ellen, dear, don't be angry, I couldn't help saying it !"

Ellen was about to make a proper reply, but, unfortunately for dignity, she glanced up to the motherly face looking at her with so much sympathizing love. Propriety went like a straw before the torrent. She threw her arms round the old woman's neck, and cried again. What did it signify if this comforter were only a servant ? Heroines might look to their pride—Ellen had none just then.

"Is there no way we could find out where he is, Miss Ellen ? I'm afraid Miss Elswitha doesn't know."

At this Ellen returned to her senses.

"Hush, Mrs. Kirker," she said, "I cannot let you say any more. I am very foolish to behave in this way. You are mistaken. If your master knew the truth—if that will had not been made, there are still strong reasons why it is better he should

never see or hear of me again, nor I of him, nor of any of his family."

"Oh, Miss Ellen!"

"Yes, Mrs. Kirker. I got other papers that night which are of more importance than the wretched will. I have three letters of my mother's. I keep them always with me, and I know off by heart what they contain. I have one of my father's, too, written when he was dying."

Mary Kirker held her peace, with a pondering face. At last she bent forward, and whispered,—

"Was it true, then, that those two fought out abroad?"

"It was true. My father was murdered."

Mrs. Kirker wiped a cold wetness from her forehead.

"That's the last blow," she said, "and the worst! Your mother suffered sorely; but they always denied that part of it. I thought if we made you happy it might help to cure what's past. But the curse is not out yet. Oh, my poor lad, that used to cry your little heart out in my apron, it's always, always to be the black side of the world that's turned to you!"

"Mrs. Kirker," Ellen said, "some one has done me a cruel wrong. It is easy to bear troubles sent by God, but it is hard to be painted so black, so vile. Some one stole the scraps of that will."

"Have pity on me, Miss Ellen. Don't ask me to say who could have done it. Remember, I'm an old servant in this house. And, oh! Miss Ellen, she's awfully changed since then!"

"You are a good woman, Mrs. Kirker. I love you very much since I know that you were kind to my mother. God bless you."

Ellen had tied on her hat.

"Good-bye."

The two went sorrowfully to the back door, and Mary Kirker returned sighing, because that the shadow on Dunmara House had never been so heavy as now.

An odd whim seized Ellen as she rode off. She would venture to bring Shag round by the front entrance. She wanted to see again the porch, the avenue, the garden-door. What was Miss Aungier's displeasure now? It had done its worst. It could follow her no farther on her way through life. She rode boldly round, and paused for a last look, when lo! there appeared a figure in the framework of the porch. It hardly looked like

Elswitha, and yet it was she, unmistakably. She was a good deal bent, and leaned on a stick. With the old nervous instinct, Ellen jerked the reins for flight, but the stick was waved, the hand beckoned, and wondering much, she turned Shag's head and trotted to the door.

She had heard Mrs. Kirker say, that Miss Aungier was much changed, was in ill-health, without realizing or thinking much about it. But this figure, this lonely, broken-down creature in the doorway, shocked and touched her. There was a weak, frightened expression breaking pitifully through the stern lines of the hard woman's face, and when she spoke there was a tremor in her voice.

"I have heard that you are going away," quavered this new, pitiful Elswitha, "and I want to bid you good-bye, and wish you well before you go."

If she had spoken in the old harsh way, or if she had not spoken at all, Ellen could have looked on her with deep compassion, and passed on forgiving. But this unlooked-for speech somehow suggested many things—suggested what it might have been, if that well-wishing had existed when it had been sorely needed. She tightened her hands on the reins, and said,—

"The time has gone past, Miss Aungier, when your good wishes could have befriended me. You have done me wrong, how much I can only guess. But I can forgive you, because you are old, and ill, and miserable, while I am young, and full of life and health. I do forgive you, as I hope for mercy myself. God help you!"

Nothing but the excitement which rushed on her at the moment could have carried Ellen to the end of so long a speech. When it was spoken, she wheeled round on the path, and cantered away from Dunmara. And Elswitha stood grey and forlorn in the rainy dusk, sole sovereign of the dominions of the Aungiers, sole mistress of the dreary house, and of its lonesome echoes, and of its many ghosts.

CHAPTER XXXIII

IN LONDON

FOR a link between the mountain life and the city life, imagine Ellen's journey out of the wilds into the world. Imagine the wistful look back and the eager pressing forward, the anxious deciphering of puzzling scrolls written all over the front of the new temple of life, scored in the wrinkles of faces on quays and platforms, baked in the brick and mortar of towns. Imagine Dr. McDawdle upon the deck of the Holyhead packet, his straggling hay-coloured hair drifting from under a huge travelling cap, his lips set tight upon his pipe, and his eyes twinkling a nervous satisfaction at his own prowess in daring this journey. Imagine Ellen's grey shawl and thick veil blowing in the same direction as the straggling hair, and the intent face watching out from under the broad shadow of her black hat. Imagine the retrospect going on behind that shadow, the vision of another sea voyage, and of two figures haunting a ship that had become only a phantom—one a grave form, no longer to be seen; the other, a foolish girl who raved in her thoughts, and talked nonsense with her lips. She, somehow, had passed away through the waves, and been baptized with bitter waters into a new life, wherein, by dint of much teaching, she had grown into something different, more still, more sober, more wisely common-place, but yet with the innate fibre, the root of the wilder nature remaining, and needing much stunting, much careful pruning, in order that it might ever bear any single globe of the coveted fruit—in order that it might not rather send out foliage of such weedy luxuriance as to often warp and break a noble stem, tangling the fairest paths of life. Thus much Ellen had realized regarding herself.

Imagine the train slowing up to Stafford, and Dr. McDawdle opening a pair of drowsy eyes on the glories of a book-stall below him on the platform. Imagine his becoming (after a very long ruminating gaze) suddenly convinced that he beholds, standing soberly erect between two glowing novels, a certain learned volume which he has long coveted, but for which he has never dreamed of writing to a bookseller. Hear his appeal to Ellen, "Do look there, my dear, your eyes are better than

mine ; is not that——? ” (mentioning an awful Greek name which Ellen could not even attempt to repeat), “ that brown book yonder, with the lettering on the back ? ” Imagine his suddenly turning out of the carriage with lumbering haste, and making his way to the stall, fully expecting to find his coveted classic side by side with *Kenilworth* in scarlet and yellow, and *The Last of the Barons* in green. Imagine the shriek and puff of the engine, the horrible melting away of carriages before his dismayed eyes, vanishing like the walls of Aladdin’s enchanted palace ; and his sense of utter frustration and helplessness as the last white shred of smoke ceased to hover in the distance, and he found himself standing on the deserted platform, with a shabby copy of *The Sorrows of Werter* in his hand, his Greek will-o’-the-wisp having danced away, and disappeared into quagmires of the realms of Myth.

Imagine Ellen’s frightened eyes putting the question, “ What ought I to do ? ” to the whizzing trees that nodded their heads together over her bewilderment as she flashed past them. Imagine, at the next stoppage of the train, a young lady in a grey shawl descending from a carriage laden with books and bags, speaking a few words to an official, then making her way to an empty waiting-room, with blank walls and stiff chairs, and a good fire. Imagine her there, making herself comfortable on one of the stiff chairs, with her boots crossed on the fender, and *The Caxtons* under her eyes. And then, as a finale for this adventure, fancy the Doctor’s ecstasy of relief at receiving a telegram which sent him whirling in delight from Stafford by the first train, to find Ellen at the next station, with her feet warmed and her book finished, ready to proceed with him to London.

Imagine the arrival at Euston Square, Ellen’s throe of that strange sensation, being in London for the first time, the slow doctor getting worsted again and again by the railway porters and energetic passengers, and finally carrying off his charge into the rainy, flaring night streets. An hour after that, Ellen’s head was lifted quickly from her pillow, erect, awed, fired, as the clocks of London spoke out, one after another, their deep word of welcome in her ear. “ Sleep,” they said ; “ to-night you are of your own past, to-morrow you are of us. To-morrow you must wake and work.” And it seemed for a moment as

if all these solemn voices had made spontaneous utterance for the first time, because of a distinct struggling human soul which had been flung from off the quiet banks of life into a seething current whose conflict would sorely try its staunchest stores of strength. And then she smiled to think that through all the long years these notes had been dropping down from their steeples into the streets, striking their monotonous recurrent chime upon the ear of millions who were enough to fill London, and make it what it is if she had never been born. Through all the long years they had been falling, falling, while Destiny was keeping her busy elsewhere, and silence was reigning, as now, imperturbably, upon the far, far moors. And then she thought of singers chanting a long psalm in a vast temple crammed with listeners, and a fly coming in on the ceiling, and fancying that the music was all for him. And then she seemed to follow the fly along the white plain of the ceiling. The smooth plaster was the level flat of England, travelled since dawn, the fly was sitting in a railway carriage going to London. The fly buzzed, the train whirled—buzz, buzz, whirl, whirl, away Ellen drifted into sleep and dreams.

Dr. McDawdle had spoken of his maiden-lady friend, in whose care he was going to place Ellen, and who would watch over her like a mother. Early on the morning after their arrival, his cab drew up at the gate of a neat old-fashioned house in Brompton. "Perhaps I should have written to say we were coming," the Doctor remarked, as the cabman rang the bell. It was vainly that Ellen's eyes widened with dismay at the revelation thus conveyed. Dr. Gregory was Dr. Gregory, and must remain Dr. Gregory so long as he sojourned on this mortal stage. "Not known here," was the message sent from within the neat house, and the Doctor lay back in his seat extinguished.

"It is five years since I heard from her," he said, "but she was never an erratic person."

In a little new-stuccoed terrace near Kensington, Ellen found an abode, facing the keenest blast in winter, and the fiercest sun in summer. But there were gardens and orchards behind, seen from the window of her closet bed-room, greenery worth gold to look upon. She had a clean, airy chamber at the top of the house. A round table, covered with a cheap baize, a worn leather rocking-chair, and a few other seats, a cupboard

and a little book-case: such were the appointments of her room.

After one attempt at sight-seeing, in making which they lost their way hopelessly, Ellen applied herself to the difficult task of getting the Doctor to set his face homeward. At last, after missing the train some half-dozen times, he bade a wistful good-bye, and went back again over the many miles to Dunsurf and Lucinda, and his peaceful pipe among the gooseberry-bushes. And Ellen was alone in London.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

IN NOVEMBER

BROWN are the woods and bare,
Forlornly grey are the skies
As the evening mists that slowly arise
Chilling and damp on the air.

No gold in the East or the West,
Nor red where the sun went down,
The birds in silence have swiftly flown
Home to the empty nest.

Somewhere in the clouded sky
Lies hidden a wintry moon,
The river is singing a mournful tune
To the reeds as it rushes by.

While down from the tree-tops tall,
Drifting wherever they list,
Rustling soft through the lonely mist
Withered the leaflets fall.

Crimson and gold and brown,
To lie in an earthy bed,
Emblems of hopes that are faded and dead,
Lifeless the leaves drift down.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

“CATHOLICITY AND PROGRESS IN IRELAND”

WE trust that our readers will at once perceive that the title prefixed to these remarks is taken from the title page of the work recently published by the Very Rev. Michael O’Riordan, D.D., of Limerick, who has still more recently been appointed Rector of the Irish College at Rome. Surprise has been expressed, and scandal has almost been taken at the fact that this admirable work has never received due appreciation in our pages. But our “Notes on New Books” do not pretend to select among contemporary publications the things best worth reading; they merely give very briefly a sincere opinion of the merit of the various books submitted to our judgement by author or publisher. Happily *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland* has already established itself so securely as a well-reasoned work, full of authentic and well-arranged facts and statistics, that criticism is now superfluous.

There are many books of which the best reviewer by far would be the author himself. Let us make Dr. O’Riordan criticise his own work. Replying to an address presented by some Limerick friends on his departure for Rome, he made some remarks on the subject which are worth preserving.

* * * * *

“It is not pleasant to speak hard words. But one cannot help noting that during the past few years a determined onslaught of slander has been made on the Catholics of this country by anonymous writers in certain newspapers and by a few compilers of books. Some of these writers are themselves the best refutation of what they have written. What they said would soon pass into oblivion, like many and worse things that had been often written before. All through the past century, such as those have come and disappeared one by one, like the midges of summer, but the Catholicity of Ireland lives and thrives. As Aubrey de Vere tersely puts it in one of his poems, ‘They hate us for hire;’ but nobody, Catholic or Protestant, heeded them, unless those who had already desired

that what they said were true. But the case quite changed when a responsible public official, of honoured name, and of an acknowledged personal benevolence, let the poison of untruth into a book which was otherwise welcome and useful. To let that pass would be paying too high a price for peace. I thought so at any rate, although I knew that some friends thought otherwise. I do not see that a man's good intentions should produce impunity for misrepresentations made. Peace is a good thing, but not peace at any cost. The book which you have kindly named appears, from the nature of the case, to be a defence of the clergy, because they were as usual made the direct targets ; but Irish Catholics in general were implicated as well, and the purpose of the book, whatever be its merits, was chiefly directed to a justification of their character and their claims. It is not very courageous of a man to misrepresent a whole people, and then want to shield himself from reply by calling his assault criticism in search of truth ; and it is not very truthful to go behind the actions and to impute unworthy motives to those who have given him much help, and then remove the offensive passage from the pages in a second edition without a word of reference or a word of regret. It is not very chivalrous to keep ever taunting us that our poverty is caused by our Faith, and to complain that we go back upon the past to explain our present condition, and tell us that we should let bygones be bygones. It is quite right to forgive the past, but it would be unwise to forget it. No people have forgiven more than we have ; but I hope that as long as our assailants, whoever they be, keep ascribing our industrial condition to our Faith, which is a false cause, we will keep reminding them of those deeds of dishonour, which is the true one. The fact is those people have assumed the privilege of saying what they please about us, and they wonder and complain that we should dare to reply. We do not resent criticism, but we claim the right to sift it in turn. We cannot admit that others, whatever be the superiority they assume, understand our principles as well as we do ourselves, or can teach us what our religious social ideals should be. Let our principles and our aims be what they are, they are ours, and we alone must be let control and guard them. Our fathers have made too many sacrifices that we should now belie their lives by allowing any outsiders, however wise in their conceit, to ruin or lessen the heritage they have left us. These

are the sentiments of every Irish Catholic worthy of the name ; and we have cause to think we have the *sanior pars* of the Protestants in sympathy with us ; what the *insanior pars* think or say about us need not cause us much care."

WISHES

TO M. A., *Tulaí-Mór*, ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE,
6TH NOVEMBER, 1905

Δ Μαίρη ! bí ag imteacht i n-áinim 'De ; *
The king of your heart is lonely.
May angels lead your love-lit way
Through God's glad sunshine only !

And a regal dower his cáilín-queen
Is bearing her Irish knight ;
Poor be the riches of earth, I ween,
As he welcomes his lady bright !

Oh ! may you two reign a King and Queen,
Like the Monarchs of olden story ;
And true love bide your kingdom's guide
Till you pass the gates of Glory.

Δ Μαίρη ! bí ag imteacht i n-áinim 'De,—
Though it shadow our hearts that love you.
May the Morning Star ever light your way,
And Bride keep watch above you !

S. O'R.

* "O Mary, be going in the name of God."

OLD JIM MARSH

I T was a fine morning in April, and I had hurried out to get early Mass in the little church beside the river in the valley. I wonder does every one feel as I do in the spring? At no other time of the year do I feel the same lightness of heart and gratitude for all the beautiful things which God sends us. As I left my door, I had a glimpse of my garden, with the rows of purple and yellow crocuses in full blow and the daffodils nodding to the breath of the wind, whilst the early hyacinths stood straight and stiff beside the dear little white border which every one admires. The brown thrush was singing delightfully, and two blackbirds were trilling wild melodies. As I hurried away, I said in my heart, "Dear God, leave us our paradise and keep us free from the cares of the world."

I took a short cut across the hills, which form part of our farm, and stepping briskly over the soft sward I soon got to the road. By this time the Mass bell was ringing. How sweet it sounded across the river, and how lovely the water looked, wending its way peacefully under the hanging branches of the sallies! I was just in time for Mass.

On my way homeward I stopped as usual to look over the wall of a certain garden. I found the owner, who was an old friend of mine, busy admiring his beloved flower-beds. For a little time he did not see me, and just as I was about to address him, he raised his head, and gave me his usual warm greeting.

"Come in, come in!" he said, "and look at my flowers." I went through the little wicket and passed down the narrow path, my skirts touching the yellow primroses as I went. Such a perfect garden it was; only a small space, but there were the even drills of potatoes and spring cabbages, with the border of bush fruits, and outside that the row of crocuses. The half-a-dozen apple-trees were preparing to burst into blossom, and the cherry-trees were already white. There was also a bed of sweet-smelling wall-flowers, and a variety of flowers and plants, each one received from some dear friend, and bringing back, it may be, memories of pleasant days spent in the country or at the seaside.

Generally those days had been passed at the residence of some army man, for my old friend had been a soldier in his day, and had seen plenty of foreign service ; but, having been wounded in the Afghanistan War, he was sent home, and after some time obtained an appointment as teacher of the violin. It was about this time he met the woman whom he afterwards married, and he was now the happy father of three fine young men and one girl. His wife was a dear little motherly body, full of charity and love for her neighbours, and for my part I always felt the better of having met her.

On that particular morning, having admired the garden, I was brought into the house to hear one little tune on the violin ; and then, giving me some cuttings from his favourite plants and a handful of violets with the dew still on them, Jim Marsh bade me good-bye, and wished me every blessing.

As years went on, I went many a time into the same garden to see my friend, and by degrees I found the violin getting a deeper hold on him. He seemed to hate putting the beloved instrument away, and when his family, after listening patiently for hours to the music, would beg of him to lay it aside, he would launch his boat and row down the river to a sheltered spot, where he would play for hours ; and very beautiful and weird the music sounded on the water.

But, alas ! soon it was whispered that Jim Marsh was losing his mind, and before long it was found necessary to put him under restraint. His poor wife came to tell me the news. It all came from the music, she said ; but she was very hopeful about him. Her hopes were realized : for in little more than a year I was delighted to hear that my old friend was quite recovered, and on his way home.

A few days afterwards he and Mrs. Marsh called to see me. I somewhat unhappily mentioned the violin, but he shook his head, and said, "Never again !" I said something to the effect that perhaps it was as well that he should refrain from his old hobby ; and he replied, "God will send me something else instead." And so it was ; poor old Jim went back to his flowers, and in his grave, quiet way was happy among them.

ALICE TYNAN ELLIOT.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Of God and His Creatures. An Annotated Translation (with some abridgment) of the "Summa contra Gentiles" of St. Thomas Aquinas.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., M.A. Lond., B.Sc. Oxon. London: Burns & Oates. MCMV. (Price; 30s.)

This noble volume is materially the largest and most imposing that we have ever introduced to our readers. In form it returns to the pattern of the grand old tomes in which the learned delighted two centuries ago. It is a fine achievement of the printer's art, and reflects immense credit on the Arden Press of Leamington. Father Joseph Rickaby had prepared for the great task that he has here performed admirably, not only by the studies of years, but in particular by the composition of his work, *Aquinas Ethicus*. All his writings, indeed, have dealt with somewhat similar subjects—his *Moral Philosophy*, his *Political and Moral Essays*, and his two series of *Oxford and Cambridge Conferences*—but the *Aquinas Ethicus* was mainly a translation of portions of St. Thomas's greatest work, the *Summa Theologica*, and that successful labour made him, as he puts it modestly, "something of an expert in the difficult art of finding English equivalents for Scholastic Latin." The abridgment, which the title page confesses beforehand, consists chiefly in the omission of arguments depending on views of astronomy and other natural sciences which are now exploded. Father Rickaby's annotations, though rigidly restrained in proper subordination as footnotes, are found on almost every page, and display a vast amount of patient erudition, and in particular a minute and familiar acquaintance with Aristotle, subtlest of human intellects. The last pages of this mighty folio, after the very necessary index, gives the names of the original subscribers, some 600 in number, who have facilitated so costly a publication in a way that has gone out of fashion, but has much to recommend it.

2. *Shadow and Gleam.* By Lilian Street. London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street. (Price, 2s. 6d. net.)

Miss Street has shown one of the marks of a true vocation, perseverance. This is her third volume of verse, coming after *Heartsease, a Cycle of Song*, and *Song and Story*. The present

neat little quarto begins with a score of Shakesperean sonnets, and ends with rondeaux and similar artificial forms of verse, the middle pages being occupied by miscellaneous lyrics, many of them consisting of only a few lines. It used to be considered necessary to have a long poem or two, but happily our minor poets are now content with swallow-flights of song. Miss Street has technical skill and great taste, but there seems to be a lack of inspiration. There are many good thoughts well expressed, but there is no thrill, no ecstasy, not even any deep feeling. By the way one bad misprint has escaped detection in the proof-reading. In page 98 *grow* ought to be *swell*.

3. The *University Review* (Sherrat & Hughes, 65 Long Acre, London), has reached the sixth number of its second volume. Sixpence is a very moderate price for so large and so finely printed a magazine. The October number is particularly interesting for those who are concerned in Irish education. Mrs. Sophie Bryant, Headmistress of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, contributes a very suggestive and fair-minded article on the Nature of University Education in Ireland, extremely creditable to one who was (as she says) "brought up in the bosom of Irish Protestant ascendancy."

The *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* for October, is as true to its name as ever. It seems to fulfil excellently its proper local objects. Does not Mr. Marshal include in "The Dialect of Ulster" some words of much wider use? We notice that Mr. Crane, in his "Ulster Bibliography," utilizes the researches of the late Sir John Gilbert by drawing on the Gilbert Library, now the property of the Corporation of Dublin.

We have seen for the first time *Palm Leaves*, an admirable school magazine, written chiefly by the pupils of the Loretto Convents in India. God bless the youthful writers and their holy guardians and teachers who have inspired them with such affection for their convent homes at Lucknow, Darjeeling, etc. What a blessed influence is thus exercised over so many households, so many souls!

4. Between two stories by Miss Grace Christmas is sandwiched *The Spaniard's Dollars, a Tale of Glencolumbkille* by Denis Holland (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin). Mr. Holland is wrongly described as editor of the *Belfast Examiner*. His clever journal was the

Ulsterman, which he gave up to found the *Irishman* in Dublin, being succeeded in Belfast by another brilliant journalist, Andrew McKenna, who would have played a prominent part in Irish politics if he had not died prematurely. We are glad to refer to these names even in this passing way.

5. McGlennon's Publishing House, 17 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C., is producing Irish national music at a very cheap rate. The aim of the enterprise is to popularise famous Irish poems that have not up to this been set to music. For instance, Mr. Felix McGlennon has composed music for Judge O'Hagan's "How did They pass the Union?" and T. D. Sullivan's "Irish Nationality." They are each given in the orthodox form and also in Tonic Sol-fa, full music size, for three pence. At the same price is published "'Neath the Banner of the U.I.L." (United Irish League), written and composed by Patrick McEvoy.

6. Three plays by Seumas MacManus have been published at sixpence each, "The Lad from Largymore," "The Resurrection of Dinny O'Dowd," and "The Leading Road to Donegal." The last is called a one-act comedy, but it seems to be as much a farce as the two others. A very intelligent critic has reported very favourably on the success of "The Lad from Largymore" when acted recently in the Molesworth Hall, Dublin. It is an excellent thing to amuse people innocently. These plays are quiet innocent, but they suppose greater stupidity in some of our people than can be attributed to them with any chance of belief. But farces cannot be written about nice sensible people such as we all are. A certain amount of extravagance must be allowed, and Mr. Seumas MacManus has taken his full allowance. He has succeeded; but we prefer his beautiful serious stories with a strain of pathos in them, and even still more his rural ballads. Copies of the plays can be had only from the author's agent, Donal O'Molloy, Mount Charles, Co. Donegal.

7. O'Donoghue and Company, 15 Hume Street, Dublin, have issued the second part (price two shillings) of the biographical and bibliographical dictionary of *The Poets of Ireland*, amongst whom are included many whose claim to the title of poet is extremely slight. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue has wonderful industry and power of research; and it is amazing what minute information he has amassed on Irish writers and many cognate

subjects. The present reissue of *The Poets of Ireland* is practically a new work. We hope Mr. O'Donoghue will complete it as speedily as possible.

8. *The Catholic Home Annual* (Benziger, New York) seems to improve every year, with its wealth of illustrations and its excellent stories and sketches. Katharine Tynan contributes a touching little tale in which we can recognize Father C. P. Meehan of SS. Michael and John's, Dublin. But why is there no list of contents? There is no signature, not even initials, to the most interesting article that we have seen this long time, namely, the paper on the poet Callanan in the *Ave Maria*. We never heard before of the life of the poet prefixed by Dean Neville to the Cork edition of the poems of his kinsman.

9. *Pilgrim-walks in Rome. A Guide to its Holy Places.* By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. London: Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W. (Price, 5s. net.)

This is the second edition of Father Chandlery's admirable guide to all the sacred spots in the Holy City, the Eternal City. The books have nothing in common, yet we are reminded of the praise bestowed by one of the Roman Congregations on Dean O'Kane's *Notes on the Roman Ritual*—this, too, deserves to be called *vere aureum et accuratissimum opus*. Father Chandlery has made excellent use of the opportunities afforded by his long residence in Rome for making himself acquainted with all that personal inspection, and the study of the best books could teach him concerning the ecclesiastical antiquities of Rome; and his carefully amassed materials are set forth here in a manner that will interest greatly three classes of readers—those who have visited the capital of Christendom, those who hope to do so, and those who have never seen Rome and have no hope of ever seeing it. The first edition of this work was published in New York and consisted of 2,400 copies; it was sold out within little more than a year. The present issue is very considerably enlarged and improved. There is a fine map of Rome, and there are nearly a hundred illustrations. The frontispiece is a very pleasing portrait of Pius X. A very necessary index guides you to the page where each holy place or holy person is mentioned. For the extraordinary pains and persevering labours that have produced this new edition of *Pilgrim-walks in Rome*, Father Chandlery is rewarded by the consciousness of having completed a holy task very perfectly. This book can never be obsolete.

10. *The Soggarth Aroon*. By the Rev. Joseph Guinan, C.C. Dublin : James Duffy & Co., Ltd.

Father Guinan has already published *Priest and People in Doom*, which was very successful. His new book also is not a regular story, but a set of very simple, unaffected, lifelike sketches of the good people of a certain mountain parish called Killanure. He wanted us to know and love those among whom he ministered in his first Irish curacy, and he has succeeded in making us know and love them. Though he makes no pretensions to the brilliant literary gift of Canon Sheehan in Ireland or Dr. Barry in England (two priestly novelists) he has a very clear and pleasing style of his own which makes *The Soggarth Aroon* very easy reading. This is helped by the excellent printing. We foresee a wide circulation for this newest product of the historic press of good old James Duffy, God rest his soul !

11. *Irish History Reader*. By the Christian Brothers. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son.

This is sure to be one of the most popular school books in the Christian Schools. The fine large type makes it pleasant to read. Among the illustrations are portraits of many distinguished Irishmen of later years. The lessons tell the most striking events of Irish history from the earliest time up to the present ; and, where these have inspired poets, the poetry is quoted—from Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, Aubrey de Vere, etc. By the way, Dr. Ingram, author of "The Memory of the Dead" is said to have died in 1903. Why is not Father Michael Mullen named as the author of "The Celtic Tongue" ? Two or three pages at the end would have been usefully employed to furnish an index, especially of the persons named in the course of the narrative.

12. *Life of Sir John Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A.* By his Wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. London, New York, and Bombay : Longmans, Green & Co. (Price, 12s. 6d. net.)

This fine volume is a worthy memorial of a good and gifted man. Sir John Gilbert had a deep and earnest love for the land of his birth. To the elucidation of the history of Ireland he devoted his great abilities, his marvellous powers of research, and his amazing industry ; and he persevered in this work with unflagging zeal for half a century. While still a mere youth, he was recognized by the foremost scholars as an authority in all that concerned Irish history and archæology. He was the leading spirit in more than one association devoted to such

studies ; and his individual labours, even as evidenced in published tomes, were simply astounding. He went straight to the real sources of history, deciphered ancient documents often of a very difficult character, and did more, himself, personally, for the cause of solid historical truth than any man of his time. All this and much more is shown very effectively in the present biography, upon which the utmost skill and care have evidently been expended. Part of the narrative is woven out of letters to and from such men as Sir William Wilde, Whitley Stokes, D. F. MacCarthy, Dr. W. K. Sullivan, Dr. Reeves, Dr. Russell of Maynooth, Dr. Todd, Cardinal Moran, and many other interesting men. Lady Gilbert has never written more beautiful pages than those which are devoted to the more private and personal chapters at the beginning and at the end. There are two admirable portraits of Sir John Gilbert at different ages, and two very pretty views of his beloved home near Blackrock, County Dublin. This very beautiful book will be a more lasting and more effective memorial of a great life-work and of a great mind and heart than even the noble Celtic cross that marks the grave of Sir John Gilbert in Glasnevin.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

A CERTAIN editor who at one time dealt largely in sonnets on the Sonnet received lately from a friend in the country a conundrum on "conundrum"—the three syllables of which were thus darkly shadowed forth : "My First is a company, my Second shuns company, my Third summons company, and my Whole amuses company"—or is intended to do so. This may be an old chestnut ; but the following is certainly original and printed now for the first time. If its authorship might be revealed, its interest for many would be greatly increased. We will leave it unexpounded till next month, and the reader meanwhile may exercise his ingenuity upon it. Success-

ful guessers may have their initials immortalised when the answer is given next month.

I am a word of letters four :
 Take one away, you'll like me more ;
 Take two—I do not cease to be ;
 Take three, and still there's half of me.

* * * *

We are glad to find that what has often been cited as one of the most anti-Papal of Dante's utterances is supposed by many not to refer to any Pope at all. "Colui che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto" was said to St. Celestine V who resigned his office as too heavy for him, and died in the year 1295. But Boccaccio says no one can tell whom Dante meant ; the Monte Cassino commentary says it was Diocletian who resigned the imperial purple ; and Benevento says it was Esau who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage that Dante had in mind. So many agree that it was not Celestine that it seems strange that such an interpretation was ever thought of. As a partial excuse, it may be noticed that the poems began in the year 1300, whereas the Bull of St. Celestine's canonization was written in 1313, and not published till 1328 ; therefore, even if this Pope were referred to, he was not yet a canonized saint. No doubt Dante was a bitter and embittered Ghibelline and hated the Guelphs ; and he placed in his poetical hell many political opponents who, please God, are now, along with him, singing the praise of God in heaven.

* * * *

We think it was M. Duruy who paid the third Napoleon this hexametrical compliment upon the publication of his *Vie de César* :—

Defunctus loquitur : narrat de Caesare Caesar.

Familiar as the first words are, we had forgotten that they were said by St. Paul of Abel (Hebrews xi. 4).

* * * *

An occasional item in this Magazine goes by the name of "Amen Corner." The meaning of the name was partly explained when we began that series of pious papers, but not so fully as in this paragraph which we take from the *Ave Maria* :—

Before the so-called Reformation, the clergy used to walk annually in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Corpus Christi Day. They mustered at the upper end of Cheapside,

and there began to chant the *Pater Noster*, which they continued through the whole length of the street, thence called Paternoster Row, pronouncing the *Amen* at the spot now called Amen Corner; then, beginning the *Ave Maria*, they turned down Ave Maria Lane. After crossing Ludgate they chanted the *Credo* in Creed Lane. An old writer mentions Creed Lane, and remarks that Amen Lane 'is lately added thereto;' from which it may be inferred that the processional chanting ended at that spot. Amen Lane no longer exists."

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It is strange that it is from a secular journal like the *Manchester Guardian* that the *Glasgow Observer* quotes the regulations of the Church regarding cremation. It is amazing that that innovation is tolerated by the law, seeing that crimes have been detected by disinterring corpses long after burial.

"The *Manchester Guardian* hit the mark pretty closely in its comment on the funeral of Sir Henry Irving:—

"As the remains of Sir Henry Irving have been cremated the bearing of his ashes to the Abbey in a coffin instead of the customary urn suggests that the coffin represents the Anglican middle course between the "pagan" urn and Rome's rigid prohibition of the practice of cremation. Under the rigid Roman rule the remains of Sir Henry Irving would not be permitted to rest within the Abbey, not because he was an actor, but because his body had been cremated. There are two decrees of the Holy Office bearing on this question. That of the 19th May, 1886, forbids Catholics to belong to cremation societies or to cause their own bodies or the bodies of others to be cremated. That of the 15th December, 1886, permits the services of the Church in cases where the body of the deceased has been cremated without his assent or direction, but orders that Christian burial be refused to those who direct that their bodies be cremated and do not alter their decision before their death. Rome has two main objections to the practice of cremation. The first is that it is a departure from Catholic usage from primitive times and is pagan in character; the second is that the practice has been so largely associated, on the Continent at least, with attacks on the Christian religion and the doctrine of a future life."

"To which it might be added that the universal practice of cremation would hush up for ever many a murder discovered through chemical examination of exhumed remains. Such cases are most common. The recent Devereux case, known as 'The Trunk Tragedy,' is one of the latest examples."

A Queen's County man mentions to us in a letter some literary celebrities of that county, less fully enumerated by us at the end of an article on the Literature of the King's County (IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xxxii., p. 361). Mountmellick was the birthplace of James Jeffrey Roche whom diplomacy has lately stolen from journalism. The poet John Keegan was born near Mountrath. Lamberton Park near Maryborough was the birthplace of "M. E. Francis" (Mrs. Francis Blundell), and her sisters Mrs. Egerton Castle and Miss Ellinor Sweetman. The very eloquent Rev. Daniel William Cahill, D.D., was born at Arles. The farmhouse is now in ruins, and the property has passed out of the hands of the family. Mrs. Margaret M. Halvey of Philadelphia, a clever contributor to American magazines, was born at Killabban near Carlow. A few miles to the north is Barrow House, the birthplace of the Rev. Patrick Boylan, M.A., recently appointed to the chair of Sacred Scripture and Oriental Languages at Maynooth, under circumstances which promise a very distinguished career.

TWO SHRINES

By chiselled angel and carven vine
A young Knight knelt before a shrine,
And watched his armour in faith sublime.
And he vowed a vow, as he knelt him there
On the marble floor in the pure night air :
He vowed his armour should show no stain,
He vowed he would suffer the keenest pain—
But he asked no help in his manhood's prime.

By a mouldering tomb and crumbling wall
An old man knelt at an altar tall
And rent his heart in an anguished wail ;
And he prayed with tears, as he knelt him there
On the ruined floor in the stagnant air,
That God would heed and forgive him now
For the arrogant pride of his youthful vow,
And give him His strength that he might not fail.

HELEN GLADYS EMERY.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers, but they arise behind her steps.—*John Ruskin.*

2. To all active combatants there arrives a time when breaking health, or creeping septuagintiasis, or both, cry "Halt!"—*Rev. W. Tuckwell.*

3. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and we lie about ourselves in our old age.—*Anon.*

4. The more I know of human life, the finer I find it.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

5. Great hearts are glad when it is time to give.—*Henry Newbolt.*

6. Life is neither pleasure nor pain, but a serious business with which we are charged, and which must be conducted and ended with honour.—*Alexis de Tocqueville.*

7. It is a great sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise.—*Vanvenargues.*

8. Books, like men, have no real enemies, except themselves.—*Louis Veuillot.*

9. There is a certain luxury in allowing ourselves to be argued into doing what our inclinations suggest. We like to be persuaded, not against but according to our will.—*Canon Sheehan, D.D.*

10. The everlasting longing for something we have not, ought to satisfy us that there are great things in store for us.—*Henry Shaw.*

11. There is no charity in helping a man who will not help himself.—*The Same.*

12. Mercy is sometimes an insult to justice.—*The Same.*

13. The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.—*The Same.*

14. It is a wise man who knows in its entirety the motive that impels him to any one of his acts.—*Thomas F. Woodlock.*

15. Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment. Your anger will vanish at once.—*Samuel Rogers.*

16. Truths, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power

of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—S. T. Coleridge.

17. Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.—*Emerson*.

18. Toil is never slavish when it is animated by a glorious purpose. (Compare this saying of John Morley with St. Augustine's : *Ubi amatur, non laboratur ; aut, si laboretur, labor ipse amatur.*)

19. Faith is a compass, and the object of faith is fixed ; but human society is as unfixed as the sea. Winds affect it, mists obscure it, and it is crossed at times by currents which we call, or miscall, progress.—*W. H. Mallock*.

20. People who talk a great deal are very apt to mistake in their memory what they have said to other people for what other people have said to them.—*Saturday Review*.

21. The man who succeeds is the man who has not undervalued what he is undertaking.—*Whitelaw Reid*.

22. God has two ways of controlling us—by His commandments and by circumstances.—*Bossuet*.

23. Think slowly and act promptly.—*Balthassar Gracian*.

24. Let us not despise the crumbs ; they are sometimes worth more than the big pieces.—*Madame de Blocqueville*.

25. We must love God's gifts and His denials. We must accept with love what He wills and what He does not will.—*Joubert*.

26. Nothing flatters us so much as to be listened to attentively. Let us, therefore, learn to listen to our neighbours.—*Madame de Genlis*.

27. Silence is the sanctuary of prudence.—*Balthassar Gracian*.

28. There is suffering enough for most of us in doing every duty almost as perfectly as it ought to be done. The coldness of our love is suffering enough for the soul that really loves God.—*M. R.*

29. Mere readers are very often the most idle of human beings.—*Sydney Smith*.





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